

The Mysteries of Ireland

1859

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PREFACE.

THOSE sensible and gifted patriots who have lived and died for the noble purpose of ameliorating the unhappy condition of Ireland and her people, have of late years had their efforts frustrated by those of their followers who have thought that they could advance Ireland's interests by acts of the greatest violence, deeds of unparalleled cruelty to man and unoffending beast, and the committing of murders the most bloodthirsty of any on record in any nation on the face of the earth. No country can attain to the proud and enviable position of being in the van of civilization and progress, but by the education of her people in sound morality, sterling virtue, undeviating integrity, and all those other grand principles which dethrone priestcraft and superstition, and uproot the germs of vice, intemperance, and error in all its forms; and all efforts short of these, to bless any country and people, will end in utter and complete failure.

If Ireland has wrongs requiring redress, the many efforts to attain that object have too often, alas! been of the very opposite character of those calculated to gain the ear and win the heart of the people of England, and through them, the attention of the government of the nation. In nearly every attempt that has in the past been made to obtain political reform of the abuses which afflict that unhappy island, some of the agitators in their blind zeal, have resorted to acts of cruelty, bloodshed, and violence, and thus have roused the spirit of hatred and deep feelings of revenge in the breasts of those of the people of England, who would, if pacific agitation only had been pursued, have aided and assisted them to get those much needed reforms—reforms which are always of lasting benefit to a free and enlightened people, but which can never be obtained by deeds of violence, spoliation, and murder.

In the following pages, we present to the readers correct accounts of nearly all the stirring events which have happened in Ireland during the last ninety years; commencing with the formation of the first SECRET SOCIETY, the *United Irishmen*, in the year 1791; followed by the Irish Rebellion of the year 1798; also sketches of the lives of the leaders of these early movements, the speeches delivered by them before their condemnation and execution; and other important events which the succeeding years have developed, embracing the formation of those more recent SECRET SOCIETIES:—*The Fenian Movement*, *The National Party*, and *The Land League*, with graphic accounts of the foul murders perpetrated in the years 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, and 1882, including the cruel and dastardly murder of LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. THOMAS BURKE, Private Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, on the 6th of May, 1882, and the other vile murders perpetrated in Ireland since that date.

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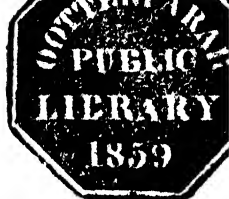
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THE MYSTERIES OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE FORMATION OF THE FIRST SECRET SOCIETY—THE UNITED IRISHMEN—ATTEMPTED INVASIONS OF IRELAND BY THE FRENCH—THE REBELLION OF 1798.

EVERY person in this country, from our beloved Queen to the humblest of her faithful subjects, has felt and still feels the profoundest grief and sorrow at the unhappy state of the sister isle, and the unrest and ingratitude of some of her people, in spite of often-repeated assurances that the union of the entire nation will be sure to redound to the highest welfare of Ireland in every possible way.

That the whole of the Irish people are not tainted with the spirit of rebellion will be proved by a perusal of the following pages. In fact, from the first years of the agitation until the present time, it has been a *few*, compared with the whole of the population, who have got up periodical attempts to throw off British rule, and inaugurate some sort of visionary government, the like of which was never known to exist in any part of the world, but had existence only in their chimerical brain. Amongst the agitators themselves there never has been anything like unity of purpose and oneness of idea. Persons have always been found in their ranks, ready to give information to the authorities and bring offenders to justice.

Money has always been freely subscribed to these sharp-witted

agitators by some of the poor intemperate people who have never asked how it has been spent, and in more than one instance some of the principle men have retired to the American continent and lived independently on the means that have been subscribed for the so-called objects of giving Ireland home government, the people free land, and property without the payment of an equivalent rent.

To give our readers a clear and faithful account of the doings of those agitators who have afflicted Ireland, we must commence at the formation of the first Secret Society—THE UNITED IRISHMEN. In the year 1791, it was established in the town of Belfast, in Antrim county. In its early days this society was simply one for the reform of what was considered the oppression of the Catholic communicants; but the leading spirits of that age grew bolder, and overstepped their rules, or made them subservient to their purposes.

The French Revolution and the American successes against the English, electrified the leading members of the United Irishmen of that day, who were of a very impulsive temperament, and they began to think that they could easily wrest Ireland from the power which had been unable to subdue the Americans. With these feelings operating powerfully in their minds, the original rules of the first secret society in Ireland were departed from by the originators of that movement, and at various meetings the pos-

sibility of raising a revolutionary force of Irishmen was warmly discussed, and ultimately acted upon. All the first leaders were not implicated with delusive hopes of success, and some of the wisest of their number withdrew their names from the society. The names of those who remained to conduct the intended revolutionary measures were:—Theobald Wolfe Tone, Thomas Addis Emmet, Samuel Neilson, Thomas Russel, James Napper Tandy, and a number of others, residents of Dublin, Belfast, and some other parts of the country. The insurrectionary feeling spread somewhat, and plots and plans were rife, first in the province of Ulster, and then they extended to some of the south and midland counties. In the year 1794 a man arrived in Ireland, sent by the government of France, to try if he could persuade a number of the Irish peasantry to co-operate with them in a war against Great Britain. This person was an Irish clergyman, who had been for a certain number of years a resident in France, and had got his mind thoroughly grounded in the republican and democratic principles which prevailed in that country; his name was the REV. WILLIAM JACKSON. His mission turned out unfortunate for himself. He told a friend of his the nature of his errand; this friend was loyal to the English government, and felt it to be his duty to inform the members of the ruling powers of the intelligence he had received, and on the 28th of April, 1794, the reverend gentleman was taken into custody on the capital charge of high treason. He was tried, found guilty, but was not sentenced, for on the day the sentence of the law should have been pronounced, he found opportunity to take poison, and expired in the dock.

The sad fate of Jackson deterred the other leaders of the intended rebellion from proceeding with their schemes for a short time. THEOBALD WOLFE TONE, who was the confidential friend of the unfortunate clergyman, was not apprehended, but permitted to leave the country for the United States, where he went to advocate his schemes to his fellow-countrymen. On the 20th of May, 1795, he sailed from Dublin for Philadelphia. Upon the 1st of January, 1796, this restless spirit, Tone, left the American capital for Paris, to act as a diplomatist for what he considered to be the wrongs of Ireland. He was introduced to the leaders of the French republic of that day, by an Irish gentleman named Madgett, to whom he represented that the landing of a force of 20,000 men on the shores of his native country, with a number of arms for the unsettled peasantry, would be sure to bring about the separation of that country from Great Britain. On the 24th of February in the same year he went to the Luxemburg Palace, and had an interview with Carnot, the French war minister of the day. That minister was favourably impressed with the glowing prospects of success, as represented to him by Tone, and the result was that on December the 16th, 1796, a large expedition sailed from the town of Brest for Ireland. This force comprised fifteen transports, thirteen frigates, and seventeen sail of the line, with a good supply of all kinds of arms for those discontented Irishmen whom the French thought were eagerly waiting to use them against England.

Tone, having enlisted into the army of France, held the position of adjutant-general in that ser-

vice, and embarked on board one of the vessels intended for the wresting of the Emerald Isle from England. This powerful fleet came to grief without ever displaying its fighting qualities. A gale of wind scattered the vessels, and Admiral Hoche, the commander, with his vessel, was separated from the others. Some of the vessels entered Bantry Bay, where they waited for several days, expecting to be joined by that of the French commander and Admiral, but they waited in vain. Tone was on one of the vessels which were in the bay, and urged with great vehemence that the force, 6,500 in number, should land, but the officers waited, opportunity was lost, the wind arose to a complete hurricane, and on the 27th and 28th of February the vessels cut their cables, and departed with all haste for the coast of France.

The Irish agitators were very much disappointed at this failure. Tone's heart was filled with sadness. He again landed in France, but in spite of this reverse he did not give way to dejection and despair; by his efforts the Dutch republic, then in power, took up his pet project, and in the month of July, 1797, they, in alliance with France, got together in the Texel, another fleet of vessels, almost as large and formidable as the one that sailed from the port of Brest in the previous year. Tone was in more joyous spirits than before, as he took his passage with the fleet in the flag-ship of the commander. But again bad weather frustrated the designs of the united Dutch and French republics; just as the whole of the men had embarked, and arrangements were completed, adverse winds began to blow furiously, and for five weeks

the departure of this expedition was delayed. The supplies of food began to fail, and the hopes of the officers and men of the expedition began to change to despair—the whole of the troops and the remainder of the supplies were re-embarked, and for a second time the darling project of Theobald Wolfe Tone was abandoned.

The perseverance of this man Tone, was truly admirable, if it had been employed in a better cause. Through his efforts with the French government, the Dictator of that republic, General Buonaparte, who was now become a great favourite with the people, and was fast showing his military abilities, assured him that in a short time a direct and powerful blow would be struck at the heart of the British government. His hopes again beat high, and he fully expected that this promise would be redeemed, but judge his surprise when, on the 20th of May, 1798, General Buonaparte sailed, not for the shores of Ireland, or even of England, but for the coast of Egypt.

Leaders of the revolutionary party, and men excited with hatred and animosity to England, who lived in Ireland, had for months been on the tip-toe of expectation that they would shortly see a powerful French fleet sailing to some part of the coast of their country—a fleet which would scatter the English vessels to the winds, and land such a powerful army that, joined with the discontented men waiting for their advent, would in a few days drive all the armies of the mother country into the sea, and be able to proclaim in Dublin a republican government similar to the one then in existence in France; but the French nation had too much

on their hands at that time to give the assistance that these Irishmen ardently longed for.

The English government were not asleep at this time, they were made fully aware of what the Irish discontents were doing, of all the projects which they tried to inaugurate with the French nation, as well as of the state of affairs in Ireland. They knew the names of the men who were trying to foster and encourage the feelings of discontent and revolution, and they suddenly and unexpectedly pounced upon and arrested the delegates of the United Irishmen, in the house of Oliver Bond, in the city of Dublin; amongst those captured was that very important personage, Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

In a short time after this arrest, news was taken to Ireland that Buonaparte had sailed from Toulon to Alexandria, and for a time they had no hopes of help from that quarter.

An ancient Latin writer has said: 'Whom the gods intend to destroy, first grow mad!' this applies aptly to the infatuated men who had worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, by inflammatory speeches, and with false hopes, the feelings of the poor men who were in a state of frenzy to begin the rebellion of the year 1798. Three days after Buonaparte had left Toulon for Alexandria, on the 23rd of May, in the year 1798, the Irish insurrection broke out. The news caused the greatest excitement throughout France, and especially amongst the Irish residing in Paris. Tone, in the heat of his zeal, rushed backward and forward to the Directory and the generals, earnestly pleading that immediate assistance should be sent to aid his struggling countrymen.

Various were the schemes devised and reconsidered, but time, which was precious to the fighting Irishmen, was wasted, and the military forces of England were rapidly gaining upon the foes of their government. At this juncture, a gallant but rash French general, Humbert, resolved that he would commit the Directory to some kind of action, by sending off a small force to the coast of Ireland. About the middle of the month of August, calling upon the merchants and magistrates of the town of Rochelle, he compelled them to advance a sum of money and all the necessaries he wanted on military requisition; and at once embarked on board a few frigates and some transports, 1,000 men, 1,000 muskets, 1,000 guineas, and a few pieces of artillery. Then he compelled the captains at once to set sail for the purpose of trying to accomplish one of the most unlikely and foolhardy expeditions that ever was planned.

Upon one of the vessels of this fleet were three Irishmen, one of whom was Matthew Tone, brother to Theobald Wolfe Tone, another named Sullivan, who had been for some time a soldier in the French army, and a third named Bartholomew Teeling. General Humbert landed at Killala, and, though he had only a small number of men, he had a temporary success; but the arrival on the scene of action of the English General Lake, with 20,000 men, changed the appearance of things; he was quickly routed, and Humbert's force unconditionally surrendered prisoners of war. The Irishmen who had enlisted under the French general were not shown the same leniency as were the Frenchmen—some of them were executed, as an example to

the rest of the country. The news of Humbert's short-lived success created great excitement in France, and something greater was promised on behalf of the Irish revolutionists; that promise was never fulfilled, because their fleet was very much reduced at this time, and their resources were not in a very prosperous condition. The republic, however, mustered an expedition of one sail of the line and eight small frigates, commanded by one Commodore Bomparr, which conveyed 5,000 men, under the direction of Commander Hardy. On a vessel named the Hoche, which was the Admiral's flag-ship, was the redoubtable Theobald Wolfe Tone. No one knew better than he that this expedition was hopeless, but he was determined to accompany it.

This expedition set sail upon the 20th day of September, 1798, but it was not till the 11th of October that it arrived off Lough Swilly, when they saw a squadron of English vessels, that had been on the look-out for them, approaching. The British fleet was about the same in number as that of the French, but of rather heavier class, with guns of heavier calibre. The French commander requested some of the lighter vessels of his fleet to attempt to escape, and advised Tone to get on board of one of them, so that he might escape, as he was certain if taken prisoner by the English, he would be treated with greater severity than the men of the French army would be. No notice was taken by Tone of this good advice. In a short time the vessel, the Hoche, on which Tone was serving, was surrounded by four of the English ships, and one frigate, who poured in shot and shell from all sides. During six hours she nobly stood the unequal

contest, fighting fiercely against fearful odds, until all the rigging and masts were shot completely away, her scuppers flowed with blood, and her wounded men filled the cockpit, her broken timbers yawned at every fresh shot, and she had let five feet of water into her hold, her rudder was carried away, and she was a complete wreck; her sails hung in shreds, nor could she fire a single gun in reply to the shot and shell which were poured upon her, for all her guns were dismounted. As long as the unequal fight lasted, Tone courageously worked at one of the guns, and bravely fought with that desperate energy engendered by the knowledge that his cause was a ruined one. He was one of the most active, court- ing death in the thickest of the fight. but in his body there was no billet for the death-dealing bullet, for he went through all that fierce action without having received a single wound, for his life was reserved for a more tragic end than that of death on board ship.

In a short time the whole of the vessels were captured or sunk, and the Frenchmen who survived that fearful action surrendered as prisoners of war. They were, some days after, invited to a breakfast by the Earl of Cavan, who was in command of that particular part of the country where they had landed. Tone, who for some time escaped recognition, was one of the party, and might have got off unknown but for meeting with Sir George Hill, who had been one of his fellow-students when in Trinity College. As Sir George entered the room where the French officers sat, he saw, and accosted him by name. In a moment he was surrounded by a body of police; seeing they were about to

put him in fetters, he requested that such treatment would not be pursued, as it would be a disgrace to the French uniform, for he wore the dress of a Chef de Brigade,—the position of which he bore in the army of France. Before he would submit to be bound with what he considered to be the fetters of degradation he stripped off his uniform, and then quietly allowed himself to be bound, saying at the same time: 'I feel prouder to wear these chains than to be decorated with the Star and Garter of England.' He was sent off to the city of Dublin, to be tried by one of the tribunals which was sitting at that time, which was a sort of court-martial.

Upon the 10th day of November, 1798, his trial took place in one of the barracks in Dublin. The *Dublin Magazine* for the month of November says: 'He appeared before the court dressed in the French uniform, a large cocked hat, white broad gold lace, and a tricoloured cockade; a uniform of blue, with gold embroidered collar and two large gold epaulets; blue pantaloons, with gold-laced gaiters at the knees; and short boots, bound at the tops with gold lace. In his manner there was not the least excitement.' 'The firmness and serenity of his whole deportment gave to the awe-stricken audience the measure of his soul,' says his son, in the life of his father which he afterwards published. The whole of the details of the trial would not be acceptable to the reader, and would be far too lengthy for the space at our disposal. He was tried on the capital charge of high-treason, and he admitted that he was guilty of trying to free Ireland from the domination of England, as he believed it would be for his country's well-being to have

self-government. When asked if he had anything to say in extenuation of his conduct he addressed the members of the court-martial in the following words:

'Under the name of the French Republic I originally engaged with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose I have encountered the chances of war amongst strangers; for that purpose I repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that power which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life; I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife unprotected, and children whom I adored fatherless. After such a sacrifice, in a cause which I have always considered—conscientiously considered—as the cause of justice and freedom, it is no great effort, at this day, to add the sacrifice of my life. But I hear it said that this unfortunate country has been a prey to all sorts of horrors. I sincerely lament it. I beg, however, I may be remembered that I have been absent four years from Ireland. To me these sufferings can never be attributed. I designed by fair and open war to procure the separation of the two countries. For open war I was prepared, but instead of that a system of private assassination has taken place. I repeat, whilst I deplore it, that it is not chargeable on me. Atrocities, it seems, have been committed on both sides. I do not less deplore them. I detest them from my heart; and to those who know my character and sentiments I may safely appeal for the truth of this assertion; with them I need no justification. In a case like this success is everything. Success, in the eyes of the vulgar, fixes its merit. Washington succeeded, and Kosciuszko failed. After a combat nobly sustained—a combat which would have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy—my fate has been to become a prisoner, to the eternal disgrace of those who gave the orders. I was brought here in irons like a felon. I mention this for the sake of others; for me, I am indifferent to it. I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication. As to the connection between this country and Great Britain, I regret it—all that has been imputed to me (words, writings, and actions), I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the

sentence of the court, I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty—I shall take care not to be wanting in mine.

The court having asked if he wished to make any further observation,

TONE said—‘I wish to offer a few words relative to one single point—the mode of punishment. In France our *émigrés* who stand nearly in the same situation in which I now stand before you, are condemned to be shot. I ask that the court shall adjudge me the death of a soldier, and let me be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. I request this indulgence rather in consideration of the uniform I wear—the uniform of a Chef de Brigade in the French army—than from any personal regard to myself. In order to evince my claim to this favour, I beg that the court may take the trouble to peruse my commission and letters of service in the French army. It will appear from these papers that I have not received them as a mask to cover me, but that I have been long and *bona fide* an officer in the French service.’

JUDGE ADVOCATE—‘You must feel that the papers you allude to will serve as undeniable proof against you.’

TONE—‘Oh, I know they will. I have already admitted the facts, and I now admit the papers as full proof of conviction.’

[The papers were then examined; they consisted of a brevet of Chef de Brigade from the Directory, signed by the Minister of War, of a letter of service granting to him the rank of Adjutant-General, and of a passport.]

ENGLISH GENERAL.—‘In these papers you are designated as serving in the army of France.’

TONE—‘I did serve in that army, when it was commanded by Buonaparte, by Dessaix, and by Kilmaine, who is, as I am, an Irishman; but I have also served elsewhere.’

The Court requested if he had anything further to observe.

He said that nothing more occurred to him, except that the sooner his Excellency’s approbation of the sentence was obtained the better.

This is the speech of the prisoner Theobald Wolfe Tone, as it was reported in the Irish newspapers of the day; but in some of the recently published correspondence of Lord Cornwallis—the Lord-Lieutenant of that time—there is supplied to the public one portion of his address which was never

before given to the world, because he would not allow it to be printed. It was a display of his gratitude to those of his countrymen who were of the Catholic faith. Tone was a member of the Protestant religion. We have pleasure in giving it publicly at this time. It will be welcome to those Catholics who are of the same way of thinking as the unfortunate first leader of the insurrection. It was in the following strains:—

‘I have laboured to create a people in Ireland by raising three millions of my countrymen to the rank of citizens. I have laboured to abolish the infernal spirit of religious persecution, by uniting the Catholics and Dissenters. To the former I owe more than ever can be repaid. The services I was so fortunate as to render them they rewarded munificently; but they did more: when the public cry was raised against me—when the friends of my youth swarmed off and left me alone—the Catholics did not desert me; they had the virtue even to sacrifice their own interests to a rigid principle of honour; they refused, though strongly urged, to disgrace a man who, whatever his conduct towards the government might have been, had faithfully and conscientiously discharged his duty towards them; and in so doing, though it was in my own case, I will say they showed an instance of public virtue of which I know not whether there exists another example.’

At the close of Tone’s remarks, he was sentenced to be hanged within forty-eight hours after the sentence was pronounced. The wish of Tone that he might be shot in place of being hanged was not acceded to. The Viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, determined to make a public example of him, that others might be deterred from following in his footsteps; but this sentence was not, like that of the Rev. William Jackson’s, to be put into execution. On the night of the 11th of November, 1798, he contrived, while he was in his prison cell, to penetrate a vein in his neck with a penknife. No news of this act was conveyed to

THE LIVES AND CAREERS OF THE
REBEL LEADERS, WILLIAM ORR,
HENRY AND JOHN SHEARER,
ROBERT EMMET, AND THOMAS
RUSSELL - WITH INCIDENTS
FROM THE CLOSE OF THE IN-
SURRECTION OF 1798 TO THE
YEAR 1803.

It will be interesting to follow up, from the close of the last chapter, the incidents which took place in the lives and proceedings of the foremost members of the society of United Irishmen; some of whom were transported to the penal settlements, while others were executed on the scaffold. Some of these men were clever in the professions which they followed, and would have been bright ornaments in society had they tried to reform the people of Ireland by pacific means, and done their utmost to educate the masses to that state of culture which would have enabled them by constitutional means to get from the British government that alteration of the laws which would have bettered their condition in both a social and political point of view; but they chose to 'take the bull by the horns' in a dangerous manner, and justly suffered the fearful consequences, as men have always done when they have tried to gain any moral reform by the use of physical force.

The English government at this time made it unlawful for any person to administer the oath of the United Irishmen to another person ; by this means they intended to stamp out that secret society. A Proclamation was published and posted all through Ireland to that effect, and their determination to show no mercy to any person found guilty of offending in this particular, was rigorously carried out.

The first man who was known to break this law was WILLIAM ORR. One year before Theobald Wolfe Tone committed suicide in his prison, Orr was found guilty of administering the proscribed oath, and was executed at Carrickfergus on the 14th of October, 1797.

William Orr was the son of a respectable farmer in the town of Fefranshane, in Antrim county. He had received a good education, was of handsome personal appearance, and had intellectual ability. He was popular with some of the disaffected peasants in the neighbourhood where he resided; and they looked upon him as a leading spirit in the society of the United Irishmen. He was of the Presbyterian faith, but had many friends amongst the Catholic community.

At his trial he was defended by that able Irish attorney, Curran, whose speech on Orr's behalf was uttered with marked ability; but he was found guilty of having administered the oath of the United Irishmen to a soldier named Wheatly. The jury, after hearing the evidence, retired to consider their verdict at six o'clock in the evening. At first they could not agree, but ultimately found him *guilty*, with a recommendation to mercy. Next morning he was sentenced to death by Lord Yelverton. Orr delivered the following speech after the verdict had been announced in the court:—

'My friends and fellow-countrymen, —In the thirty-first year of my life I have been sentenced to die upon the gallows, and this sentence has been in pursuance of a verdict of twelve men, who should have been indifferently and impartially chosen. How far they have been so, I leave that to the country from which they have been chosen to determine; and how far they have discharged their duty, I leave to their God and

to themselves. They have, in pronouncing their verdict, thought proper to recommend me as an object of humane mercy. In return, I pray to God, if they have erred, to have mercy upon them. The judge who condemned me humanely shed tears in uttering my sentence. But whether he did wisely in so highly commending the wretched informer who swore away my life, I leave to his own cool reflection, solemnly assuring him and all the world, with my dying breath, that that informer was foresworn.

'The law under which I suffer is surely a severe one—may the makers and promoters of it be justified in the integrity of their motives, and the purity of their own lives! By that law I am stamped a felon, but my heart disdains the imputation.

'My comfortable lot and industrious course of life, best refute the charge of being an adventurer for plunder; but if to have loved my country—to have known its wrongs—to have felt the injuries of the persecuted Catholics, and to have united with them and all other religious persuasions in the most orderly and least sanguinary means of procuring redress—if those be felonies, I am a felon, but not otherwise. Had my counsel (for whose honourable exertions I am indebted) prevailed in their motions to have me tried for high treason, rather than under the insurrection law, I should have been entitled to a full defence, and my actions have been better vindicated; but that was refused, and I must now submit to what has passed.

'To the generous protection of my country I leave a beloved wife, who has been constant and true to me, and whose grief for my fate has already nearly occasioned her death. I have five living children, who have been my delight. May they love their country as I have done, and die for it if needful.

'Lastly, a false and ungenerous publication having appeared in a newspaper, stating certain alleged confessions of guilt on my part, and thus striking at my reputation, which is dearer to me than life. I take this solemn method of contradicting the calumny. I was applied to by the high-sheriff, and the Rev. William Bristow, sovereign of Belfast, to make a confession of guilt, who used entreaties to that effect; this I peremptorily refused. If I thought myself guilty, I would freely confess it, but, on the contrary, I glory in my innocence.

'I trust that all my virtuous countrymen will bear me in their kind remembrance, and continue true and faithful

to each other as I have been to all of them. With this last wish of my heart—nothing doubting of the success of that cause for which I suffer, and hoping for God's merciful forgiveness of such offences as my frail nature may have at any time betrayed me into—I die in peace and charity with all mankind.'

When the day of execution dawned the inhabitants of Carrickfergus showed their sympathy with the young culprit by closing their houses and places of business, and quitting the town *en masse*.

There were many other persons guilty of treason, besides the two already noticed. Some of them were men who had good, peaceable, law-abiding parents. HENRY and JOHN SHEARES were young men of this class. They were the sons of a banker of the city of Cork, named John Sheares, who formerly had a seat in the Irish Parliament for the old borough of Clonakilty. Henry, the elder of the two, was born in the year 1753, and received his education at Trinity College, Dublin. Some time after, he left that college he purchased a commission in the 51st foot regiment; but a military life did not suit his tastes, and he resigned it to pursue his studies as a law-student. He was called to the bar in the year 1790. John Sheares was three years younger than his brother; he took up the same kind of profession, and became a barrister two years before Henry. These two brothers had opposite characters and dispositions. Henry was docile, unassuming, and modest. John was rash, impulsive, and bold; very prompt in the execution of any plans he set his mind upon. Henry looked to John for direction in all the affairs connected with the cause of Ireland at this time. When their father died, Henry inherited property of the

value of £1,200 per annum; but both brothers got into affluent circumstances through their extensive practise as lawyers.

They visited Paris together in 1792, and that appears to have been the circumstance that turned the bent of their lives. They there became acquainted with Brissot, and other leaders of the French revolution, and imbibed their principles with great eagerness. When they, in 1793, returned to Ireland, they connected themselves with the United Irishmen; John became a prominent member at once, and his signature was put to nearly all the manifestoes which they issued at this time.

During the month of March, 1798, the affairs of the United Irishmen became very critical; the unexpected arrest of the delegates at the house of Oliver Bond, deprived the party of its most trustworthy leaders. To fill up the vacancy, John Sheares took up the direction of affairs. When he went into the office the prospects of the Secret Society were in anything but a prosperous state; Russell, Emmet, and Fitzgerald were in prison, O'Connell was in Great Britain, and Theobald Wolfe Tone was in France; amidst these discouragements John Sheares was not disheartened; he prepared his countrymen for the rebellion, and the day on which it took place, the 23rd of May, was the one fixed upon by him for the attempt. He had visited Wexford and Kildare to complete plans for the rising of the people, and was on the point of setting off for Cork on a similar errand, when he was arrested and thrown into the prison of Kilmainham. His capture was accomplished in the following manner: Captain Warneford Armstrong presented himself to John

Sheares, and represented that he would like to join the United Irishmen, and he so successfully wormed himself into his good graces, that he got all the information he required to play the part he had set out to accomplish, as a detective for the English government. On the 21st of May, 1798, the Sheares were taken prisoners, and on the 12th of June were tried, Armstrong being the principal witness. The Attorney-General, Toler, refused the request of Curran for an adjournment. The trial lasted all through the night, and on the morning of the 13th the jury retired to consider their verdict, and after an absence of a little short of half an hour returned into court, with a verdict of *guilty* against both Henry and John Sheares.

The court adjourned for a few hours, and then met again for the prisoners to receive their sentence. John Sheares, before sentence was passed, addressed the court in the following language:—

'My Lords,—I wish to offer a few words before sentence is pronounced, because there is a weight pressing on my heart much greater than that of the sentence which is to come from the court. There has been, my lords, a weight pressing on my mind from the first moment I heard the indictment read upon which I was tried; but that weight has been more peculiarly pressing upon my heart when I found the accusation in the indictment enforced and supported upon the trial. That weight would be left insupportable if it were not for this opportunity of discharging it; I shall feel it to be insupportable since a verdict of my country has stamped that evidence as well founded. Do not think, my lords, that I am about to make a declaration against the verdict of the jury or the persons concerned with the trial; I am only about to call to your recollection a part of the charge at which my soul shudders, and if I had no opportunity of renouncing it before your lordships and this auditory, no courage would be sufficient to support me. The accusation of which I speak, while I linger here

yet a minute, is that of holding out to the people of Ireland a direction to give no quarter to the troops fighting for its defence! My lords, let me say thus, that if there be any acquaintances in this crowded court—I do not say my intimate friends, but acquaintances—who do not know what I say is truth, I shall be reputed the wretch which I am not; I say if any acquaintance of mine can believe that I could utter a recommendation of giving no quarter to a yielding and unoffending foe, it is not the death which I am about to suffer that I deserve—no punishment could be adequate to such a crime. My lords, I can not only acquit my soul of such an intention, but I declare, in the presence of that God before whom I must shortly appear, that the favourite doctrine of my heart was, *that no human being should suffer death but when absolute necessity required it.* My lords, I feel a consolation in making this declaration, which nothing else could afford me, because it is not only a justification of myself, but where I am sealing my life with that breath which cannot be suspected of falsehood, what I say may make some impression upon the minds of men not holding the same doctrine. I declare to God I know of no crime but assassination which can eclipse or equal that of which I am accused. I discern no shade of guilt between that and taking away the life of a foe, by putting a bayonet to his heart when he is yielding and surrendering. I do request the bench to believe that of me—I do request my country to believe that of me—I am sure God will think that of me. Now, my lords, I have no favour to ask of the court; my country has decided I am guilty, and the law says I shall suffer—it sees that I am ready to suffer. But, my lords, I have a favour to request of the court that does not relate to myself. My lords, I have a brother whom I have even loved dearer than myself, but it is not from my affection for him alone that I am induced to make the request. He is a man, and therefore I would hope prepared to die if he stood as I do—though I do not stand unconnected; but he stands more dearly connected. In short, my lords, to spare your feelings and I my own, I do not pray that I should not die, but that the husband, the father, the son—all comprised in one person—holding these relations dearer in life to him than any other man I know—for such a man I do not pray a pardon, for that is not in the power of the court, but I pray a respite for such time as the court in its humanity and discretion shall think proper. You have heard, my lords, that my pri-

vate affairs require arrangement. When I address myself to your lordships, it is with the knowledge you will have of all the sons of our aged mother being gone. Two have perished in the service of the King—one very recently. I only request that, disposing of me with what swiftness either the public mind or justice requires, a respite may be given to my brother, that the family may acquire strength to bear it all. That is all I wish; I shall remember it to my last breath, and I shall offer up my prayers for you to that Being who has endued us all with the sensibility to feel. That is all I ask. I have nothing more to say.

It was on the morning of the 13th of June that the Judge passed sentence upon the two prisoners, and the morning of the 14th was appointed for the carrying out of the extreme sentence of the law. At mid-day on that day, which was Saturday, they were removed to a room near to the place of execution, where they took their last interview and farewell. Within this room they were prepared for the final scene of life; the black caps were drawn over their faces, and holding each other by the hand, they tremblingly went towards the scaffold. The elder brother seemed very nervous, while the younger bore up with unflinching firmness. They were together launched into eternity—in an instant their lifeless corpses were swinging in front of the prison walls. The bodies were cut down, and the executioner should have severed their heads from their bodies, but only on the body of Henry Sheares was that barbarous custom performed. Their bodies were afterwards buried in the vaults of St. Michan's church, where, upon oak-coffins, their names and ages were painted.

The most beloved of the rebel leaders amongst the Irish people was ROBERT EMMET, and he was one of the most talented young men of the days in which he lived. He was the third son of Dr. Ro-

bert Emmet, a physician of Dublin. He was born on the 4th of March, 1778. Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the co-conspirators of Theobald Wolfe Tone, was one of his elder brothers. When the society of the United Irishmen was formed into a revolutionary society, Robert Emmet was studying in Trinity College, Dublin; and he always showed great ability in the debates of that institution. He was the intimate associate and friend of the Irish national poet, Thomas Moore, who, in one of his works speaks very highly of young Emmet. The bent of his mind towards the Irish revolutionary movement soon became known, and it resulted in his expulsion from college in February, 1798. Upon the 12th of March, his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, was apprehended. The stirring events of 1798 filled the mind of young Emmet with so much enthusiasm that he soon became a participant in the arrangement of their plans, as they were concocted in the city of Dublin. He soon became an object of suspicion to the English government, being watched by their detectives, and followed in all his movements; why he was not taken prisoner sooner cannot be recorded, for the best of reasons, the policy of the government was only known to the members themselves. The *Habeas Corpus* act was suspended, and young Emmet becoming aware of his personal danger, prudently left his native country and landed on the continent, where he was met by a large number of discontented Irishmen who had left their native land before him; in the year 1802 he was joined by his brother and some of his companions, whom the British government, in their clemency, had released from prison.

Their imprisonment had not had a beneficial effect upon their spirits; they vainly thought that there was still hope for the redemption of Ireland, and they began to plot together how they might inaugurate and assist in working out their favourite theories of bringing into their own hands the government of Erin, and letting the people see and feel the importance of having Ireland for the Irish.

The state of affairs in the land they had been compelled to leave was not in that condition to discourage them. The disposition to fight had not died out in the minds of the people, and they thought, in their exile, that a well-directed blow or two would be sufficient to awaken the people of one or two counties where they were not as sanguine of success as they were in other parts of that land, and that they would unite with the rest of the people to help to sweep every vestige of English supremacy into the sea.

About this time the British government passed the Act of Union, and that exasperated the Irish citizens more than ever; the passing of this act, and the probability of another war between England and France, made the Irishmen upon the continent and those secret agitators who had remained at home, more confident of success. Again the secret society put forward their claims before the First Consul of France, General Buonaparte, who received them with very fair promises of help and success. Robert Emmet himself obtained an interview with General Buonaparte, when he heard from that great man's lips assurances that when hostilities again broke out, which he was sure would soon be the case, he would attempt the invasion of

England; with his heart beating high with hopes, Emmet again landed in Dublin, in the month of October, 1802; and as he was now in the very midst of another rebellion, he took every possible precaution to avoid being seen. He travelled under assumed names, and went as little as possible into public life. He studiously avoided making himself an object of suspicion as he gathered together the scattered members of the secret society of United Irishmen, and with £3,000 of his own, added to a large amount which he had got from a gentleman of Dublin, a Mr. Long, a merchant, and many other sympathisers, he commenced collecting military stores together for the use of his followers. In the month of May, 1803, he looked for war between England and France began. Events at this time raised the hopes of the Irishmen to the highest pitch. Young Emmet went to and fro to one or other of the depôts where his military stores were to be found, and to the manufactories where he was having made weapons of war, in various parts of the city: assisting, cheering the men, and directing those employed there. Hand pikes of formidable make were to be found there in great numbers, even by the thousand: their manufacture had been attended to by Emmet's orders, and stowed away in the various places he superintended with that promptness and alacrity that the occasion demanded, until there should be occasion for them to be brought into use against the forces of the English; rockets and hand grenades were also prepared in large quantities; an explosion which occurred by accident, on the 16th of July, in one of the places where they were made, very nearly led to the dis-

covery of the entire business, and helped somewhat to bring about the rising sooner than was intended. The British government had got an inkling of what was 'in the wind,' and the leaders thought that no time should be lost in developing their plans. Robert Emmet now thought proper to sleep in the Marshalsea-lane establishment, snatching a few hours of rest, with the instruments of death all around him. There he, with others, finished the arrangements of their plots, fixing the 23rd of July as the best time for the commencement of the insurrection.

Had that youthful aspirant for military distinction been able to bring all the men into action that had taken the oath to do so, far more blood would have been spilt than fortunately there was on that occasion. Ten o'clock on the night of the 23rd was the exact time fixed upon for the outbreak; a rocket discharged from Thomas Street was to be the signal for the rising. The night was pitchy dark about the hour when that discharge took place, and a large mob of men rushed to the dépôt, as it was called—a malt-house in Mass-lane—where they were supplied with pikes. No more than one hundred men answered to the summons at that time, and of these Emmet attempted to take the lead. He rushed to their head in a new uniform of shining green and gold, with a brace of pistols at his side, and brandishing a sword in his hand. But as his followers were undisciplined they took their own way of acting; for their control was beyond his power. The purpose of Emmet was to make an attack upon Dublin Castle; but when he gave the word to advance for that purpose, a few ran in

that direction, while others made an attack upon a debtor's prison, with the object of releasing the prisoners.

Emmet speedily saw the hopelessness of his exertions, and withdrew from the spot disheartened and discouraged. The undisciplined mob that stood near him at this moment met the carriage of Lord Kilwarden, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Within the carriage was seated the Lord Chief Justice himself, a nephew, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe, and Lord Kilwarden's daughter. In a moment the carriage-door was burst open, and the excited mob fell upon Lord Kilwarden and savagely murdered him and the Rev. Mr. Wolfe. So great was their eagerness to have revenge upon the Chief Justice that they fought with each other after he had fallen, for the object of trying who could give him the most wounds.

As his lordship lay covered with wounds, and in great agony, Major Swann, the chief of police in the district, came up with his men, and made a proposal to hang at once, some men who had been arrested as guilty of the assassination; but the dying judge interfered, and with great effort, said: 'Let no man suffer for my death but after trial and sentence by the laws of his country!' A sentence worthy of the dignity of British justice—his lordship died and his words were respected.

Within one hour all the prisoners were secured—the rebels' military dépôt searched, 6,000 or 8,000 pikes were seized, the people dispersed, and the city of Dublin was again as quiet as if no rebellion had been attempted. Emmet, with twelve or fifteen of his ardent followers, made his escape to the mountains of Wicklow. After going from one place

to another for about a week, living upon the farmers in the district, he again went back to Dublin, and remained four or five weeks, securely hidden under the name of Hewitt, in the lodgings he had lived in before at Harold's Cross, at the house of a Mrs. Palmer. Here, as he was, on the 25th of August, about to eat his dinner, he was taken prisoner by Major Sirr. On the 19th day of the month of September, 1803, he was, with eighteen other rebels, put upon his trial. One of their number was acquitted, one was respited, and the other seventeen were hanged. Without leaving the court, the jury found Emmet *guilty* of high-treason. He entered on no defence of himself. The speech he delivered at the close of his trial is one of the most effective addresses that is to be found in all the pathetic and touching records of political crime. It shows that young prisoner's ability and thorough devotion to the cause of the Irish people at that time; in the mistakes he made, he is, to a certain extent, to be pitied, because of his youth, and to be forgiven for his errors, because he did not calculate rightly the number of faithful men he had at his command.

We print this speech to show the young lawyer's able and clever power of rhetoric; its spirit has never been, and perhaps never will be, forgotten by the Irish people. He commenced as follows:—

'My Lords,—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accus-

ation and calumny which upon it I do not imagine where you are, your mind from prejudice as to my impression from what I feel. I have no hopes that my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labour in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government's standard—a government which is steeped to barbarity by the cries of the orphans, and the tears of the widows it has made.'

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Emmet, saying—'that the mean and wicked enthusiast who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.']

'I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the Throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the

good of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travelled; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity, by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave, to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here he was again interrupted by the court.]

‘Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen. If there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction.’

[Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

‘I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry

justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it. Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man, to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or swayed by the purest motives—my country's oppressor, or—’

[Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

‘My lords, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from an undeserved reproach, thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away for a paltry consideration the liberties of his country? Why did your lordships insult me? Or rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lords, that form prescribes that you should ask the question. The form also presents the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before the jury were empanelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I insist on the whole of the forms.’

[Here Emmet paused, and the court desired him to proceed.]

‘I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France, and for what end? It is alleged that I wish

ed to sell the independence of my country; and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No; I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? Was it a change of masters? No, but for my ambition. Oh, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors. My Country was my Idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendour and a conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be signal for their destruction. We sought their aid—and we sought it as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable when a foreign

nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the succours of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted—that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country; I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America—to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valour; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; that of a people who would perceive the good, and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

[Here he was interrupted by the court.]

'I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, 'the life and blood of the conspiracy.' You do me over-much honour; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord—men before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.'

[Here he was interrupted.]

'What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny (of which you are only the intermediary executioner) has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, although if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir your lordship might swim in it.'

[Here the judge interfered.]

'Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour; let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!'

Here Lord Norbury told Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man, if alive, that would not countenance such opinions. To which he replied:—

'If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, oh I ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruined through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is—THE CHARITY OF ITS SILENCE. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives

dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace; and my tomb remain uninscribed, and my memory in oblivion, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and *not till then*, let my epitaph be written. I have done.'

When Emmet delivered this address, he spoke so loud that he could be heard all over the court, but there was nothing boisterous about his manner. He moved rapidly about the dock, but not in an ungraceful way. His action was not confined to his hands; there was no affectation in his manner or style of delivery.

At the hour of ten o'clock on the day of his trial, the sentence of the law was passed upon Robert Emmet. A very few hours were given him to prepare for death. He was hurried from Newgate prison to that of Kilmainham, passing through Thomas Street—the street where he had attempted the insurrection. About one hour from noon, on the 20th of September, he mounted the scaffold, with a firm step and a composed mien, and the next instant he was a lifeless corpse. In a very short time the body was cut down, and the neck placed across a block on the scaffold, and the head cut from the body. Then the executioner held it up and cried aloud: 'This is the head of a traitor!' The body was then removed, escorted by the military; being afterwards given up to his relatives and friends, and interred in the family vault.

As soon as the news of the rebellion in Dublin was conveyed to London, the House of Commons suspended the *Habeas Corpus Act*, and enforced martial law in Ireland. Suspected men were imprisoned from the year 1803 to 1806.

When Robert Emmet was dead—dead in a double sense—dead in the natural life, and dead to the United Irishmen, as their most intelligent and ardent leader—that society grieved long and deeply, for the flower of their party was gone, and they felt keenly that their loss was irreparable; the dearly cherished plan of his life looked in a very hopeless state indeed. All round, in every part of Ireland, the desires of the insurgents were, to all appearances, completely baffled; to them the memories of '98 were very bitter and disappointing. They were on the verge of despair, for their most ardent and enterprising leaders were nearly all either executed or in prison. Emmet, Tone, M'Cracken, Bond, the Sheares—all these were now dead; while M'Nevin, Neilson, and O'Connell, had gone off at the bidding of the British government, to a foreign country. There was only left to them, Thomas Russell—a man full of fire and energy, entirely and constantly devoted to the society's work.

THOMAS RUSSELL first opened his eyes to the light of this world in the town of Betsborough, Dunmahane, in the parish of Kilshick, Cork county, on the 21st of November, 1776. His father had a commission, as an officer in the English army, and had fought with that army against the Irish brigade in the engagement known as the battle of Fontenoy; and afterwards died in a post of honour at the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham. Thomas was the youngest of three sons, being trained and educated for the Protestant church. This was the intention of his parents, but his mind was bent upon a very different course, for he sought service in the army, and at the early age of fifteen he

left his native land and embarked as a volunteer for India, where he served with his brother, Ambrose, whose bravery under the fire of the enemy in that land brought to him great commendation from his superiors,—even from the king. Young Thomas left India after he had seen five years' service in the army, and returned home. At this time, in personal appearance, he was possessed of great manly beauty; in stature he was six feet high, but so perfectly symmetrical that he did not appear so tall. Martial in every movement, he was the very perfection of a soldier, both in manners and bearing. He had a dark eye, compressed lip, with stern and somewhat haughty face; but when he smiled there was great benevolence in every feature. His manners had dignity in them, and he was the very cut of a finished gentleman, both in bearing and character. His mind was full of sound good sense, for he was possessed of the best of knowledge—that gained by experience.

Such a person was Thomas Russell when he first became known to Tone, in the city of Dublin. The plans of Tone soon gained a footing in the mind of young Russell, and he eagerly imbibed all his opinions. Tone made frequent reference to him in his account of his struggles, and he placed him in the same list of his friends with Thomas Addis Emmet. In the year 1791 Russell went to Belfast to join the 64th regiment, in which he bought a commission; but before he left the city of Dublin, he took the oath, and became a member of the United Irishmen. In the town of Belfast he soon won the friendship and shared the plans of the leaders of that society, and helped in every way that the position he held in

the army would at that time enable him.

While Russell was in Belfast he fell into a state of extreme poverty, through his generosity to a friend, which induced him to sell his commission and retire to the town of Dungannon, where he lived upon the money which he realized by the sacrifice. At the town of Dungannon he was made a Justice of the Peace for Tyrone county. From this office he soon retired, and went back to Belfast, where he was appointed to the post of librarian of the town, when he became a constant contributor to a newspaper devoted to the interests of the United Irishmen, called the *Northern Star*.

In 1796 the United Irishmen appointed him to the chief command of their men in county Down, a position for which his military knowledge peculiarly fitted him; but he was taken prisoner on the 26th of September, in the same year. He was conveyed to Dublin and lodged in Newgate gaol.

He was kept in prison until the 19th of March, 1799, when he was removed to Fort George, in Scotland, where he was confined for three years more. In the year 1802, the English government having no charge to make against him, he was set free, and went at once to Paris, where he met with Robert Emmet, who was making preparations to renew the efforts of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Theobald Wolfe Tone. Russell entered eagerly into the plans of the ardent Emmet, and when the latter left the City of Paris for Ireland in 1802, it was with the understanding that Russell would stand firmly by his side in the hour of danger, and with him die or succeed. According to this agreement, Russell was soon in Dublin, in the wake of Emmet,

where he was so well disguised that the members of his family failed to recognize him. Emmet's plots for the outbreak in Dublin were ripe, when Russell, with a faithful companion, was sent to the north among the Ulster men, to prepare them for action. Filled with the highest hopes of success he went forth, but returned to Dublin within one week afterwards, disheartened and dispirited. His first act on his arrival in Belfast was to send forth a proclamation, in which he signed himself as 'general-in-chief of the northern district,' and summoned the Ulster men to action.

The reason is not given, but for some cause or other the northern men would not act. It was with them then as it had been before, they waited 'to see what the ~~south~~ would do,' and the southern men waited 'to see what the northern men would do.' Thoroughly disgusted, Russell left Belfast and proceeded to Antrim, where he expected to find them ready to co-operate with him; but here new disappointments awaited him, and with his heart surcharged with misery, he returned to Dublin, where he lived in complete retirement until he was captured by Major Sirr, on the 9th of September, 1803. The government of the day had offered a reward of £1,500 for his arrest. The manner in which he was captured was somewhat romantic. The Major seized him rudely by the neck-cloth, when Russell, a more powerful man than the Major, threw him on one side, and drawing a pistol, cried, 'I will not be treated with indignity!' The Major entered into conversation with him until a file of military men came to his assistance, when Russell was put in irons, and carried off a prisoner to Dublin Cas-

tle. In a short time his friends made an attempt to rescue him by bribing one of the gaolers, but the plot did not succeed, and Russell never was again set at liberty. At this time he addressed a letter to one of his friends, in which the following sentences occur:—

'I mean to make my trial and the last of my life, if it is to close now, as serviceable to the cause of liberty as I can. I trust my countrymen will ever adhere to it: I know it will soon prosper. When the country is free, I beg they may lay my remains with my father in a private manner, and pay the few debts I owe. I have only to beg of my countrymen to remember that the cause of liberty is the cause of virtue, which I trust they will never abandon. May God bless and prosper them, and when power comes into their hands I entreat them to use it with moderation. May God and the Saviour bless them all.'

A strong force of cavalry conveyed Russell to Downpatrick, where he was confined in the governor's rooms, before he was tried in that town by a special jury. While in Downpatrick gaol he addressed a letter to Miss M'Cracken, a sister of Henry Joy M'Cracken, one of the Irish leaders of 1798, which was as follows:—

'Humanly speaking, I expect to be found guilty and immediately executed. As this may be my last letter, I shall only say that I did my best for my country and for mankind. I have no wish to die, but far from regretting its loss in such a cause, had I a thousand lives I would willingly risk or lose them in it. Be assured, liberty will in the midst of these storms be established, and God will wipe the tears from all eyes.'

The expectations here expressed by Russell were all fully carried out. He was accused on his trial of being guilty of treason-felony, and the verdict of *guilty*, which he anticipated with resignation, was delivered in a short time, even before sunset on the day the trial began. It was sworn that he had distributed green uniforms at treasonable meetings,

that he had asked the persons who attended those meetings, 'if they did not wish to get rid of the Sassanaghs; that he spoke of 30,000 stands of arms from France,' but said that if the French should fail them, spades, pickaxes, shovels, and forks would serve that purpose.' He knew that it was useless to urge any arguments against evidence so convincing. 'I shall not trouble you,' said he, —'or make any statement in my defence,—by calling witnesses to prove my innocence, or by bringing persons to oppose their evidence, or to prove an *alibi*. As I cannot do any of these things without involving other persons, I shall consider myself precluded from any.' Before the judge uttered his charge to the jury, Russell asked, 'If he was not permitted to say a few words, as he desired to give advice to his countrymen in as short a manner as possible, being well convinced how short the transition was from that vestibule of the grave to the gallows;' and when the time came Russell stepped to the front of the dock in which he stood, and spoke as follows:—

'Before I address myself to this audience, I return my sincere thanks to my learned counsel for the exertions they have made, in which they displayed so much talent. I return my thanks to the gentlemen on the part of the crown, for the accommodation and indulgence I have received during my confinement. I return my thanks to the gentlemen of the jury for the patient investigation they have afforded my case; and I return my thanks to the court, for the attention and politeness they have shown me during my trial. As to my political sentiments, I shall, in as brief a manner as possible (for I do not wish to engross the time of the court), say a few words. I look back to the last thirteen years of my life, the period with which I have interfered with the transactions of Ireland, with entire satisfaction; though for my share in them I am now about to die—the gentlemen of the jury having, by their verdict, put the seal of

truth on the evidence against me. Whether, at this time, and the country being situated as it is, it be safe to inflict the punishment of death upon me for the offence I am charged with, I leave to the gentlemen who conduct the prosecution. My death, perhaps, may be useful in deterring others from following my example. It may serve, on the other hand, as a memorial to others, and on trying occasions it may inspire them with courage. I can now say, as far as my judgment enabled me, I acted for the good of my country and of the world. It may be presumptuous for me to deliver my opinions here as a statesman, but as the government have singled me out as a leader, and given me the appellation of 'General,' I am in some degree entitled to do so. To me it is plain that all things are verging towards a change, when all shall be of one opinion. In ancient times we read of great empires having their rise and their fall, and yet do the old governments proceed as if all were immutable. From the time I could observe and reflect, I perceived that there were two kinds of laws—the laws of the State and the laws of God—frequently clashing with each other; by the latter kind, I have always endeavoured to regulate my conduct; but that laws of the former kind to exist in Ireland I believe no one who hears me can deny. That such laws have existed in former times many and various examples clearly evince. The Saviour of the world suffered by the Roman laws—by the same laws His Apostles were put to the torture, and deprived of their lives in His cause. By my conduct I do not consider that I have incurred any moral guilt. I have committed no moral evil. I do not want the many and bright examples of those gone before me; but did I want this encouragement, the recent example of a youthful hero—a martyr in the cause of liberty—who has just died for his country, would inspire me. I have descended into the vale of manhood. I have learned to estimate the reality and delusions of this world; he was surrounded by everything which could endear this world to him—in the bloom of youth, with fond attachments, and with all the fascinating charms of health and innocence; to his death he look back even in this moment with raptur. I have travelled much, and seen various parts of the world, and I think the Irish are the most virtuous nation on the face of the earth—they are a good and brave people, and had I a thousand lives I would yield them in their service. If it be the will of God that I suffer for that with which I stand charged, I am perfectly

assigned to His holy will and dispensation. I do not wish to trespass much more on the time of those that hear me, and did I do so an indisposition which has seized on me since I came into court would prevent my purpose. Before I depart from this for a better world I wish to address myself to the landed aristocracy of this country. The word 'aristocracy' I do not mean to use as an insulting epithet, but in the common sense of the expression.

'Perhaps, as my voice may now be considered as a voice crying from the grave, what I now say may have some weight. I see around me many who, during the last years of my life, have disseminated principles for which I am now to die. Those gentlemen who have all the wealth and the power of the country in their hands, I strongly advise, and earnestly exhort, to pay attention to the poor—by the poor I mean the labouring class of the community, their tenantry and dependents. I advise them for their good to look into their grievances, to sympathize in their distress, and to spread comfort and happiness around their dwellings. It may be that they may not hold their power long, but at all events to attend to the wants and distresses of the poor is their truest interest. If they hold their power they will thus have friends around them; if they lose it, their fall will be gentle, and I am sure unless they act thus they can never be happy. I shall now appeal to the right honourable gentleman in whose hands the lives of the other prisoners are, and entreat that he will rest satisfied with my death, and let that atone for those errors into which I may have been supposed to have deluded others. I trust the gentleman will restore them to their families and friends. If he shall do so, I can assure him that the breeze which conveys to him the prayers and blessings of their wives and children will be more grateful than that which may be tainted with the stench of putrid corpses, or carrying with it the cries of the widow and the orphan. Standing as I do in the presence of God and of man, I entreat him to let my life atone for the faults of all, and that my blood alone may flow.

'If I am then to die, I have therefore two requests to make. The first is, that as I have been engaged in a work possibly of some advantage to the world, I may be indulged with three days for its completion; secondly, that as there are those ties which even death cannot sever, and as there are those who may have some regard for what will remain of me after death, I request that my re-

mains, disfigured as they will be, may be delivered after the execution of the sentence to those dear friends, that they may be conveyed to the ground where my parents are laid, and where those faithful few may have a consecrated spot over which they may be permitted to grieve. I have now to declare, when about to pass into the presence of Almighty God, that I feel no enmity in my mind to any being, none to those who have borne testimony against me, and none to the jury who have pronounced the verdict of my death.'

The desire of Russell was not granted, and he was hanged in twelve hours after the trial was finished. At twelve o'clock on the 21st of October, in the year 1803, he was carried bound to the place of execution. A large number of soldiers were quartered in the town to defeat any attempt the people might make to rescue him. The time between the end of the trial and the carrying out of the sentence was so short, that the authorities could not erect a scaffold. Some barrels were placed under the gateway of one of the entrances to the prison, with planks placed on them for a platform, and others were made to slope up from the ground, by which it was raised. Upon the ground near was placed a sack of sawdust, a block, an axe, and a knife. Soon after Russell had ascended this rude contrivance he gazed towards the people, and expressed his forgiveness for his persecutors. His demeanour was serene in this, the closing scene of his adventurous life, all the dread instruments of death lying around, did not appal him in the least, for his countenance was perfectly calm, and he died peacefully. He was interred in the churchyard of the Protestant church of Downpatrick, and on the stone erected to his memory is this unmistakably simple inscription—

. THE GRAVE OF RUSSELL.

CHAPTER III.

THE REBELLIONS OF 1798 AND 1803 CONTRASTED—HOW THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT OBTAINED INFORMATION—THE FATES OF THE LEADERS OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN, LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD, HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN, MATTHEW TONE, AND BARTHOLOMEW TEELING.

BEFORE proceeding further, we shall do well to compare the two efforts of the United Irishmen to throw off English rule—that of 1798, with that of 1803,—and see if they had more sympathisers; or whether or not the last attempt was more foolish and weak than the first. Some time before the rising took place in 1798, the secret society named drew up a memoir for the use of the French republic, and also for the purpose of getting from that nation some assistance; this memoir, by means which were never made public, got into the possession of the English government;—it contained a statement as to the strength of the United Irishmen, their numbers, the uneasiness of the people to get into action, and the most likely parts of Ireland where their attempts would succeed. Daniel O'Connell, a peaceable member of the society, Dr. M'Nevin, and other prisoners, were much surprised to find this copy placed in front of them when brought before the privy council. In the month of April, 1797, the committee of the county of Ulster was informed of and apprehended at Belfast, and the same fate followed in the case of the Leinster committee, at Dublin, in March, 1798. The principal informers were Mr. Reynolds, a United Irishman, and a person before noticed—Captain Warneford Armstrong, who cleverly joined that secret society for the purpose of giving all the in-

formation he could obtain. These men were paid large rewards for their services, but how much was never correctly known.

The United Irishmen enrolled in the various towns were as follows:—Antrim, 22,039; Down, 23,769; Derry, 10,000; Tyrone, 12,169; Armagh, 12,278; Monaghan, 3,075; Donegal, 9,648; Cavan, 1,000; Fermanagh, 2,000; and Louth, 3,488; making a total of 99,412 men who had promised to rise at the call of their leaders. The various quantities of arms that these men had got ready were as follows:—6,346 guns, 465 pistols, 2,536 bayonets, 3,816 pikes, 18 blunderbusses, and 8 cannon. The amount of money they had was only £144 2s. 1d. In Leinster the whole strength of the society was 67,295, distributed in the following counties:—Queen's County, 11,689; Wicklow, 12,895; Carlow, 9,414; Kildare, 10,863; Meath, 14,000; and Kilkenny, 604; the funds of this body of men were £1,485 4s. 9d.

At the time of the rising, the 23rd of May, 1798, nearly all the principal leaders were either in gaol or had fled from the country for fear of being arrested. In Carlow and Kildare there was no one to lead them, of any note or ability. The deluded peasantry fell an easy prey to the English forces, and they were easily suppressed; from these two places the insurrection spread to Wexford and Wicklow, and it broke out at Antrim and in Down about the same hour; but the best stand was made by the Irishmen of Wexford. The towns of Enniscorthy and Wexford were captured by them, and held for the space of three weeks; during which time several rather severe engagements took place, in which the Irishmen, we must say, to do them jus-

tice, showed that they were not destitute of courage and bravery, for they were badly clothed and indifferently fed, but they made a good stand; when we consider them as they were, an undisciplined, ill-armed, irregular band of men, without efficient officers or proper order in their ranks, we cannot fail to acknowledge their merit in gaining victory, though only temporary, over one of the best trained armies in the world.

Taking into account the number of fighting men which the United Irishmen could bring into the field, it is surprising that there were not more lives lost, and more blood shed in the struggle. Disheartened, discouraged, and baffled, the leaders of the rebellion were, at the turn affairs had taken in the attempts of 1798 and 1800, and they might have learned from the failure of the first rising, that the second would also be futile. Their hopes and desires were truly of a very sanguine character to prolong the struggle when the British army was composed of a class of men who were well clad, comfortably housed, and as well fed and disciplined as any body of men could be; and, to bring a number of men to fight against them, such as the undisciplined, untrained Irish peasants were at this time, however good their cause, must appear to every sane person to be the height of madness. The 99,411 men who enlisted under the banner of the rebels in the year 1798, had dwindled down to little more than 100, in the year 1803, and the fight in Dublin on the night of the 23rd of July partook more of the character of a street row than of an attempted revolt. That others beside young Emmet were to blame for this mad conduct is well known; but when men high in

position, such as Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who had served in the English army, are guilty of such insane conduct, we cannot blame one as young in years as the earnest Robert Emmet.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD, in joining the rebels, sacrificed good prospects, high position, posts of distinction, and fair chances of winning renown, as well as family honours, and even life itself. He was a descendant of an old and noble family of affluence and renown in Ireland. His father was James, Duke of Leinster, the twentieth Earl of Kildare. He was the fifth son, and was born in the month of October, in the year 1763. When he got to years of maturity he joined the volunteers. In early life he served the British Government in the American war of independence. He connected himself with the United Irishmen at the time when Thomas Addis Emmet became connected with it. He was at once appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of that secret society in the south of Ireland, and laboured assiduously in that position, giving advice and assistance to mature the plans of his compeers in bringing affairs into such a state that they would be ready for the outbreak of the 23rd of May.

The English detectives put an unexpected stop to his work for the United Irishmen, and two months after the arrest of his companions at the house of Oliver Bond, in Dublin, he was taken prisoner. He had been concealed for some weeks in various places, and had succeeded in baffling his pursuers; but on the 19th of May, 1798, they took his lordship prisoner. That he possessed much courage there can be no doubt, for he was not taken without a fierce struggle, in which he fought with

the fierceness of a lion against his captors. He was conveyed to Newgate prison, in the city of Dublin, where he expired in a few weeks, and thus was he prevented from acting in the rebellion which he had counselled and planned with his companions in their so-called 'patriotic enterprise.' His body was interred in the family vault of St. Werburg.

In a short time after Lord Edward Fitzgerald's death another leader of note in the United Irishmen was executed for his complicity with the rebellion. HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN was a leader who took command of the United Irishmen at the battle of Antrim. He was appointed to the supreme command of the rebel forces by his brethren in that ill-fated secret society, for that town and district. Three weeks after Thomas Russell had been apprehended and taken to prison, he was arrested, which was on the 10th of October, 1796, and taken to Newgate gaol, where he remained until the 8th of September, 1797. He was then liberated on bail, and at once returned to Belfast, determined to do the best in his way to liberate his country. Some time before the rising of '98 he received his appointment to the command of the men of Antrim. He brought to bear all his energies in the cause he had taken in hand, in getting the northern men ready for the struggle; but circumstances over which he had no control delayed the rising in that neighbourhood, and it was not until the 6th of June, 1798, that he had completed his arrangements for bringing his men into the field for action. Then he sent forth the following short proclamation, which was 'dated the first year of liberty, 6th June, 1798,' addressed to the forces of Ulster:—

'To-morrow we march on Antrim. Drive the garrison of Randalstown before you, and hasten to form a junction with your Commander-in-Chief.'

Fully 21,000 should have responded to the proclamation of M'Cracken, but there were not more than 7,000 who took up arms. With this number he could have made a stand, and struck a blow worthy of his cause, but already the English detectives were on his track. The insurgents' secrets were all revealed to General Nugent, the English commander in the north, and the defeat of the rebels was thus made certain of accomplishment. M'Cracken's men marched to the engagement in Antrim with military step and precision, singing the 'Marseillaise hymn' as they charged through the town. At first their success seemed complete, but the English general, acting upon the revelations that had been made to him, had taken effective measures to defeat them in a short time. Suddenly, just as victory seemed certain to M'Cracken and his men, the rebels found themselves between a galling cross fire from a large force posted at each end of the town; a brave attempt to recover themselves was made by the insurgents, but all was fruitless. The rebels fled from the fight in disorder, leaving between 500 and 600 dead and dying men behind them, and that night Henry Joy M'Cracken found himself a ruined fugitive, pursued by numerous bodies of the English. For a few weeks no trace of him could be found, but ultimately he was captured and tried by court martial in the town of Belfast, on July 17th., 1798. On the evening of the day that he was tried he was executed. He bore his trial, sentence, and even execution,

with great fortitude. He was hanged in front of the old market place of Belfast, and was buried in the graveyard of St. George's Protestant church.

Towards the latter end of the same year two other leaders of the United Irishmen laid down their lives for their temerity in taking up arms against the British constitution, namely Matthew Tone and Bartholomew Teeling. These men sailed from Rochelle with General Humbert; they fought at Ballinamuck and Castlebar, and when the French surrendered prisoners of war they were given into the power of the English commander, who took them to prison. Teeling had borne the rank of Etat-major in the French army; and a letter from his chief officer, General Humbert, was read at his trial, in which the highest commendation was given to the young Irishman, for his merciful conduct in the last campaign. But the judges did not pay much attention to those efforts to gain for him a little compassion; and Teeling was sentenced to die on the day of his trial. He was hanged on the 24th of September, 1798, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. When called upon to die he marched with a triumphant step to the place of execution, which was on Arbour Hill, Dublin, where he died like a true soldier, with courage and devotion depicted in his countenance. Scarcely had his head been severed from his body, when the latter was thrown into a place called 'the cropper's hole,' a place behind the barracks prepared for the purpose of burying all the Irishmen who were executed. It was dug to save the trouble of preparing a separate grave for each person who was hanged, for as soon as they were dead they were thrown into this hole indiscriminately.

In a short time afterwards, the same unhonoured grave received the remains of Matthew Tone. His brother, Theobald Wolfe Tone, says of him: 'He had a more enthusiastic nature than any of us. He was a sincere republican, capable of sacrificing everything for his principles.' His execution, like that of Teeling, took place on the same day that he was found guilty of high treason, and his remains were at once interred in the grave behind the barracks.

Not all the leaders of the United Irishmen were sentenced to death, some were transported to penal settlements, some were allowed to leave the country for America and Australia, to which places they were exiled, and others left of their own accord; very few are living at this day, the hand of strangers having dug their graves on a foreign shore. This was the fate of Neilson, M'Nevin, and Thomas Addis Emmet; others of the leaders stayed in Ireland until that country was peaceable, then they were allowed to leave the land of their birth and emigrate to a foreign shore, where either they or the survivors of their families have made their independencies by honest industry.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FORMATION OF THE REPEAL OF THE UNION SOCIETY, WITH THE LIVES AND CAREERS OF ITS FOUNDERS, JOHN MITCHELL AND JOHN MARTIN—EVENTS FROM 1803 TO 1847.

A LONG period of quietness and peace followed the insurrection of 1803; from some cause or other the people were, to all appearance, determined to have rest from the broils and turmoil of civil war, such as they had had for a period of five years, from and including 1798 to 1803. The country

with which they had formerly been in league—the French nation—had been defeated at Waterloo, and it was impossible to expect, even if they needed it, any help from them, now that Napoleon was exiled to the island of St. Helena. In the year 1800, the Union of Ireland with England was completed, and this was a cause of discontent to many Irishmen; they forgot how indifferently the country was governed when the Irish parliament was in existence. The year 1806 was signalized towards the end by the committal of some agrarian outrages. In the year 1809, Mr. Conning, one of the Irish members, and Lord Castlereagh quarrelled in the cabinet and fought a duel. They fired four pistols each, without either being wounded, and then gave up the quarrel. In this year the first meeting in favour of the Repeal of the Union took place. It was got up by the protestants. The celebrated Mr. Fox, M.P., spoke in its favour, but the people were not ready for the proper formation of the society.

In the year 1810 Daniel O'Connell, who afterwards made his name famous as the champion of the cause for the Repeal of the Union, and in the act of parliament in favour of Catholic Emancipation, first appeared in public. It was at a meeting in favour of the Repeal of the Union held in Dublin. O'Connell was born at Cahen, August 9th, 1775. He was sent to school at Cork. He, some years afterwards, studied at the colleges of Louraine, Douay, and St. Omer. Returning to Ireland, he took up the law as his profession, and was called to the bar in 1798. When King George IV. visited Ireland in 1820, O'Connell was selected as fugleman on the occasion, and presented His

Majesty with a crown of laurel before he left the country ; he also founded a Georgian Society in honour of his visit. All this time Catholic Emancipation was making headway both in Ireland and in England. Some time previous to this O'Connell had been elected M.P. for Clare, and such good service did he render to the Catholics of Ireland, that in the year 1829 the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed. In the year 1843, 700,000 persons were enrolled as members of the society for the Repeal of the Union, and they paid the enormous sum of £48,000 to its support. During this year meetings in its favour were frequently held. They began at Taum, in March, 1843, where 20,000 persons were present, and proceeded until Sunday, October 1st., when there had been 46 meetings, at which 400,000 persons signified their adherence to the cause.

The English government decided that this secret society should be put a stop to, and they issued a proclamation to that effect. O'Connell prophesied that the Repealers would be sure to win the day and triumph over the English nation if they kept firm and true to their principles ; his mistake was clearly shown when, in 1843, a military force of considerable strength prevented a monster meeting intended to be held at Clontarf. It was clearly proved when, the following year, he and his companions were brought to trial for treasonable practices, found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. The reversal of the verdict by the House of Lords was a temporary triumph for O'Connell, but his prestige suffered in the minds of the people, and his policy had begun to pall on their tastes.

Thomas Davis and Charles Gavan Duffy had given O'Connell offence by their, as he considered, too ardent advocacy of the Repeal principle ; but death having removed Thomas Davis, John Mitchell took his place. Then there was that other firebrand—Thomas Francis Meagher—that well-dressed, dapper, well-built, curled and scented young gentleman, whose wondrous eloquence, with the glow of his thoughts, the brilliancy of his imagery, swayed all hearts—adding much to the dangers of the situation. O'Brien, too unimpulsive as was his character, deliberate and circumspect as were his habits, was evidently inclined to give the benefit of his name and influence to this 'advanced' party. And there were many less prominent, but scarcely less able men giving them the aid of their great talents in the press and on the platform—not only men, but women too. Some of the more determined of the members of the Repeal Association went so far as to induce the young men to make themselves familiar with the use of rifles, swords, and other arms. Day after day some of the party got disgusted at the supineness and what they called 'the timidity of O'Connell' and his policy of moral force. He, along with his son, gradually lost his popularity with the peasantry, who began, with wild and foolish denunciations, to find fault with his tardiness, and insist upon the practice of an armed resistance to the English rule. 'The liberty of the world,' cried O'Connell, 'is not worth the shedding of one drop of human blood.' This sentiment thoroughly disgusted the physical force party agitating for a Repeal of the Union throughout Ireland. O'Connell, his son John, and the

wiser spirits of the association, would have continued members, but the other party began to oppose them by a number of resolutions, for the acceptance of the members of the society. They then arose in armed rebellion against England,—not that the real outbreak took place at this time, but the peasantry paid more attention to that party who were in favour of adopting physical force than they did to those who were for adopting peaceable means to gain the Repeal of the Union of Ireland and England. It is surprising that the painful lessons taught by the futile attempts at rebellion of the years 1798 and 1803, had no good effect upon the minds of the infatuated peasantry; but, as usual, they were excited to unlawful practices, at this time, by the same means as those which have had the same effect both before and since the year 1846, namely, the inflammatory and unreasonable speeches of their leaders. Thomas Francis Meagher, speaking at Conciliation Hall, Dublin, told his audience that he would not 'abhor and stigmatize the sword.' John O'Connell interrupted the speaker. It began to be seen that freedom of speech could no longer be obtained by those persons connected with the Repeal Association. Meagher left the hall in disgust, and there accompanied him at this time the following prominent members of the association: William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Devin Reilly, Charles Gavan Duffy, and John Mitchell.

After this partial breaking up of the association, which took place on the 28th of July, 1846, came another secret society, named the 'Irish Confederation,' by its promoters. John Mitchell took a very prominent part in its

establishment, and as this society gained in strength he lost his interest in the Repeal Association, and he began to write much and often for the new society in that inflammable and exciting journal called the *Nation*. He was rather too much in favour of bloodshed, for his notions to grow either with this newspaper or with the association.

In the years 1846 and 1847 Ireland was subject to a very severe famine, which swept off many thousands of its inhabitants, and would have completely devastated the whole of that island but for the sympathy, aid, and almost unbounded generosity of the English nation; the people as well as the government sent them supplies of clothing and food in great abundance. Over £1,000,000 was voted to them by the House of Commons, and many hundreds of thousands of pounds were subscribed by the English people. This famine somewhat put a stop to the prosperity of the secret societies. Some of the more sensible Irish people had their hearts touched by the good deeds of Englishmen, and refused to take up or advocate the cause of either the Repeal movement or that of the physical force party, 'The Irish Confederation.'

The death of Daniel O'Connell, which took place at this time at Genoa, in Italy, removed the check to the members of the Irish Confederation, and it spread more rapidly; gaining an impetus from the introduction of the *Arms Act* and some other coercive measures passed by the English government. Most of O'Connell's associates viewed the position of the Repeal movement with patience, but John Mitchell resolved that even if he stood alone he would utter his own sentiments to the

people. At the end of December, 1847, he withdrew his services from the *Nation* newspaper. On the 5th of February, 1848, at the close of a discussion as to the desirability of taking up an armed resistance to the collection of rates, rents, and taxes, the resolution of the Irish Confederation was unfavourable to him, and he, with some of his friends, withdrew from that society. About a week afterwards appeared a newspaper bearing the title of *The United Irishman*, having for its leading motto the following utterance of Theobald Wolfe Tone: 'Our independence must be had at all hazards. If men of property will not support us, they must fail; we can support ourselves by the aid of that numerous and respectable class of the community, the men of no property.'

The *Nation* newspaper had been considered outrageous in some of its utterances, and was watched with suspicion by the members of the English government; but it was very mild in tone compared with the new journal, *The United Irishman*, for it was full of open and avowed sedition, and every sentence urged the people to destroy the barracks, stores, and magazines, and attack the English troops wherever they were stationed. In one of the first issues there was a letter from John Mitchell to the Viceroy, which ran as follows:

'The Right Honourable the Earl of Clarendon, Englishman, calling himself her Majesty's Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland.—Your lordship and your lordship's masters and servants are to have more to do than may be agreeable either to you or me. We have begun the Holy War, to sweep this island clear of the English name and nation. We differ from the illustrious conspirators of '98, not in principle—no, not an *iota*—but, as I shall presently show you, materially as to the mode of action. The difference con-

cists in this—that whereas the revolutionary organization in '98 was a secret one, which was ruined by spies and informers, that of '48 will be an open one, concerning which informers could tell nothing that its promoters will not willingly proclaim from the house-tops. If you desire to have a Castle detective employed about the *United Irishman* office in Trinity-street, I shall make no objection, provided the man be sober and honest. If Sir George Grey or Sir William Somerville would like to read our correspondence, we make him welcome for the present—only let the letters be forwarded without losing a post. Should I be called upon to appear in one of her Majesty's courts of law to account for my conduct, be it known unto you, that in such a case you shall either publicly, boldly, notoriously *puck a jury*, or else see the accused rebel walk a free man out of the court of Queen's Bench—which will be a victory only less than the route of your lordship's red-coats in the open field. In case of my defeat, other men would take up the cause, and maintain it until at last England would have to fall back on her old system of courts-martial, and triangles, and free quarters, and Irishmen would find that there was no help for them in franchises, in votings, in spoutings, in shoutings, and toasts drank with enthusiasm—nor in anything in this world, save the *extensor* and *contractor* muscles of their right arms, in these and in the goodness of God above. In plain English, my Lord Earl, the deep and irreconcilable disaffection of this people to all British laws, lawgivers, and law administrators shall find a voice. That holy Hatred of foreign dominion which served our noble predecessors fifty years ago for the dungeon, the field, or the gallows (though of late years it has worn a vile misprised gown, and suvvelled somewhat in courts of law and on spouting platforms) still lives, thank God! and glows as fierce and hot as ever. To educate that holy Hatred, to make it know itself, and avow itself, and, at last, fill itself full, I hereby devote the columns of the *United Irishman*.

Soon after sending this letter to the Lord Lieutenant, John Mitchell addressed the farmers of Ireland; he represented their case in its worst features, and after giving an extreme case where the farmer suffered from bad laws, he scouted the ideas of what he called 'the peace policy of some per-

sons,' the 'patience and perseverance' method of redressing the ills of the farmers, Mitchell ridiculed, and said in a letter in the *United Irishman* :—

'I will not believe that Irishmen are so degraded and utterly lost as this. The Earth is awakening from sleep; a flash of electric fire is passing through the dumb millions. Democracy is girding himself once more like a strong man to run a race; and slumbering nations are arising in their might, and 'shaking their invincible locks.' Oh! my countrymen, look up, look up! Arise from the death-dust where you have long been lying, and let this light visit your eyes also, and touch your souls. Let your ears drink in the blessed words, 'Liberty! Fraternity! Equality!' which are soon to ring from pole to pole! Clear steel will, ere long, dawn upon you in your desolate darkness; and the rolling thunder of the People's cannon will drive before it many a heavy cloud that has long hidden from you the face of Heaven. Pray for that day; and preserve life and health that you may worthily meet it. Above all, let the man amongst you who has no gun sell his garment and buy one.'

John Mitchell continued to write in this strain for some weeks, using the most exciting language, and urging the people to prepare immediately to grapple with 'the enemy of Ireland.' Just as the people were in the thickest of the excitement occasioned by his harangues and his writings, news came of another revolution in France; that Louis Philippe had been dethroned, and that a republic had been proclaimed in Paris; this news was immediately followed by news of a like character from Berlin, then an insurrection in Sicily, Lombardy, Milan, and Hungary: in short, the revolutionary spirit appeared at that time to have run through Europe; this news, it is needless to say, stimulated the unsettled factions of the Irish revolutionists with great hopes and expectations that they too would be successful if they ventured 'to cast their

fortunes in the die.' Loud complaints were heard on every side, because the *United Irishman* did not call the people to arms.

It was evident that in the progress of the various events then taking place another revolutionary crisis was at hand. John Mitchell determined to make the short time his newspaper, *The United Irishman*, had to live, useful for the furtherance of this object. His writings became more fierce and vindictive than they had been before. The Lord Lieutenant was addressed by Mitchell as 'Her Majesty's executioner-general, and general butcher of Ireland,' and directions were given to the people how to act in street warfare, and various other operations adapted to a rebel populace who were on the verge of insurrection. But those in office in the British government had determined to come to close quarters with this, their bold enemy. On March 31st, 1848, Meagher, Mitchell, and O'Brien were taken prisoners, the latter for seditious speeches, delivered at a meeting of the Confederation, which took place on the 15th of that month, and the former for the seditious articles written and published in the *United Irishman*. All the three men were released on bail, and when they were tried, in the month of May, the jury could not agree in the case of Meagher and O'Brien. Before the trial of John Mitchell could come off, he was taken upon another charge, that of treason-felony. He was thereby securely placed in prison, without any chance of escape. Mitchell was not disheartened by his confinement in gaol; he sincerely hoped that the time had come when his fellow-countrymen would inaugurate that course of action which he had so often urged upon

them to prepare for. From Newgate prison he wrote one of his exciting letters to a friend, some of the closing passages were as follows :—

'For me, I abide my fate joyfully; for I know that, whatever betide me, my work is nearly done. Yes; Moral Force and 'Patience and Perseverance' are scattered to the wild winds of heaven. The music my countrymen now love best to hear is the rattle of arms and the ring of the rifle. As I sit here and write in my lonely cell, I hear, just dying away, the measured tramp of ten thousand marching men—my gallant confederates, unarmed and silent, but with hearts like bended bows, waiting till the time comes. They have marched past my prison windows, to let me know there are ten thousand fighting men in Dublin—'felons' in heart and soul.

'I thank God for it. The game is afoot at last. The liberty of Ireland may come sooner or later, by peaceful negotiation or bloody conflict—but it is *sure*; and wherever between the poles I may chance to be, I will hear the crash of the downfall of the thrice-accursed British empire.'

When the 22nd of May, 1848, dawned, John Mitchell's trial began in the Commission Court, Green-street, before Justice Leffroy. His defence was entrusted into the hands of Mr. Robert Holmes, brother-in-law of Robert Emmet. The case against the prisoner was strong. Holmes did his best to raise in the minds of the jury a moral view of the case, but without avail. On the evening of the 26th of May, the case was finished, and the jury, after two hours' absence, re-entered the court with a verdict of *guilty*.

No surprise was expressed at the verdict. It was now Mitchell's turn to say a word or two on his own behalf. He spoke in very plain terms on the question that had been put to him :

'I have to say that I have been found guilty by a packed jury—by the jury of a partizan sheriff—by a jury not empanelled even according to the law of England. I have been found guilty by a packed jury obtained by a juggle—a

jury not empanelled by a sheriff but by a juggler.'

The high sheriff was indignant at these words; he very properly felt insulted, and called aloud for the protection of the court. Then Justice Leffroy gravely declared that the imputation Mitchell had made on the character of the high sheriff was most 'unwarrantable and unfounded.' He also told the court that the jury had found Mitchell guilty upon evidence supplied by his own writings, and proceeded to read his notes. He then produced proof of his guilt by reading the following from one of the prisoner's pamphlets :—

'There is now growing on the soil of Ireland a wealth of grain, and roots, and cattle, far more than enough to sustain in life, and comfort all the inhabitants of the island. That wealth must not leave us another year, not until every grain of it is fought for in every stage, from the tying of the sheaf to the loading of the ship; and the effort necessary to that simple act of self-preservation will at one and the same blow prostrate British dominion and landlordism together.'

His lordship then told the court that no person living could justify that species of writing, and no reason had been advanced to show that Mitchell was not responsible for these sentiments. The law must be vindicated, Judge Leffroy said, and he therefore sentenced Mitchell to be transported beyond the seas for fourteen years. Surprise was manifested in the countenances of the persons present in court. A solemn stillness reigned for a few moments, and then John Mitchell rose to his feet and said :—

'The law has now done its part, and the Queen of England, her crown and government in Ireland are now secure, pursuant to act of parliament. I have done my part also. Three months ago I promised Lord Clarendon, and his government in this country, that I would provoke him into his courts of justice, as places of this kind are called, and that I would force him publicly and notoriously to pack a jury against me to

convict me, or else that I would walk a free man out of this court, and provoke him to a contest in another field. My lord, I knew I was setting my life on that cast, but I knew that in either event the victory should be with me, and it is with me. Neither the jury, nor the judges, nor any other man in this court presumes to imagine that it is a criminal who stands in this dock.'

An attempt to get up a show of enthusiasm was made, but the criers called 'Silence!' when Mitchell spoke again:—

'I have shown what the law is made of in Ireland. I have shown that her Majesty's government sustains itself in Ireland by packed juries, by partizan judges, by perjured sheriffs.'

Judge Lefroy interfered. That court, he said, could not remain there to hear the prisoner arraign the jurors, sheriff, court, and the tenure by which England holds Ireland. The prisoner again resumed:—

'I have acted all through this business, from the first, under a strong sense of duty. I do not repent anything that I have done, and I believe that the course which I have opened is only commenced. The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant, promised that three hundred should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three, aye for hundreds?'

As John Mitchell finished this speech he looked into the faces of his friends who were in court. His appeal was at once answered by persons in various parts of the building, who cried:—'For me! for me! promise for me, Mitchell! and for me!' and then there was a clapping of hands, and stamping of feet followed. Thomas Francis Meagher, Devin Reilly, and John Martin, with others who stood near him, reached over the dock and shook hands with the convict. Affairs began to look rather alarming. A Mr. Doherty and Francis Meagher were apprehended. Chief Justice Lefroy cried in an excited voice, 'Officer, remove Mr. Mitchell!' and then he and the other judges left the bench, and Mitchell was placed in his cell.

On the evening of the 27th of May, 1848, Mitchell was removed, in the prison van, escorted by dragoons and mounted police, with drawn sabres. He was manacled securely: with a festoon of iron from his hand to his foot, he came from his prison into the street; as he did so he uttered the words of which Theobald Wolfe Tone was the author: 'For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains than, if I were decorated with the Star and Garter of England.' He was then helped into the prison-van by the police, and driven to the North Wall, where a government steamer, the *Shearwater*, was waiting to receive him, to be borne to his destination.

On the 1st of June, 1848, he was placed on board the '*Scourge*' man-of-war, which sailed to Bermuda; at that place he was put on board a penal ship, or *hulk*, until the 22nd of April, 1849, when he was put on board the '*Neptune*,' on her way from England to the Cape of Good Hope, whither she was taking a batch of British convicts. The colonists there refused to receive these law-breakers, but were willing to make an exception in the case of John Mitchell. In the end the vessel sailed, February 19, 1850, for Van Dieman's Land, where she arrived on April 7th., the same year. Out of consideration for the hardships the convicts had undergone by their detention at the Cape of Good Hope, the government gave a conditional pardon to all of them when they got to Hobart Town. They were free on condition that they would never return to Great Britain. The political convicts, including Mitchell, were not as mercifully treated. It was not till 1854 that a like pardon was granted Mitchell and the

other political prisoners. Just two months before Mitchell arrived at Hobart Town, Patrick Donoghue, Terence Bellew MacManus, John Martin, Thomas Francis Meagher, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, and William Smith O'Brien, had reached the same place, there to serve the various terms of transportation to which the court had sentenced them. All of them, with the exception of O'Brien, accepted these arrangements, and were at that time on parole; but they were living apart, no two of them being nearer than thirty or forty miles. Upon his landing from the 'Neptune,' John Mitchell, being in a delicate state of health, was allowed to live with John Martin in the Bothwell district.

During the year 1853, some Irish gentlemen who lived in America took measures to effect the escape of one or two of these transported men from Van Diemen's Land, and Mr. P. J. Smyth sailed from New York to effect that purpose. When he arrived in Van Diemen's Land, the authorities, who had some idea of his object, placed him under arrest, but he was released after three days' detention. All the transported men managed to effect a meeting, and come to an arrangement as to the plan of their future operations, in conformity with which John Mitchell penned the following letter to the governor of the island:—

'Bothwell, 8th June, 1853.

SIR,—I hereby resign the 'comparative liberty' called 'ticket-of-leave,' and revoke my parole of honour. I shall forthwith present myself before the police magistrate of Bothwell, at his police office, show him this letter, and offer myself to be taken into custody. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

'JOHN MITCHELL.'

On the 9th of June, 1853, Mitchell and Smyth went to the police office, had an interview with

the magistrate, and handing him the letter, waited until he had read it, addressed to him a verbal statement to the same effect, and while he appeared to be dumb-founded with surprise and uncertainty how to act, they politely bade him 'good-day,' and left him. They were chased at once, but two good horses which they rode, after leaving the police-office, soon put them out of the reach of their pursuers, but it was not until the end of about six weeks that they were able to embark on board ship, and leave the government's compulsory lodgings. On the 12th day of the month of October, 1853, John Mitchell safely landed in California; and throughout the United States the Irish-Americans, who held the same opinions as John Mitchell advocated, rejoiced greatly at their fellow-countryman's arrival in the country of freedom (!)

Soon after his landing Mitchell began writing for the press. He started a newspaper in the city of New York, called *The Citizen*; and some time afterwards another at Knoxville, Tennessee, called *The Southern Citizen*. He was editor of the *Richmond Examiner* during the civil war in America, and there he took up the anomalous position as advocate of the interests of the southern states of America. The question may well be asked, 'how could' such an ardent advocate of freedom in Ireland consistently become a true advocate of the slavery of the coloured African race, who had been in bondage for over a century in South America? We leave John Mitchell's friends to solve this problem. He not only wrote in favour of the Confederate States of South America, but two of his sons, William and John Mitchell, fought for their cause also. At the battle of Gettysburg William Mit-

chell was killed, and Captain John Mitchell, his other son, was taken prisoner by the soldiers of the Northern States towards the close of the war; after being imprisoned for some months he was released by President Johnson, upon a petition being presented on his behalf by a large number of the Irish inhabitants.

John Mitchell, sen., continued to give forth to the world his opinions on the Irish question at home, through the columns of a newspaper called the *Irish Citizen*, issued in the city of New York, some copies of which continued to reach Ireland, and helped to keep some part of the inhabitants in a state of disaffection towards England.

John Mitchell was born at Camnash, near Dungiven, in the county of Derry, on the 3rd of November, 1815. He was the son of the Rev. John Mitchell, minister of the Presbyterian church at Dungiven. This minister was at one time a member of the United Irishmen. John was educated at Newry, at the school of Dr. David Henderson, from which place he entered Trinity College, Dublin, in the year 1830, or 1831. He was articled to a solicitor, while yet a student. In the year 1835 he married Jane Verner, daughter of Captain James Verner. Soon after his marriage he entered into partnership in the profession of solicitor, and went to Banbridge, a town ten miles from Newry, where he lived until the death of Thomas Davis in 1845. He was then an occasional contributor to the columns of the *Nation* newspaper, but its owner, who knew his abilities, at the death of Mr. Duffy, the editor of that paper, invited Mitchell to take his place. He accepted the post, gave up his profession, went to live in the city

of Dublin, and wrote the seditious articles against England, for which he was punished with transportation to the penal settlements of Van Diemen's Land.

JOHN MARTIN was in the court of justice when Mitchell was sentenced; and, as we have before noticed, was one of the persons who cried, in reply to Mitchell's question in his speech:—'Promise for me, Mitchell!' He took Mitchell's place as editor of another similar paper when the *Nation* was suppressed, and resolutely supplied Ireland with the same style of composition, in feeling and spirit, as Mitchell had been condemned for.

A few days before the sentence of John Mitchell, Martin left his home at Loughorne, and began his duties as editor of the *Nation*. He well understood the danger he was running in that capacity, but he determined to enter into the breach made in the ranks of the Repealers by the removal of John Mitchell, and also to try to fill his post as denouncer of the English, which he was called upon to do in the duties of editor of that pet journal of the men who formed the members of that secret society.

Before narrating the different phases of his life, and the acts of which he was found guilty, which brought on him the condemnation of the British government, we will trace his history from his birth. He was born at Loughorne, within the township of Newry, in county Down, on the 8th of September, 1812; being the eldest son of Samuel and Jane Martin. His mother's maiden name was Harshaw; both his parents were natives of the neighbourhood where he first drew breath, and were members of Presbyterian families who had resided there for many centuries. His father was

possessed of some property in the neighbourhood of Loughorne, for he owned the townland upon which they lived. His father died in the year 1831; he was in the linen trade—a business that had been conducted by the family for many years. There were nine in his father's family, John being the eldest but one. The principles that he was taught under the parental roof were of a liberal and tolerant character. In the struggles of '98 his family was very strongly opposed to the operations of the United Irishmen; but his father, in the 1782, entered the volunteers, and the act of union was strongly opposed both by him and his brothers. John Martin inherited from his mother an inclination to follow literary pursuits, and received his ideas of justice from the same good source.

When twenty years of age John Martin took up his residence in the city of Dublin, and began to study medicine, he did this for the purpose of practising that art upon the poor inhabitants of the neighbourhood of his native town. He, however, soon left the practice, his nerves being of too sensitive a character to stand the scenes of the dissecting room. He, in the year 1825, returned to Loughorne, with the degree of M.D., and practised there; having, at the same time, inherited by will the house and lands of his uncle. For four years he followed his profession in Loughorne, and endeared himself to the poor of that place by his kind disposition, genial habits, and generosity. In the year 1839 Martin set sail for New York from the town of Bristol, on a visit to a relative there; from New York city he travelled through Canada and the northern states, paying a visit to Pittsburg, Cleveland, Washington, Philadelphia,

Montreal and the Falls. About the year 1841 he made a short tour on the continent, visiting the places of interest on the Rhine. John Martin's political ideas were becoming formed while he was travelling. Because of his retiring disposition he never, up to this time, had given publicity to his political views; but the members of the Repeal of the Union Society valued his connection with them because of his quiet, unostentatious disposition and disinterested character.

When the policy of Daniel O'Connell was promulgated in the Conciliation Hall—the policy of moral force—John Martin was a quiet spectator of the squabble that took place, because of the opinions he held, which were those of the Young Ireland party, namely, the taking up of arms and trying to force from Great Britain their unreasonable demands. He withdrew his name from the association for the Repeal of the Union. Another cause of quarrel was money. John Martin demanded from O'Connell a balance-sheet or account of how the money had been spent which had been subscribed by the members of that body—the Repeal party.

Among the Confederated Irishmen Martin found a society more congenial to his views. He went to their meetings, and often presided there. When the *United Irishman* newspaper was first published he became a constant contributor to its columns, and he continued to write for it until it was suppressed by the British government.

Some time after the *United Irishman* was put down Martin went to Dublin and commenced a newspaper called the *Irish Felo*. Nearly every newspaper in Ireland had begun to be outrageous in

the tone of their writings towards England. The *Nation* very forcibly advocated belief in the pistol and sword. It called upon the Irish people to overthrow that government which had transported Mitchell to a foreign country; and it called upon every native Irishman to get ready for the struggle for liberty, and assert their rights by the use of the bullet and the pike. To become a rival in the newspaper world, of such a journal as this, John Martin set himself to work; to make the *Irish Felon* as bold as this newspaper was his aim, and he executed this purpose admirably.

So severe was the *Irish Felon* in its denunciations of the English government that before the third number was issued a warrant for John Martin's apprehension was in the hands of the detectives, and its fifth number was the last that appeared. On the 8th of July, 1848, Martin surrendered himself into the custody of the detectives, he having kept out of the way for a few days to prevent his being tried under what was known as the 'gagging act,' at the commission sitting when the warrant for his apprehension was sent forth, and which was put off until the month of August—the time decided upon for the rising in the meantime. On the same day O'Doherty, Duffy, and Williams were apprehended. Martin was confined in Newgate prison; but even in his imprisonment he continued to write for the *Irish Felon*, and the last number sent forth, on the 23rd of July, contained a very fiery letter, which afterwards was the foundation on which his trial was based; it was as follows:—

'My countrymen, stand to your arms. Let them menace you with the hulks or the gibbet for daring to speak or write your love to Ireland. Let them threaten

to mow you down with grape shot, as they massacred your kindred with famine and plague. Spurn their brutal 'Acts of Parliament'—trample upon their lying proclamations—fear them not!

August 15th was the day upon which John Martin was tried, in Green-street court-house; the indictment charging him with being guilty of treason-felony. Many of his tenants came to the court to hear the trial, for he was a benefactor to many of the poor peasants, amongst whom he lived at Loughorne. As a landlord he was beloved for his great goodness to them; his suavity of manner and considerate behaviour towards them endeared him to every one of these almost dependent people. August 17th, saw the trial ended; at eight o'clock at night the jury returned into court with a verdict of *guilty* against John Martin, but they recommended him to mercy on account of the letter upon which he was convicted having been written while he was in prison. On the day following Martin was sentenced; but before the usual ceremony was gone through he was asked whether he had got anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him? He seemed as calm as he possibly could be, under the excitement which prevailed in court, and after gazing around, spoke as follows in very clear tones:—

'My lords—I have no imputation to cast upon the bench, neither have I anything to charge the jury with, of unfairness towards me. I think the judges desired to do their duty honestly as upright judges and men; and that the twelve men who were put into the box, as I believe, not to try, but to convict me, voted honestly, according to their prejudices. I have no personal enmity against the sheriff, sub-sheriff, or any of the gentlemen connected with the arrangement of the jury panel—nor against the Attorney-General, nor any other person engaged in the proceedings called my trial; but, my lords, I consider that I have not been yet tried,

There have been certain formalities carried on here for three days regarding me, ending in a verdict of guilty: but *I have not been put upon my country*, as the constitution said to exist in Ireland requires. Twelve of my countrymen, 'indifferently chosen,' have not been put into that jury-box to try me, but twelve men who, I believe, have been selected by the parties who represent the crown, for the purpose of convicting and not of trying me. I believe they were put into that box because the parties conducting the prosecution knew their political sentiments were hostile to mine, and because the matter at issue here is a political question—a matter of opinion, and not a matter of fact. I have nothing more to say as to the trial, except to repeat that, having watched the conduct of the judges, I consider them upright and honest men. I have this to add, that as to the charge I make with respect to the constitution of the panel and the selection of the jury, I have no legal evidence of the truth of my statement, but there is no one who has a moral doubt of it. Every person knows that what I have stated is the fact; and I would represent to the judges, most respectfully, that they, as upright and honourable men and judges, and as citizens, ought to see that the administration of justice in this country is above suspicion. I have nothing more to say with regard to the trial; but I would be thankful to the court for permission to say a few words in vindication of my character and motives after sentence is passed.

Baron Pennefather—'No; we will not hear anything from you after sentence.'

Chief Baron—'We cannot hear anything from you after sentence has been pronounced.'

Martin—'Then, my lords, permit me to say that, admitting the narrow and confined constitutional doctrines which I have heard preached in this court to be right, *I am not guilty of the charge according to this act*. I did not intend to devise or levy war against the Queen or to depose the Queen. In the article of mine on which the jury framed their verdict of guilty, which was written in prison, and published in the last number of my paper, what I desired to do was this—to advise and encourage my countrymen to keep their arms, because that is their inalienable right, which no act of parliament, no proclamation, can take away from them. It is, I repeat, their inalienable right. I advised them to keep their arms; and further, I advised them to use their arms in their own defence, against all assailants—even assailants that might come to at-

tack them, unconstitutionally and improperly using the Queen's name as their sanction. My object in all my proceedings has been simply to assist in establishing the national independence of Ireland, for the benefit of all the people of Ireland—robbers, clergymen, judges, professional men—in fact, all Irishmen. I have sought that object: first, because I thought it was *unright*—because I think national independence is the right of the people of this country; and secondly, I admit that, being a man who loved retirement, I never would have engaged in politics did I not think it was necessary to do all in my power to make an end of the horrible scenes that this country presents—the pauperism, starvation, and crime, and vice, and hatred of all classes against each other. I thought there should be an end to that horrible system, which, while it lasted, gave me no peace of mind; for I could not enjoy anything in my native country so long as I saw my countrymen forced to be victims—forced to hate each other—and degraded to the level of paupers and brutes. This is the reason I engaged in politics. I acknowledge, as the Solicitor-General has said, that I was but a weak assailant of the English power. I am not a good writer, and I am no orator. I had only two weeks' experience in conducting a newspaper until I was put into gaol; but I am satisfied to direct the attention of my countrymen to everything I have written and said, and to rest my character on a fair and candid examination of what I have put forward as my opinions. I shall say nothing in vindication of my motives but this—that every fair and honest man, no matter how prejudiced he may be, if he calmly considers what I have written and said, will be satisfied that my motives were pure and honourable. I have nothing more to say.'

After Martin had finished addressing the court, the judge sentenced him to 'ten years transportation beyond the seas,' but recommended him to mercy, when Martin broke in, 'I beg your lordship's pardon, I cannot condescend to accept mercy where I believe I have been morally right, I want justice, and not mercy.' One of the prisoner's brothers, James Martin, stood near the dock. He was stupefied, and deeply amazed at the severity of the sentence; and could scarcely

believe that he heard aright. Putting up his finger for a friend of his to come near him, they rushed together into the street, and drove to the abode of Mr. Waterhouse, the foreman of the jury. Waterhouse had only just returned from the court, when he met James Martin, who vindictively charged him with having bullied the jury into the finding of the verdict of guilty against his brother, and forthwith challenged the surprised juryman to fight a duel. Mr. Waterhouse threatened to call the police to arrest his excited challenger. When Mr. Waterhouse next entered the court he told the incident to the judge. James Martin was at once apprehended and sentenced to a month's imprisonment, besides being bound to keep the peace towards the foreman of the jury for seven years.

Not long after John Martin's sentence was passed, he and Kevin Izod O'Doherty were sent to Van Diemen's Land on board the *Elphinstone*; but it was not until the month of November, 1849, that they arrived in that country. O'Donoghue, MacManus, Meagher, and O'Brien had landed in the same country two or three days previously.

John Martin lived in the district in which the authorities consigned him until 1854, when he was pardoned on the condition that he would not again return either to Great Britain or Ireland. Martin, O'Doherty, and O'Brien, who all had the same conditions offered them, agreed to the offer, and the English nation, through its officials, granted them pardon at once. They were the only political convicts at that time in that land—MacManus, O'Donoghue, and Meagher having before sailed from the country, after

their escape from captivity. John Martin and William Smith O'Brien set sail in the '*Norna*' from the town of Melbourne, the capital of Australia, for Ceylon, at which place they parted company; O'Brien going to Madras, while John Martin went to Aden, Cairo, Malta, Alexandria, and Marseilles to Paris, where he arrived in October, 1854. The month of June, 1856, was a happy time for the three returned convicts, O'Doherty, Martin, and O'Brien, for the British government gave them an unconditional pardon. Soon after this time John Martin paid a visit to his family, from whose society he had been absent for the long period of eight years. He soon returned to the city of Paris, as he intended to reside there for the remainder of his life; but the death of an affectionate relative in October, 1858, compelled him to finish his exile, and live in his native country continually. He was not long in Ireland before he began to renew his old practices, and he never ceased to advocate the cause of the Irish *versus* the English, and argued constantly against the rule of the English government in Erin's Isle.

In the month of January, 1864, at the suggestion of some of his old Irish companions, he founded in the city of Dublin a repeal society, with a new name,—'*The National League*.' The singular state of politics in Ireland at that time was unfavourable to the new league spreading to any very great extent; but John Martin and his friends held meetings frequently for the purpose of spreading its principles as much as possible. Devotedly and faithfully he worked in a weak cause, but he always kept a cheerful heart along with a persevering disposition, though he was frequently doomed to dis-

appointment; for his efforts up to the present, if they have been temporarily bright, are as far from being realized, to all human appearances, as they were the first day he advocated them.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AND CAREER OF THE PRINCIPAL LEADER IN THE REBELLION OF 1848, WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, M.P., AND THE PARTICULAR INCIDENTS OF THAT REBELLION.

ONE day in the month of January, 1844, there first appeared at Conciliation Hall, Dublin, a man who stood amongst the Repealers to advocate that society's cause, than whom, there never was a more devoted, constant, persevering, zealous worker in the cause of the Irish advocacy for disunion; that man was WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN. He could not agree with Daniel O'Connell, for he advocated the physical force policy, which plan soon gained a far more numerous body of followers than O'Connell's moral force ideas. O'Connell, though he afterwards could not agree with O'Brien's policy, at first heartily welcomed him as a true addition of strength to the Repealers at that time. 'I find it impossible,' he said, 'to give a proper expression to the feelings of delight I have in hailing William Smith O'Brien to the ranks of the association. He now is in his true position—the position which was occupied centuries ago by his ancestor, Brian Boru. Whatever may become of me, it is a consolation and pleasure to remember that Ireland will have a true friend in William Smith O'Brien—a man who has a well-cultivated mind, with intellectual endowments of the very highest order, powerful eloquence, untiring energy, con-

stant love for his country, and every other true qualification of a popular leader; and I delight to hail him to his right place among his friends, at the post at which every true Irishman would wish to see him—at the head of the Irish people.' A banquet was given in the city of Limerick to celebrate William Smith O'Brien's taking up the cause of the Repealers, and on this occasion too, O'Connell testified his pleasure that O'Brien had joined their ranks. 'His presence,' said Daniel O'Connell when proposing O'Brien's health, 'cannot prevent me here expressing on behalf of the Irish people, their delight and admiration at his adhesion to their cause. I ask of you to receive the benefactor of this country as such a benefactor should be received. It is certain that Ireland will never be forsaken as long as she has William Smith O'Brien as one of her champions and leaders.'

Some of the reasons why the Repealers of Ireland rejoiced greatly at O'Brien's coming into their midst and taking up their policy, were:—his lineage, position, influence, great abilities, spotless character, valuable experience and good education, which united to fit him most admirably for the post O'Connell assigned to him, and the eulogies that O'Connell uttered about him would have been well deserved had he been engaged in a good cause, instead of the one upon which he at this time ventured to embark. As a man, no Englishman would breathe a word of evil against him, but as a rebel, towards the British government he deserved the same punishment as any other person when caught, and he demeaned his talents and character by advocating any kind of physical force to gain a political reform.

O'Brien could claim a good descent in the ancient families of the Irish nation, which it would be useless to quote here; sufficient is it for us to know that he was one of the most zealous workers of the physical force party of the Repealers of the Union's secret society. His good education and other excellent qualities only make him the more blamable for the position he took; leading the ignorant and foolhardy followers into trouble first, and then into danger, and too frequently, alas! unto death itself, by his eloquence and power of reasoning.

William Smith O'Brien first drew breath in the town of Dromoland, Clare county, on the 17th day of October, in the year 1803. His father was Sir Edward O'Brien, who had one son older than William. On the death of his kinsman, the last Marquis of Thomond, his eldest brother became Baron of Inchiquin. He received his education at Harrow, and Trinity college, Cambridge.

The members of the association which he joined did their very best to make him popular, and strove hard to find a constituency which would elect him as their member of parliament, and they at last succeeded. He entered the British House of Commons in the year 1826, as a Repealer of the Union; and at the election for Clare county about the same time he did his very best to prevent the return of O'Connell. To this time in after life he frequently referred: 'When the proposal was at first made to seek for a repeal of the Act of Union,' said O'Brien, many years after this date, 'I used all the influence I possessed to discourage the attempt. I did not consider that the prospects and circumstances in Ireland justified the agitation of this question. Ca-

tholic Emancipation had recently been achieved, and I believed that from that time a new course of conduct would be followed towards Ireland. I persuaded myself that in the future the statesmen of England would spare no attempt to repair the evils produced by hundreds of years of misgovernment—that the Protestant and Catholic would both be admitted to a share upon equal terms to all the advantages resulting from our constitutional mode of government—that all traces of distinction of race would be done away—that all the various societies in Ireland would be so moulded as to coincide with the ideas of its inhabitants—and that as to political rights, legislation would be founded upon the principles of true equality.'

After fourteen years had passed from the time of the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, O'Brien astonished the aristocracy of Ireland by throwing himself entirely into the cause of the Repealers. He soon informed them of his reasons for so doing. 'The feelings of the Irish people,' said he, 'have been outraged by every kind of insult and injury; every proposal which has a tendency to develop the resources of our industry—to upraise the character and improve the condition of our people has been denounced, or rejected. Ireland, instead of taking her place among the nations, has been treated as a dependent tributary province; and now, after forty-three years nominal union, the love of the two nations is so completely alienated from each other, that England depends for the maintenance of the union, not on the attachment of the Irish people, but on the bayonets which threaten our bosoms, and the cannon which she has planted in all our strongholds.'

The Repeal of the Union agitation did not look very well when a rupture of feeling amongst its members took place as O'Brien entered the Conciliation Hall. In England, as well as in Ireland, O'Connell's influence was on the wane, and with the dispersion of the numbers that flocked on that Sunday morning, in October, 1843, to listen to the liberator on the plains of Clontarf, the peace policy which he advocated then got its final blow. A state prosecution was threatened to O'Connell and some of his most outspoken associates; the arm of the English government was stretched out to extinguish that agitation which it abhorred, and whose power they began to fear. The accession of O'Brien, the power of his name, and the force of his example was expected to do much toward reviving the fortunes of the association. Nor was the expectation an illusion. From the time when O'Brien became a member of the Repeal Association down to the date of the separation, the firmest prop of the Conciliation Hall was his presence and support. He did not succeed in counteracting the corrupt influences that ate out the roots of the association, and in the end entirely destroyed it; but as long as he stayed within its ranks, the renewing influence of his genius, his never-failing energy, and his personal worth, kept it from extinction.

The penetrating mind of O'Brien detected the existence of the evil which was to transform Conciliation Hall into a market for place-hunters. 'I apprehend,' said he, in a speech delivered in the month of January, 1846, 'more danger to repeal from the subtle influence of a whig administration than from the coercive measures of the

Tories,' and he prophesied a right. Day after day that subtle influence which he feared did its blighting work; and those who sought its destruction by means of places and bribes were apparent when, on the 27th of July, 1846, O'Brien, with Mitchell, Meagher, Duffy, and others, arose in sorrow and indignation and left Conciliation Hall for ever.

The Irish Confederation held its meetings in the Round Room of the Rotundo, six months later. M'Gee, Martin, O'Gorman, O'Brien, Doheny, Mitchell, and Meagher, were amongst the speakers; and amidst the resounding cheers of the densely-thronged meeting, the formation was decreed of the Irish Confederation, for the purpose—as their resolution stated—'of protecting national interests, and obtaining the legislative independence of Ireland by the force of opinion, by the joining together of all classes of Irishmen, and by the practise of all the social, moral and political influence within their possession.' But they did not rest satisfied with the means here stated. If they had done so Ireland would have been in a better position to-day—more peaceable, prosperous, and happy than it is at the present time. The means laid down were only a blind to delude the British government and the people of England; for they shortly afterwards resorted to the physical force policy, as after records will show in our accounts.

To all appearance the principles upon which the Irish Confederation was formed were the same as those of the Repeal of the Union party, but there was this difference: there was no seeking places in the government, and, while limiting themselves to legal

means for the obtaining of their object, they scouted the opinion expressed by O'Connell, that 'liberty was not worth the shedding of one drop of human blood,' and there might be circumstances happening in which resort to the arbitration of the sword might be justifiable and righteous. Some time after formation the Confederates took a more dangerous and bolder position. In the month of May, 1846, Lord Russell quoted from the *Nation* newspaper, as he spoke of this body, some of the speeches made by the leaders of the Confederation movement, and drew attention to them 'as a party looking to disturbance as its means, and having separation from England as its object.' Just at this time that movement had not got so far in its advocacy as that; but before two years from that time had passed in its history, such a statement as Lord Russell's was true to the letter.

Some of its leaders were like John Mitchell, who, no doubt, before the movement was planned, had determined to abandon all moral force in the furtherance of its claims as soon as they possibly could do so. When the various nations of the continent of Europe were in a kind of revolt, or were showing symptoms of insurrection—when the songs of freedom sounded in the ears of the peoples of the various nations of the world—and some of these revolutionists had been successful in the advocacy of their object—then the Confederate leaders caught the infection, and open revolution, and that alone, became the only scheme which they taught in Ireland. When John Mitchell withdrew his name from the Confederation in the month of March, 1848, constitutional means were

mostly advocated; but when he joined again in a month afterwards, the cry to the secretaries of the various societies, and from them to the people was:—'To arms! to arms! ye brave men of Ireland!' Soon after the month of April dawned, the physical force doctrine was advocated openly in the pages of the *Nation* newspaper:—'Ireland's necessity,' said Duffy, another leader in its ranks, 'demands the desperate remedy of revolution.' A few weeks afterwards the same means were advocated in every department of its advocacy, both by writing and verbally.

William Smith O'Brien dared even to advocate its claims by the same means in the British House of Commons. With Hollywood and Meagher he had paid a visit to the French capital to present an address of congratulation to the French republic on behalf of the Irish people, and on taking his seat in the House of Commons he was charged by the members of the government with having gone to ask for armed intervention from the French on behalf of the disloyal people of Ireland. O'Brien replied in such a speech as was never heard in the British House of Commons before. In the midst of great excitement he delivered the following speech:—

'If I am to be arraigned as a criminal, I will gladly endure the most ignominious death that could be inflicted on me rather than witness the sufferings and indignities I have seen afflicted by the British legislature on my countrymen. If it is treason to profess disloyalty to this House and to the government of Ireland, by the parliament of Great Britain—if that be treason, I avow it. Nay, more, I say it shall be the study of my life to overthrow the dominion of this parliament over Ireland. Irish freedom must be won by Irish courage. Every statesman in the civilized globe looks upon Ireland as you look upon Poland, and upon your connection as entirely analogous to that

of Russia with Poland. I am here to-night to tell you, that if you refuse our claims to legislative independence, you will have to encounter during the present year, the chance of a republic in Ireland.'

When O'Brien next visited Ireland he was more welcome received by the members of the Confederation than ever he had been before. Confederate clubs were formed with great zeal in every part of the island. 'What if we fail?' asked the *Nation* newspaper; and it answered the query by declaring that unsuccessful resistance under existing circumstances was to be preferred to a degrading submission. 'What if we don't fail?' was its next query, and the answer was well designed to rouse the zealous agitators to action.

The English government also roused themselves to action; they passed the Arms Act, a Coercion Bill, and several prosecutions followed each other in quick succession. Mitchell was taken prisoner, found guilty, and sent to a penal settlement. M'Gee, Doheny, O'Doherty, Meagher, Martin, and Duffy, were arrested, all of whom, with the exception of the two last-named, were shortly afterwards liberated. Duffy was to be tried in August, and this was the time fixed upon by the Confederates for the rising of the people. At a gathering of the Confederates held on the 19th of July, after a great portion of Ireland had been proclaimed, it was debated whether an appeal to arms should be made at once. Dillon and O'Brien advised delay; the harvest had not been gathered in; the clubs were not sufficiently formed throughout the country, and the people might easily hide their arms until the hour arrived for striking a finishing blow. Against this plan a few of the

more zealous members protested. 'You will wait,' cried one Brennan, 'until you get arms from heaven, and angels to pull the triggers.' But his advice was not noticed; and the meeting separated with the understanding that with the first glance of the harvest sun the insurrection should commence, and until that time preparation and organization were to take up the attention of all the leaders. On Friday, July 21st, a war directory consisting of Father Kenyon, O'Gorman, Meagher, Reilly, and Dillon—was appointed; and on the following morning O'Gorman went to Limerick, Doheny to Cashel, and O'Brien to Wexford, to get the people ready for the outbreak.

It was known that the pending struggle would be as fierce as possible. The army in Ireland was increased with every passing hour—every good position for action was seized, occupied, and fortified. The artists in the Royal Hibernian Academy had to leave their easels to make way for the soldiers. The yards of Trinity College resounded with the tramp of daily reviews; the Custom House at last received some occupation by being turned into a garrison. The Rotundo, Holmes' Hotel, the Linen Hall, Alborough House, Dycer's Stables,—every available place was confiscated to arms and ammunition. The barracks were stored with provisions, as if preparing for a siege. The houses of the loyal inhabitants were stored with arms taken from the people, and the preparations for war were going on in every part of the country.

The leaders of the Confederate Irishmen had reckoned on the preparations of the government; they knew well the full measure of its power, and were not dis-

mayed because of it; but there was one blow that they had not calculated upon, and which came upon them like the shock of an earthquake. On the morning that O'Brien went to Wexford, the intelligence reached Dublin that a warrant had been given for his apprehension, and that the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act* was resolved on by the government.

'It seems strange to me,' said Meagher, 'that whilst a consideration of our position, project, and resources was taking place; whilst the troubled future upon which we were entering formed the subject of the most perplexing conjecture, and the danger of it fell like wintry shadows all around us; it appears unaccountable to me that not one eye was turned to the facilities for the counteraction of our purposes which the government had at their disposal; that no word was uttered in anticipation of that bold measure—the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act*;—the announcement of which broke upon us so unexpectedly. The overlooking of it was a fatal inadvertency. Owing to it we were at once routed without a single struggle, and were led into arrest without glory. We suffer not for a rebellion, but for a blunder.'

Williams, Martin, Duffy, and O'Doherty were in Newgate, and the few of the leaders of the Confederation at large in Dublin held a meeting, and their plans were speedily formed. They were to join William Smith O'Brien at once, and commence the rebellion in Kilkenny. On the night of Saturday, the 22nd of July, M'Gee left for Scotland to get the Irishmen of Glasgow ready for the rising; and Dillon, MacManus, O'Donoghue, Reilly, Meagher,

and Leyne, started for the south to put themselves in communication with Smith O'Brien. A week from that time, the last of the Irish national papers was stopped, and the *Nation* went down, with the last words of defence just uttered, and a prayer for the cause of the Confederates as its death struggle.

William Smith O'Brien was resting in bed when Dillon and Meagher got to Balinkee, where he was stationed. The news of the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act*, and of the schemes formed by the Confederates were soon told to him. O'Brien expected such intelligence as he received. He only said that the time for action had come, and that every native Irishman was justified in taking up arms against the British nation and government; he dressed himself and set out at once to inaugurate his daring scheme at Enniscorthy. As the train went on its journey, the three friends passed the time discussing the serious question where to venture to begin hostilities. Wexford was named; but the number of Confederates in that place was not large, and the people were quite unprepared for an immediate appeal to arms; Waterford and New Ross were not prepared, because the gunboats stationed in the river near were ready to render help to the garrisons of these two towns. None of these objections could be made against Kilkenny; the more they reasoned, the more they felt that this place was the likeliest for the rising to be successful.

'Quite safe from all gunboats, war steamers, and floating batteries—placed on the frontiers of three of the best fighting counties in the greenisle—Tipperary, Wexford, and Waterford—the pea-

sants of which could easily and readily pour in to its relief ; having from three to five thousand Confederates enrolled, most of them well armed, and many of the streets of the town being narrow, it presented on this account great facilities for fixing up barricades ; the barracks were situated outside the town, and the communication between the strongest portion of the former and the latter being interrupted by the old bridge over the River Nore, which might be easily defended, or, at the most, very speedily be destroyed ; no place, said Meagher, ' seemed to us to be better suited for the first act of the insurrection.'

They therefore took their way to Kilkenny, speaking to the people in their usual exciting style as they went along. At Graigue-na-manah and Enniscorthy, their appeals were answered with great zeal and enthusiasm ; they asked the people to organize themselves into distinct bodies, and be ready to co-operate with the men who were prepared to shed their blood for the good of the country. They were told that the insurgents were shortly to unfurl their banner under the shadow of St. Canice's ; and the crowds of people who heard them made vows that they would do so. But in Kilkenny, as well as in every other place they went to, they discovered that the masses of the people were not very eager to take the initiative in what they called the ' Holy War.' In this place the people felt no unwillingness to fight ; but they well knew that they were not prepared to do so, and thought that the first blow might be better struck in some other place. ' Who will draw the first blood ?' was asked by Lalor in the *Felon* ;

' There was great hesitancy both in Wexford and Kilkenny, as well as other places, to begin the rebellion ; whether or not it was from fear of severe punishment, which was sure to follow, we are not prepared to say. But it is true that when the time came the men in these places did not dare to begin the struggle ; the people and their leaders looked forward to the rising of the moon, and the harvesting of their crops, as the time when they were to be called in arms. But the state of their organization was far from being in a perfect condition ; thinking they would have a month for quiet preparation, they had not got their arms ready when O'Brien arrived in the town, and a few weeks, at the shortest time, would be needful to complete all that was required of them. For instance, in Kilkenny, there was not one man in eight of the clubmen who had a musket, and their quantity of pikes were not sufficient for their numbers. But they were ready to do all in their power ; and when O'Brien, Meagher and Dillon, left Kilkenny on the 24th of July, 1848, they set off according to arrangement, which was, to bring them again to the city of the Nore before a month was over.

A drive to Tipperary was fixed upon, and then a visit to Carrick, Clonmel, and Cashel, was to be their next move ; in each which of places they were to call upon the people to arm themselves ready for action. Then in a short time they were to go back to Kilkenny, call out the clubs, barricade the streets and lanes, and from the council chambers of the corporation send forth their revolutionary manifesto to the country. They trusted that in a week from that time all the fires of revolu-

hill-tops of the whole country, and that the glare of these fires would be symbolical of the light of that freedom which they imagined they did not possess, but for which they yearned in their simplicity; the leaders thought that from one end of Ireland to the other the same glow of enthusiasm was beating in every bosom as in theirs, and that soon they would every man turn out of their homes, armed in the best manner possible, and sooner than continue under the rule of the British government they would fight gallantly and fiercely even unto death, rather than surrender, was the belief of those insatuated men, O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon, and others. They thought that every town and glebe in the country would send out its hundreds and thousands of men all eager and ready for the fray, and that they would march shoulder to shoulder and foot to foot, until upon all the castles, garrisons, and other public places, the green flag of Erin would float in all the breezes that wafted the cries of victory to the Confederate Irishmen. Day dreams like these filled the heads of these sanguine men, and buoyant hopes of success swelled their bosoms as they laid their plans, while kind fancy placed the laurel wreaths upon their banners and upon their brows, and very likely in imagination even some of the places in the new government of United Ireland under their rule were filled with the various men who gallantly bled for their country's political welfare; but these day-dreams and chimerical visions were destined to be quickly dissipated and routed by the real facts of the case—like the mist of the morning, their brightest hopes were to be soon scattered to the

winds; and instead of the victor's palms of victory, chains and fetters and manacles were to be worn by these fanatics.

When the leaders arrived at Callan they were received with every kind of demonstration of good feeling and sympathy. The masses of people who lined the streets listened with attention and appreciation to their words of greeting. A large procession was formed, headed by a brass band, who went with them through the town to the middle of it, where a huge bonfire was lit as a welcome to them. They advised the people at once to provide themselves with arms, as in a day or two they would be called upon to join the forces of their co-patriots at Killenny—which announcement was received with deafening shouts of loud and continued applause. After a stay of a few hours, Meagher, Dillon, and O'Brien left Callan and went on their way to Carrick-on-Suir, where they arrived the same night and obtained a most enthusiastic reception. They again spoke in the most exciting manner, promising to lead the people on to battle in a few days, and asked them to practise their drill, and make themselves efficient for their grand work, in the meantime. The morning after they departed from Carrick and went on to the town of Mullinabona, where the people turned out to greet them by many thousands. The number was not less than from three to four thousand, of whom three hundred had supplied themselves with weapons, consisting of guns, pistols, old swords, and various other instruments. The armed part of the crowd were drilled and then reviewed by their officers and O'Brien, who had a plaid scarf thrown over his shoulders, and carried a pistol in his

breast-pocket, who informed them that before many weeks were over Ireland would have a government chosen by her own people, and entirely of her own countrymen.

On Tuesday night, the 25th of July, 1848, the three Confederate leaders slept in Mullinahone. On the morning of the 26th they spoke to the people, who arrived in their thousands from the neighbourhood on hearing that they were there; here it was that O'Brien dealt the death-blow to the Confederate movement. The peasants, who had come from their far-distant homes to see him, were left the whole day without shelter or food. O'Brien generously gave them what money he had to buy them food; but then told them that for the future they would have to make provision for themselves, as he could not allow any one's property to be interfered with. Almost famished with hunger, the men who had listened to his speeches went back to their homes at night; they began to see that rising in rebellion as laid down by O'Brien was impossible; the intelligence that they were expected to fight upon empty stomachs was at once conveyed to the people, and from that day his followers began to diminish.

On the 26th of July, O'Brien and his two companions visited Ballingarry, where they were joined by MacManus, Devin Reilly, and Doheny, and some of the other leaders of the Confederate party. They addressed the people from the chapel gates, surveyed the village, and slept at the house of a shopkeeper. Mullinahone was visited next day, from whence they journeyed to Kille-naule, where they were received with great demonstrations of joy. Bouquets of flowers were shower-

ed upon O'Brien; the fullest co-operation being promised by the crowd of people that met them in the streets.

How the Confederated Irishmen stood with government deserves some consideration and attention. All through the advocacy of their claims they distinguished between resisting the acts of the government and disputing the authority of her Majesty the Queen. They looked upon the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act* as unconstitutional; and when William Smith O'Brien told the members of the government that they were traitors to their country, Queen, and constitution, by that act he did but express the opinion of the whole of the members of the Confederation. It was needful, in the opinion of O'Brien and his companions, that the members of the government should attempt to carry into execution the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act*; as the capture of O'Brien was to be the signal for the rising of the people; while the time before his arrest was to be passed in organizing and drilling their men ready for the expected fray, and preparing to resist effectually the execution of O'Brien's arrest, should such an attempt be made. When a small party of the Confederates were at Kille-naule, some dragoons rode up to the town, and were not interfered with; but at the first notice of their coming the people ran into the streets and quickly threw up a barricade to stop them. Dillon had command of this barricade, and by his side stood Patrick O'Donoghue and a youth whose career as an insurrectionist was destined to extend far beyond the place where he then stood. It was James Stephens, who afterwards became a noted Fenian. O'Donoghue and Stephens were

both well armed, and when the officer in command of the dragoons rode up and demanded a passage, Stephens covered him with his rifle, when Dillon commanded him to ground his arms. The officer told them he had not come to arrest O'Brien, the barricade was pulled down, and the dragoons passed safely through the town.

On the 28th of July O'Brien and his party went back to Ballingarry, where they held a meeting upon the prospects of their movement. It was evident that their case was an important one, that the opportunity of successful resistance was inevitably lost, and that there was no chance of victory, should they proceed with their enterprise; in fact, there appeared to be nothing but ruin and death to those who were in the van of the movement. Only two hundred men, very indifferently armed, stuck to their failing fortunes; and throughout all Ireland the members of the Confederation gave no sign of being prepared; but O'Brien was determined to hazard his reputation as a leader, let Ireland give to him whatever support she chose.

Saturday morning, July 29th, will long be memorable as the ill-fated day when William Smith, O'Brien's attempted revolution took place. The police constabulary of Thurles, Kilkenny, Cashel, and Callan had received orders to march on the village of Ballingarry, to arrest O'Brien. The government had issued, the day before, a proclamation, declaring him guilty of treasonable practices by appearing in public in arms against the Queen; and, at the same time, a reward of £500 for his arrest. On the same day, £300 was offered for the apprehension of Doheny, Dillon, and

Meagher. Stimulated with the desire of taking the rebel party, Sub-Inspector Trant marched in great haste from Callan, with a force of forty-six men, and went towards Ballingarry, where he knew O'Brien was staying. About noon they got to Farrrenrory, three miles from Ballingarry. When they got to this place the police found that decisive means had been taken to stop their advance. Right across the road, on which they had to go a barricade was built, and behind it were stationed between three and four hundred men. Dismayed at this force, the police turned away to a slate-house a short distance off. The insurgents saw what they intended, and gave chase, but this place of safety was entered before the rebels came up.

The encounter so long expected had come at last. But it did not come as the sanguine revolutionists had anticipated; instead of thousands of men well armed, who were prepared to shed their blood for Ireland's redemption from English rule, there were only a few hundreds of badly armed men. Where were those whose stentorian voices had responded to the stirring appeals of O'Brien and his eager partizans? the men had disappeared and their promises had gone to the winds. A few weeks before 2,000 men had been reviewed at Cork by O'Brien, and near the rivers Shannon and Boyne more than that number had been mustered by him. At that time there appeared to be strength, resolution, and numbers prepared to do and dare for the cause of Ireland, but where were they now in the hour of their country's need?

O'Brien on that day had not more than 400 weak, miserable, emaciated, hungry, human beings

around him, browned by the sun, and hardened by the wintry winds—like Falstaff's regiment—a motley mixture of humanity; amongst them were men who had fasted long both at home and in the field. They had no arms of value for the work they had undertaken, they had courage in abundance, but of discipline and military skill they knew nothing. It was an act of great cruelty on the part of their leaders to bring such men into the field—totally unfit as they were for the part they were called upon to play. O'Brien, at mid-day, gazed with looks of sorrow, upon those men; even his companions were no longer by his side; MacManus, O'Donoghue, and Stephens, were still there, but Dillon, Meagher, and Doheny, had gone at day-break, to unfurl the standard of rebellion in other parts of the country. Of the men in his company not more than twenty were armed with muskets, somewhere about forty were armed with pikes and pitchforks; the others had but their hands and the stones which they found in the roads.

Forty-seven men, well-disciplined and armed with muskets, were on the other side, protected in a building which was to some extent a sort of fortified enclosure. This cottage stood on the brow of a hill, overlooking the country all round; it had two stories, with four windows each, in the front and behind; each gable end being pierced by other two windows. Six children were in the house when the constables got there. Widow M'Cormick, their mother, arrived at the spot soon after the police entered her home, and she, with her maternal affection, begged of O'Brien to save her children from the danger that threatened them. O'Brien walked up to

the window, and standing within an inch of the bayonets of the two policemen who stood on guard, he asked them to give up their arms, and thus avoid bloodshed. 'We are all Irishmen, boys,' he said, 'I only want your arms, and I'll protect your lives.' All the reply he received was a murderous fire upon the people gathered outside. These shots were at once returned by the armed rebels, and O'Brien, seeing that all attempts to keep the peace would be useless, left the window, and joined his companions. The firing was kept up for two hours; the police, safely protected from the possibility of injury, fired two hundred and twenty rounds, killing two men, and wounding many others, amongst whom was James Stephens, who was shot in the thigh. Long before an equal number of shots had been fired by the rebels, their ammunition entirely failed, and the only reply they could make to the fast-falling bullets was by showers of large stones that were gathered for that purpose. It was clear to the minds of O'Brien and his fighting companions, that the house could not be stormed by this method; and a few thoughtless, resolute men, with MacManus at their head, got a cart-load of hay to the door, for the purpose of setting fire to the house, and burning it and the inmates to the ground; but O'Brien would not allow this diabolical proceeding; there were children within it, and their unoffending lives should not be sacrificed by this inhuman method. It was vain for MacManus to beg permission to fire the hay, O'Brien remained firm and determined whatever the consequences might be, not to sanction or allow such a barbarous proceeding.

It was soon very evident both to

O'Brien and his followers, that the first and last engagement of the Rebellion of the year 1848, was lost! Father Maher and the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, the parish priest and his curate, appeared on the scene, and used their influence to bring to an end the now hopeless enterprise. A large body of constables from Cashel were soon afterwards seen approaching, and the people immediately ran away to the hills. The game, played in a very weak fashion that not a soldier had been required to check-mate it, was now over; the banner of Irish Independence, so-called, again fell into the dust, and William Smith O'Brien turned from that scene with an almost breaking heart. For some time he would not leave the village; but at last, through the solicitation of his friends, he mounted a horse that had been taken from one of the police, and rode away.

From this day until the night of Saturday, the 9th of August, in the same year, the police sought in vain for O'Brien. He slept in peasants' hovels on the mountains, and shared in their scanty meals. All the great rewards that were offered by the government did not induce the Irish peasants to reveal his hiding-place. Had he desired to leave the country he could easily have done so, but he would not, and resolved to face the consequences bravely, and share the fate of the other captured leaders of the rebellion.

It was in Thurles that O'Brien was apprehended. One rainy night he walked calmly and deliberately through the streets of the town, and entered the railway station. He wore a black hat, a blue boat-cloak, in which he was tightly wrapped, and a pair of light plaid trousers; he carried in his hand a large black stick. He went to the

booking-office and paid his fare to Limerick; then wrapping himself in his cloak, he again walked the platform slowly, waiting for the train to come up. He had determined to give himself up for trial, but he wished once again to visit his family. This pleasure was not allowed him; he was recognized by an Englishman, a guard on the train, named Hulme, in a moment he was seized by detectives and policemen, and borne off to prison in Dublin. In the same railway-carriage rode General M'Donald, a sub-inspector of constabulary, and four policemen. On entering the train a pistol was put to his head, and he was commanded not to speak on peril of his life. Taking no notice of this command, he addressed M'Donald, and requested to know why he was treated so abominably. M'Donald replied: 'he had a duty to perform, and his orders should be obeyed.' 'I have played the game and lost,' said O'Brien, 'and I am ready to pay the penalty of having failed; I hope that those who have accompanied me may be dealt with in clemency; I care not what happens to myself.'

He was arraigned before a Special Commission on a charge of high-treason, at Clonmel, on the 28th day of September. The trial excited great interest both in England and throughout the whole of Ireland. It lasted ten days, and it ended in a verdict of *Guilty* being returned.

The newspapers of that day contained many reports of, and remarks on, the firmness and self-possession displayed by O'Brien throughout the trial. The announcement of the verdict failed to move his composure, and when the usual question was asked, he replied with deliberation:—

'My lords, it is not my intention to

enter into any vindication of my conduct, however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of so doing. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country—that I have done only that which, in my opinion, it was the duty of every Irishman to have done; and I am now prepared to abide the consequences of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence.'

A murmur of applause followed the conclusion of this short speech. O'Brien ceased speaking with folded arms. He calmly looked at the judge, and awaited the sentence of the court. Amidst great sensation, Chief Justice Blackburne went on to discharge his duty. O'Brien was sentenced to be hanged, beheaded, and quartered. 'During the delivery of the sentence,' says one of the newspapers of that day, 'the most profound agitation filled the court; as it drew towards the close, the excitement became more intense and marked; but when the last barbarous provisions of the sentence was pronounced, the feeling in the court was exhibited by stifled sobs and broken murmurs of sympathy for O'Brien, who alone was unmoved during the awful scene, his lips alone did not quiver, his hand alone did not tremble.'

Nine months from this time, July 29th., 1849, the brig 'Swift' sailed from Kingston harbour, bearing O'Brien, Meagher, O'Donoghue, and MacManus into exile. In November, the same year, the vessel reached Hobart Town, where tickets-of-leave were offered to those men who would accept the conditions of their residing each one within a certain district marked out for him, and giving their parole to make no attempt to escape while in possession of the 'ticket of leave.' O'Donoghue, MacManus and Meagher accepted of these conditions; O'Brien re-

fused all of them, and was sent to an island off the coast called Maria Island, where he was put into close confinement.

There were a number of sympathizers with O'Brien in Tasmania, and they contrived a scheme whereby his escape could be effected. They obtained a vessel, whose owner favoured the plan. This vessel was to lie off the coast on a certain day, and send a boat on shore to take O'Brien, who had been informed of the plot, off to the vessel. He had been told the exact time, and place where the small boat would arrive, and he was to have everything in readiness. This design would no doubt have been successful but for the information supplied to the government by the captain of the vessel before sailing to the appointed place. We will give the story of this intended escape, as it was told to the public, by John Mitchell, in the Journal he kept while in prison:—

'At last as he wandered on the shore and had almost given up all hope of the schooner, the schooner hove in sight. To give time for her approach he walked into the woods for a space, that he might not alarm his guardian constable by his attention to her movements. Again he sauntered down towards the point with apparent carelessness, but with a beating heart. San Francisco was to be his first destination; and beyond that golden gate there was the great world, and home, and children, and an honourable life. The boat was coming, manned by three men; and he stepped proudly and resolutely to meet them on the shore. To be sure there was, somewhere behind him, one miserable constable with his miserable musket, but he had no doubt of being able to dispose of that difficulty with the aid of his allies, the boatmen. The boat could not get quite close to the beach, because they had to run her into a kind of cove where the water was calm and unencumbered with large tangled weeds. O'Brien, when he reached the beach, plunged into the water to prevent delay, and struggled through the thick-matted seaweed to the boat. The water was deeper than he expected, and when

he came to the boat he needed the aid of the boatmen to climb over the gunwale. Instead of giving him this aid the rascals allowed him to flounder there, and kept looking to the shore, where the constable had by this time appeared with his musket. The moment he showed himself, the three boatmen cried out together, 'We surrender!' and invited him on board; where he instantly took up a hatchet—no doubt provided by the ship for that purpose, and stove the boat. O'Brien saw he was betrayed, and on being ordered to move along with the constable and boatmen towards the station, he refused to stir—hoping, in fact, by his resistance, to provoke the constable to shoot him. However, the three boatmen seized on him, and lifted him from the ground, and carried him wherever the constable ordered. His custody was thereafter made more rigorous, and he was shortly after removed from Maria Island to Port Arthur station.

To this short story the following was added afterwards:—

'Ellis, the captain of the schooner, was some months after seized at San Francisco by M'Manus and others, brought by night out of his ship, and carried into the country to undergo his trial under a tree, whereupon, if found guilty, he was destined to swing. M'Manus set out his indictment; and it proves how much Judge Lynch's method of administering justice in those early days of California excelled anything we know of law or justice in Ireland—that Ellis, for want of sufficient and satisfactory evidence then producible, was acquitted by that midnight court, under that convenient and tempting tree.'

Port Arthur Station, the place to which O'Brien was removed from Maria Island, was a place of punishment for unruly convicts. After a stay there of some months, O'Brien, who was not in good health, was induced, through letters from his friends, to accept the ticket-of-leave, and enjoy the comparative liberty it gave. The ruling powers, on his accepting their terms, placed him in New Norfolk, and afterwards in Avoca, where he stayed until unconditional pardon reached him, which was given him in the year 1854. He left Australia, went to Ma-

dras, to Paris, and then on to Brussels, where he was joined by his wife and family. He next went through Greece, and while there permission was granted him to return to his native country. This was in the month of May, 1856. On the 8th of July, in the same year, William Smith O'Brien again stood on his native soil, after an absence of eight years. In every part of Ireland where he went he received a hearty welcome. He very wisely decided to take no further action in politics, but he often gave advice and suggestions to his fellow-countrymen through letters and addresses in the *Nation* newspaper. In February, 1859, he sailed for the United States, and travelled through a great part of that continent. In the month of November, in the same year, he once more arrived in his native land, and delivered a course of instructive lectures in the Rotundo, in Dublin, the proceeds to be devoted to the relief of the wounded and destitute patriots of the Polish Revolution. Early in the year 1862, his health began to fail, and he came to England to see if he could derive benefit from the change of air. On the 16th day of June, in the same year, while staying at Bangor, in North Wales, he died. His remains were removed to Ireland by the members of his family. When the corpse arrived at North Wall, a large procession was formed consisting of not less than 15,000 persons, who bore his body to his late residence. He was interred amidst great mourning, in the church-yard of Rathronan, Limerick county, on the 24th day of June. On the day of his interment, thousands of sorrowing Irishmen went to his grave to pay their last respects to his memory.

CHAPTER VI.

LIVES AND CAREERS OF OTHER LEADERS OF THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION:—THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, TERRENCE BELLEW MACMANUS, KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY; THE PHENIX CONSPIRACY, WITH INCIDENTS WHICH HAPPENED FROM THE YEAR 1848 TO 1859.

THE first public introduction of THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER to the Irish people was in the Conciliation Hall, when he was 23 years old. He was a rash, brilliant and eloquent speaker, just that stamp of orator to carry away the hearts of the people from the arguments of sound judgment, calm reasoning, and deliberate and wise counsel. Adapted by his education, aided by the fire of his impetuous and rash youthful spirit, there is no wonder that he so very much drew the people's affections towards him, and became a great favourite amongst them by his impassionate appeals and great flow of fine, fiery, fervid language.

He was a descendant of a Catholic family, being born in the town of Waterford, and educated during part of his youth at Clongowes-wood Colleges, and partly under the care of the Jesuit Fathers at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, England. His father was at one time Mayor of Waterford. When twenty years old he presided at a meeting of the Repealers in his native city, which was called for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the prisoners of the year '43. Soon afterwards he spoke occasionally at the various meetings of that society in the neighbourhood.

When the secession of the Confederated Irishmen took place, Meagher was a speaker, and his reputation as a good haranguer

soon began to be known. He repudiated the wise counsels of O'Connell and joined the Confederated Irishmen. He was called upon to speak at the meeting called by O'Connell to try to unite the party into which division had crept by attempting to persuade them to adopt pacific means to obtain the redress of their grievances, when he delivered the following characteristic speech:—

'My lord,—I am not ungrateful to the man who struck the fetters off my limbs while I was yet a child, and by whose influence my father, the first Catholic that did so for two hundred years, sat for the last two years in the civic chair of my native city. But, my lord, the same God who gave to that great man the power to strike down one odious ascendancy in this country, and who enabled him to institute in this land the laws of religious equality—the same God gave to me a mind that is my own, a mind that has not been mortgaged to the opinion of any man or set of men, a mind that I was to use and not surrender.

'The soldier is proof against argument—but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason—let him be reasoned with. But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalions of despotism.

'Then, my lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say that the King of Heaven—the Lord of Hosts! the God of Battles!—bestows his benediction upon those who unsheath the sword in the hour of a nation's peril. From that evening on which, in the galley of Bethulia, he nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this our day, in which he has blessed the insurgent cavalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of light to consecrate the flag of freedom—to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my lord, it had sometimes taken the shape of the serpent, and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

'Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for in the passes of the Tyrol it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and, through those cragged passes, struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionists of Inspruck! Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimsoned light the crippled colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible! Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium—scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps—and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets, into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

'My lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern itself, not in this hall, but on the ramparts of Antwerp; I learned the first article of a nation's creed upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated, and where the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood. My lord, I honour the Belgians for their courage and their daring, and I will not stigmatize the means by which they obtained a citizen-king, a chamber of Deputies.'

Here he was interrupted by John O'Connell, son of Daniel O'Connell, who rose and told the audience that he would not sit still and listen to such outrageous sentiments. Either Meagher or himself must leave the association; O'Brien interfered, and protested against John O'Connell's attempts to silence Meagher, and the last of the affair was a rupture of the Repeal Association. Those who withdrew from its ranks were Meagher, Duffy, Reilly, O'Brien and John Mitchell.

In the year 1848, Meagher was one of the three Irishmen chosen to present an address from Ireland to the President of the French Republic; and in a speech delivered by him in the Music Hall, Dublin, before he went on his errand, he advised his countrymen to send a deputation to the Queen, asking her to convene a meeting

of the Irish parliament in Dublin, and then continued:—

'If the claim be rejected, if the throne stand as a barrier between the Irish people and the supreme right—then loyalty will be a crime, and obedience to the executive will be treason to the country. Depute your worthiest citizens to approach the throne, and before that throne let the will of the Irish people be uttered with dignity and decision. If nothing comes of this, if the constitution opens to us no path to freedom, if the Union be maintained in spite of the will of the Irish people, if the government of Ireland insist on being a government of dragoons and bombadiers, of detectives and light infantry, then up with the barricades, and invoke the God of Battles!'

When the republican spirit was in full fire in his native land, Meagher surprised his friends by going to Waterford and putting himself before the electors for the vacancy in the representation made by the resignation of Daniel O'Connell. At this moment the Confederates had begun to see the hopelessness of expecting any reform by parliamentary policy, and they were astonished to see the rash youth hasten to the hustings and demand to be heard in the confusion of a contested election.

Meagher was a constant attendant at the Confederate meetings, at the foundation of which he took an important part. His handsome appearance, splendid flow of eloquence, and the frankness and boldness of his expressions, aided much towards the growth of the new movement. He constantly acted with Smith O'Brien, for whom he had the strongest attachment, but he was very much respected and admired by the followers of John Mitchell, Duffy, the Nationalists, and the O'Connellites. When the Irish people felt the influence of the various revolutions that were happening in Europe, Meagher was much swayed by the excited feelings of the time.

In the ill-fated expedition of which O'Brien was the principle leader, we have before partially seen the part which Meagher played at that time; and we have already drawn attention to the fact that on the night before the important day he left O'Brien in Wexford, when he went to Kilkenny, and afterwards to Tipperary; and how on the morning of the 29th of July, 1848, he left O'Brien at the village of Ballingarry, never thinking of the great failure which was to happen; and intending to bring up fresh men from other quarters before the English troops arrived; but he did not succeed in fanning the flame of revolution. The depressing news of O'Brien's disaster met him everywhere, and even the most ardent of the Confederates could now see that every opportunity for retrieving their fortunes had passed away for ever.

Meagher was taken prisoner on the 12th of August, 1848, on the road between Clonoulty and Holycross, in the county of Tipperary. He had with him two persons named Maurice R. Leyne, and Patrick O'Donoghue, two of his fellow members of the Confederation, when some policemen passed them. They wore no disguise, but Leyne and Meagher wore frieze overcoats, which slightly altered their appearance. In a few moments the constables returned; the three gave their proper names on being questioned, and were at once captured and carried triumphantly to Thurles.

A week after O'Brien had quitted the dock, Meagher stood in the same place to be tried for treason-felony. He was defended by Isaac Butt and Mr. Whiteside. The jury, at the close of the sixth day, found the prisoner *guilty*, but recommended him to mercy on account of his youth.

Two days afterwards he was again put into the dock to receive his sentence. He was in good health, and dressed in his usual neat style, and he bore himself with great dignity and manliness. He delivered the following address:—

'My lords,—It is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time, should be of short duration. Nor have I the delicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a state prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I tried to serve would speak ill of me, I might, indeed, avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that conduct in a light far different from that in which the jury by whom I have been convicted have viewed them, and by the country the sentence which you, my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honoured. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption in the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause. I ascribe no main importance, nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that they who have lived to serve their country—no matter how weak their efforts may have been—are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. With my countrymen I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts, proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could perhaps have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord—you who preside on that bench—when the passions and the prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience,

and ask of it, was your charge what it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown? My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it may seal my fate; but I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost—I am here, to regret nothing I have ever done, to regret nothing I have ever said—I am here to crave with no lying lip the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it. Even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust—here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unappointed soil open to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, that hope which first beckoned me to the perilous sea on which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No: I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do more than bid her hope. To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being, as she is now, the meanest beggar in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails upon me the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains that crime and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal, you (addressing M'Manus) are no criminal, you (addressing O'Donoghue) are no criminal, and we deserve no punishment; judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, has been sanctified as a duty, and will be enobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments I await the sentence of the court. I have done what I felt to be my duty. I have spoken now, as I did on every other occasion during my short life, what I felt to be the truth. I now bid farewell to the country of my birth—of my passions—of my death; to a country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I sought to quell—whose intelligence I prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. To that country I now offer as a pledge of the love I bore her, and of the sincerity with which I thought and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life, the hopes, the honours, the endearments of a happy, a prosperous, and honourable home. Proceed then, my lords, with that sentence which the law directs—I am prepared to hear it—I trust I am

prepared to meet its execution. I shall go, I think, with a light heart before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness, as well as of infinite justice, will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

As we have stated in a previous part of this work, Meagher arrived in Van Diemens' Land in the month of October, 1849, with MacManus, O'Donoghue, and O'Brien. After he had escaped from that country with the other exiles, in the manner before described, he started a newspaper in the city of New York, which he made interesting to Irishmen by relating the exciting scenes through which he had passed; but his life as a journalist came to an end when the American civil war broke out. He was instrumental in raising a Zouave regiment to join the forces of the northern states. He fought bravely at the battle of Ball's Run. In the history of that war it is recorded that Meagher's brigade saved the Federal forces from being annihilated in that engagement. He raised a fresh company of men and played a conspicuous part in the capture of Richmond, which terminated the war.

His death was unexpected and sudden. One stormy night in July, 1867, a man suddenly disappeared from the deck of a steamer on which he was standing, and fell into the river-Missouri, where it turns round the hills of Montana. The cry of 'man overboard' was raised, and assistance was rendered, but it came too late. Thomas Francis Meagher was dead.

Kevin Izod O'Doherty was born on the 24th of June, 1824. His parents were of the Catholic persuasion, and resided in Dublin; he obtained a good education, by which he profited much, showing

even in his youth great proofs of natural ability, and talents of more than ordinary average character. He took up the study of medicine, and in the year 1848 was in the full exercise of his learning and talents, giving scientific lectures, and was constant in hospital attendance. When the Irish revolutionary feeling was beating at its full height, the excitement was indulged in by him, and drew him from private life. He at once became a hard worker in the ranks of the Young Ireland party, and was one of the originators of the Students' and Polytechnic clubs, which were looked upon by the promoters in Dublin as the *élite* of that city.

Joining with Richard Dalton Williams, they established another newspaper, the *Irish Tribune*, the first number of which came into existence on the 10th of June, 1848. Like some of the other papers it was very bitter in feeling to the English, and many very severe attacks were made by O'Doherty and his companion; but its existence was suddenly cut short; for it only came out three times, and on the 17th of July, 1848, Kevin Izod O'Doherty was lodged in prison.

On August 10th, in the same year, he was placed at the bar on a charge of treason-felony. The jury did not find him guilty, because they disagreed. A second trial took place, after John Marten had been convicted. On a second trial he was not convicted, and the jury were discharged. On a third trial taking place he was found guilty. O'Doherty, after he was convicted spoke, as follows:—

'My lords—I did hope, I confess, that upon being placed in this dock for the third time, after two juries of my fellow-citizens had refused to find a verdict against me, that while my pro-

secutors would have been scrupulous in their care in attempting to uphold their law, they would not have violated the very spirit of justice.'

Judge Crampton.—'I have a great difficulty in preventing you from making any observations that may occur to you to be of service; but if you mean to cast imputations of obloquy upon the law officers of the crown, the court cannot permit that.'

O'Doherty.—'I only wish to mention a matter of fact. The Attorney-General stated that there were only three Roman Catholics set aside on my jury.'

Judge Crampton again interposed, and requested the prisoner not to pursue this line of observation.

O'Doherty.—'I would feel much obliged if your lordship would permit me to mention a few more words with reference to my motives throughout this affair.'

'I had but one object and purpose in view. I did feel deeply for the sufferings and privations endured by my fellow-countrymen. I did wish by all means, consistent with a manly and honourable resistance to assist in putting an end to that suffering. It is very true, and I will confess it, that I desired an open resistance of the people to that government, which, in my opinion entailed these sufferings upon them. I have used the words open and honourable resistance, in order that I might refer to one of the articles brought in evidence against me, in which the writer suggests such things as flinging burning hoops on the soldiery. My lords, these are no sentiments of mine. I did not write that article. I did not see it, or know of it until I read it when published in the paper. But I did not bring the writer of it here on the table. Why? I knew that if I were to do so, it would be only handing him over at the court-house doors to what one of the witnesses has very properly called the fangs of the Attorney-General. With respect to myself I have no fears. I trust I will be enabled to bear my sentence with all the forbearance due to what I believe to be the opinion of twelve conscientious enemies to me, and I will bear with due patience the wrath of the government whose mouth-piece they were: but I will never cease to deplore the destiny that gave me birth in this unhappy country, and compelled me, as an Irishman, to receive at your hands a felon's doom, for discharging what I conceived—and what I still conceive to be my duty. I shall only add, that the fact is, that instead of three Roman Catholic jurors being set

aside by the Attorney-General, there were thirteen; I hold in my hand a list of their names, and out of the twelve jurors he permitted to be sworn there was not one Roman Catholic.'

O'Doherty was then sentenced to ten years' transportation. The same ship that took out Martin, bore him also to Van Diemens' Land. He, like O'Brien and Martin, was pardoned, on condition that he would not again return to Ireland. He came to Paris, and once more took up the study of medicine. He paid on secret visit to Ireland for the purpose of 'marrying a wife,' whom he took with him to Paris. She bore the name of 'Eva,' in her contributions to the *Nation* newspaper. In 1856, a number of unconditional pardons were granted to those exiles who had received tickets-of-leave, O'Doherty was one of these, and he visited Ireland in 1866, where he took the degree of M.D., and recommenced the practice of medicine and surgery, and ranked as one of the ablest physicians in the neighbourhood. He afterwards went to Australia, where he still resides.

TERRANCE BELLEW MACMANUS was a shipping-agent in 1848, when the third attempted Irish insurrection took place. In his business he was making £1,200 a year; but his zeal for the rebel cause was too ardent to induce him to remain in his commercial enterprises to the neglect of the imaginary claims of the Confederated Irishmen. He abandoned at once his wealth and fair prospects, when he thought that his countrymen needed his assistance. On finding that the government were about to suspend the *Habeas Corpus* Act, he went to Dublin, taking with him a green dress with a gold braid on it, which he wore as a general of the club, known to its members, as the 82 club. In the

same steamer that conveyed him to Dublin, were two detectives, who were sent for the special purpose of taking him prisoner. MacManus drove from the North Wall to the office of the *Felon* newspaper. He then found that all the Confederate leaders had gone south to prepare the people for the rising. He gave the two detectives the slip, and went to Tipperary, and joined the party of O'Brien at Killenale. He shared the dangers of all the other leaders until they were dispersed at Ballinacorney. He was the first man to get to the house in which the police were sheltered, and the last to leave it. The Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, who witnessed all the fighting, sent to the newspapers the following account of MacManus's conduct at the attack upon the widow M'Corrack's house:—

'With about a dozen men more determined than the rest, was MacManus, who indeed throughout the whole day showed more courage and resolution than anyone else. With a musket in his hand, and in the face of the enemy, he reconnoitred the place, and observed every accessible approach to the house, and with a few colliers, under cover of a cart-load of hay, which they pushed on before them, came up to the postern-door of the kitchen. Here with his own hand he fired several pistol-shots, to make it ignite, but from the state of the weather, which was damp and heavy, and from the constant down-pour of rain on the previous day, this attempt proved quite unsuccessful. With men so expert at the use of the pickaxe, and so large a supply of blasting powder at the collieries, he could have quickly undermined the house, or blown it up; but the circumstance of so many children being shut in with the police, and the certainty that, if they persevered, all would be involved in the same ruin, compelled him and his associates to desist from their purpose.'

When it was found of no avail to offer further resistance, MacManus went with the peasants to the neighbouring hills, and lived with them for some days, having

his whiskers shaved off, and other changes made in his appearance; he successfully avoided the detectives who were on his track, and he was just about to sail from Cork harbour when he was taken. He was found out by accident; the police, having gone on the vessel in pursuit of an absconding defaulter, and while searching for him, one of the police, who knew MacManus when in Liverpool, recognised him. He gave the name of O'Donnell, said he was an Irish-American going home to the west, after visiting some friends in Ireland. His answers, not being so correct as to drive away suspicion, he was taken on shore in handcuffs, and brought before a magistrate, whereupon he avowed his own name, and added that he did not regret the part he had taken, and would do so again if he had the opportunity.

On the 10th day of October, 1848, he was tried at Clonmel for high-treason. He looked on the proceedings with the greatest calmness and indifference, and when the verdict of *guilty* was brought against him by the jury he heard it with an unaltered countenance. A fortnight afterwards he was brought up to receive his sentence, in the time that had intervened O'Donoghue and Meagher had been convicted, and the three confederates stood together in the dock to hear their dooms pronounced. MacManus was the first to address the court in answer to the usual formality, he spoke as follows:—

'My lords—I trust I am enough of a Christian and enough of a man to understand the awful responsibility of the question which has been put to me. Standing upon my native soil—standing in an Irish court of justice, and before the Irish nation—I have much to say why the sentence of death, or the sentence of the law, should not be passed upon me. But upon entering

into this court I placed my life—and what is of more importance to me, my honour—in the hands of two advocates, and if I had ten thousand lives and ten thousand honours, I should be content to place them all in the watchful and glorious genius of the one, and the patient zeal and talent of the other. I am, therefore, content, and with regard to that I have nothing to say. But I have a word to say, which no advocate, however anxious and devoted he may be, can utter for me. I say, whatever part I may have taken in the struggle for my country's independence, whatever part I may have acted in my short career, I stand before you, my lords, with a free heart and a light conscience to abide the issue of your sentence. And now, my lords, this is, perhaps, the fittest time to put a sentence upon record which is this—that standing in this dock, and called to ascend the scaffold—it may be to-morrow—it may be now—it may be never—whatever the result may be, I wish to put this on record, that in the part I have taken I was not actuated by enmity towards Englishmen—for among them I have passed some of the happiest days of my life, and the most prosperous; and in no part which I have taken was I actuated by enmity towards Englishmen individually, whatever I may have felt of the injustice of English rule in this island; I therefore say, that it is not because I loved England less, but because I loved Ireland more, that I now stand before you.'

MacManus was one of those who escaped from Van Diemens' Land, and settled in California, where he breathed his last. His funeral procession was one of the largest that ever took place. On the 10th of November, 1861, a very large funeral procession passed through the streets of Dublin to Glasnevin; they met and marched out of the respect to MacManus, which the disaffected Irishmen had. A simple marble slab covers the remains in Glasnevin cemetery to which place they were brought by his American friends, but whether this was done at his own request or at the wish of his friends is not known.

For some years after this time Ireland enjoyed peace and quiet-

ness. Many of the people looked at the history of the few previous years with feelings filled with deep trouble. Some of the misguided people had fallen into snares made by their own folly and foolishness—and now that the reckoning time had come, they mourned the cost of their futile quarrels with acutely painful feelings. Many of the surviving Irishmen lived in the greatest poverty and misery consequent upon the crops being neglected, and gaunt families were abroad all around them.

On every hand large numbers were leaving their native land for foreign shores; the tide of emigration to Australia and the United States went on furiously, and families left the green isle, taking with them all they loved fondly. The remaining people were not as contented as they appeared to be, in some of their hearts a strong spirit for revolt lay buried for a time, but was not dead, as future events will show. Many of those who went to America, went only to prepare in a better way than they could do at home, for an uprising of the people at some future time, in a way more likely to be efficacious than had ever before been known, as they thought. Some of the native Irish, who could not return personally to enter into a meditated contest with the English forces, have shown by their gifts, that they went out to earn money to subscribe to the funds required in the exertions to free Ireland forever from the domination of England; but we are anticipating, we shall notice the actions of the Irish-Americans in future chapters.

Amongst the numerous persons who 'left their country for their country's good,' there were some very discontented, unruly, can-

kerous characters, whom no government in the world could ever have satisfied, either with a policy of mercy and clemency, or one of severity. If government had granted all that they asked, they would have wanted more the next hour. They believed in uproar and turmoil, and always boasted loudest when there was no danger near, but when called upon to face death at the cannon's mouth, they sneaked coward-like away. They were better hands at plotting than standing in danger, and could always scheme better than fight.

There were a few men of this character who escaped from Ireland about this time, men who had appeared in arms in the field, but who ran away when the English forces gained advantage over them. One James Stephens, who has taken a prominent part in the Fenian movement since this time, was one of this class; and another was John O'Mahony. Stephens, it will be remembered, was on the field at Ballingarry, with O'Brien at the rising in '48; he was then young, and was wounded by one of the shots fired by the police; after being shot he crawled to a ditch close by, and was never afterwards heard of, except by a report that appeared in a local paper at the time, and which ran as follows:—

'Poor James Stephens, who followed Smith O'Brien to the field, has died of the wound which he received at Ballingarry whilst acting as aide-de-camp to the insurgent leader. Mr. Stephens was a very amiable, and apart from politics, most inoffensive young man, possessed of a great deal of talent, and we believe he was a most excellent son and brother. His untimely and melancholy fate will be much regretted by a numerous circle of friends.'

The family and friends united to make the people believe this report true; it was all a ruse to

keep the authorities from trying to capture young Stephens ; and thus thrown off their guard, they were not as vigilant as they might otherwise have been, consequently the youth escaped, disguised in female attire, to France. John O'Mahony was what is known as a gentleman farmer ; his family being possessed of large property in Tipperary county. He imbibed the policy of the Young Ireland party, and took an active part in keeping up the agitation, and appeared in arms against the government. In the month of July, 1848, he did his best to bring up the various sections of the Confederated men to the scene of action ; but when the attempt failed he quietly went home, unsuspected, and was not apprehended. Some of those members of the Confederated society who were not apprehended thought that, with John O'Mahony at their head, they would again attempt a rising ; accordingly, on the 12th of July, in the same year, they lit signal-fires on the slopes of the Comeragh and Slievenamon mountains, in the neighbourhood between Callan and Carrick-on-Suir. The next day the excitement spread. The gentry in the disaffected districts left their homes and hastily entered the nearest town. Troops were dispatched from Dublin and some other garrisons. Before the soldiers could reach the scene of action, one part of the rebels proceeded to the police office at the slate quarries, and finding no one there, burned it down. Another party attempted to destroy Glanv bridge, to prevent the soldiers advancing ; and a third party went forward to attack Glenbower station. Those who defended the barracks were in a difficult situation until another body of constables, who

were on their way from the Nine-Mile-House station to the town of Carrick, at once appeared at the place, and the united force very quickly put the rebels to flight, with the loss of two killed and one wounded. Another force went on to Portlaw, but the result was the same as at the last place, two men were wounded by the fire of the police. The people, after this affair, went to their homes, and the police and soldiers did nothing but hunt up the outlaws and all persons who had taken any part in the outbreak.

In the year 1858 the first indications of the work of James Stephens began to appear in the south-west of Ireland. Whispers went round that some of the young men of Skibbereen, Kenmare, and Bantry were enlisted in a secret organization, which held constant meetings for the purpose of drilling. Little pains were taken by the members to keep things quiet, for they relied for safety upon the manner in which they initiated their members. The members of the Phoenix Society, (for that was the name) when informed that the police were on their track, could not believe it, for they were few and had not attempted any rising as yet. In December, 1858, the government officers came down upon the Phoenix Society in Kerry and Cork, and some arrests took place in various parts of the country soon afterwards. The trials of some of the prisoners began at Tralee, in the month of March, 1859, when a conviction was obtained against Daniel O'Sullivan, and he was sentenced to imprisonment for ten years. In the month of July the remainder of the prisoners whose sentences were delayed, put in a plea of guilty, and were set at liberty, with the understanding that if they were

guilty of any more illegal practices, they should be called up for sentence without another trial. Amongst the prisoners who took this course was Jeremiah O'Donovan (Rossa), whose name has since been made famous in American Fenianism.

The members of the government believed that the spirit of the Phoenix conspiracy had been extinguished; and some of the loyal Irish hoped that it was so, and tried to dissuade them from taking any further action against the government. The catholic clergy were very earnest in their endeavours to keep down secret societies. But there had gone out to America men who were restless in spirit, mischievous in disposition, and who were prepared to do anything to harass and perplex the rulers of Ireland. These men, as will be shown in some of the future chapters, were full of vindictive malice and the bitterest hatred to the English government, and they were actually at this time planning a new secret society, unknown up to this time, which would be most acceptable to the people, and would show the keenest animosity to the English nation, and those placed in authority by them over the management of affairs in Ireland.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FIRST SECRET SOCIETY, THE UNITED IRISHMEN, IN CONTRAST WITH THE FENIAN SECRET ORGANIZATION; THEIR ORIGIN, OBJECTS, OATHS, CEREMONIES, FORMS OF INITIATING MEMBERS, FUNDS, AND OTHER SECRETS; AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGINATORS, AND THE EVENTS FROM THE YEAR 1860 TO 1864.

WE have now reached an important epoch in the history of Ireland

—a time when the secret societies, which have been a great curse to that country, assumed a bolder aspect, and put on a more audacious bearing than those of past years. By way of contrast, we shall present to our readers, the basis and secrets of the first secret society, established in 1791, and that formed in the year 1861, known as the FENIAN MOVEMENT, the members of which have planned, and in some cases carried out, some of the most diabolical outrages and bloodthirsty deeds that ever stained the annals of any country in the world.

Nearly every nation in the world has had to contend with, at one time or other the actions of Secret Societies; especially has this been the case where a people have been made the subjects of conquest. They have often been established to try to redress one kind of grievance or other, either real or imaginary. Assassinations, and secret, or guerrilla warfare, have been the methods which the members have planned in their private meetings; and many times in their workings the secret societies have achieved a temporary triumph.

This secret society, the United Irishmen, was formed for the purpose of uniting the various members of the two denominations existing in Ireland; viz:—the Protestants and Roman Catholics, into one common bond of brotherhood. The object was to obtain, by peaceful means, if possible, an alteration in the civil law of that country; and thereby redress various grievances of which the people complained. The first person who conceived the desirability of the project was Thomas Neilson, a draper of the town of Belfast, in the north of Ireland. Several social and religious disturbances had taken place in the country between the denomina-

tions named. The Peep-of-day Boys had mutilated cattle and burned houses belonging to the Catholics, and they had retaliated by committing the like deeds on the property of the Protestants. The aristocratic portion of the members of that faith, with the clergy, kept aloof from all agitation for Parliamentary reform. There was inactivity on the part of the government, and this caused the two factions of the rival religions in Ireland to get bolder in their deeds of violence and spoliation.

In the year 1791, the parliamentary reformers were convinced that they could make no headway in their agitation for the much needed reform ; such as Catholic Emancipation, unless they could unite the two parties in their aims and efforts. Samuel Neilson after some thought on the subject, gave two of his personal friends, Thomas Russell and MacCracken, some notion of the scheme which as yet was only in embryo in his mind ; and Thomas Russell said they had better consult with Theobald Wolfe Tone, who was a Romanist, and whose pamphlet on the claims of the Catholics, had but just been issued from the press, and was exciting much attention ; Neilson gave his consent and Russell departed for Dublin, to give Tone an invitation to a conference to be held in Belfast.

Before this time Tone had instituted a kind of convivial and political club ; where discussions were held upon political subjects. This club made Tone become acquainted with Thomas Eddis Emmet, who is described in Tone's memoirs as 'a man after his own heart, of a great and comprehensive mind, of the sincerest and warmest friendship, and of firm and steady adherence to his

principles, to which he has sacrificed much, as I know, and would I am sure, if necessary, sacrifice his life.' He readily went with Russell to Belfast, where, after a conference of three weeks, the association of United Irishmen was formed on the following resolutions, which were written out by him :—

RESOLUTIONS OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

'1.—That the weight of English influence in the government of this country is so great as to require a cordial union among all the people of Ireland, to maintain that balance which is essential to the preservation of our liberties and the extension of our commerce.

'2.—That the sole constitutional mode by which this influence can be opposed is by a complete and radical reform of the representation of the people in Parliament.

'3.—That no reform is practicable, efficacious, or just, which shall not include Irishmen of every religious persuasion.'

Tone then left Belfast for Dublin, where he formed the acquaintance of the most prominent men of the town, and tried to establish a branch of the United Irishmen of that city. He became acquainted with Napper Tandy, a zealous agitator, and through him, with other persons ; and, in a short time a branch society was inaugurated, with the Hon. Simon Butler as its chairman, and Napper Tandy as secretary. The same resolutions as those passed by the Belfast society were carried, and correspondence between the city and the northern town began.

When first formed the United Irishmen's club was not a secret society, and they really had not entered into any kind of republicanism in their plans. As soon as this secret society was fairly in operation, Neilson and Tone set themselves to work to conciliate the antagonistic parties :—the Catholic Defenders and the Protestant Peep-of-day Boys ; and Tone went through the country with

that object in view, but their efforts at reconciliation were unsuccessful; though some good was done in various places, and their society began to flourish and become influential; the indifference of the government at knowing of this illegal society, and the lawlessness of the country generally enabled the originators to push with success their society throughout the country.

When their organization had got into good working order, they did not stop their agitation at Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation, but began to think that it was possible to achieve the Independence of Ireland by its agency, with the assistance of the French nation, which about this time had formed a Republican government, and had expressed sympathy with the Irish people. In 1795 the United Irishmen secret society was reconstructed upon quite a different footing; the basis of it is given in the History of Ireland, as follows:

'In the year 1795, the society was reconstructed as a sort of pyramidal hierarchy of sedition, with an infinite number of small local societies for the base, and gradually towering up, through the nicely fitted gradations of baronial, county, and provincial committees, to the apex of a national executive directory.'

District societies were established by twelve members being united living in the same neighbourhood, one of whom was chosen as secretary. The secretaries of five local societies made a lower baronial committee, and delegates from ten committees formed an upper baronial committee. Delegates from committees of the latter kind made the county committees, each of which returned two or three delegates to the provincial committees. By and from these, five members were chosen by ballot to constitute the national executive directory,

which had the sole command of the entire body. The election was so managed that only the secretaries of the provincial committees knew who was chosen, and the directions of the executive were sent by one of their number to the secretaries of the provincial committees, and from them through the secretaries of the county and baronial committees to the local committees, the whole transactions being concealed in perfect secrecy, and presenting a wonderful compact of democracy below the absolutism of the top.

Secrecy was said to be very necessary for making 'the bond of union more cohesive and the spirit of union more zealous, to enshroud the scheme with ambiguity, to help its agency, and to perplex and frighten its enemies by the want of intelligence of its purpose, aim, and direction.'

An oath of strict fidelity and perfect secrecy now took the place of a simple declaration, which before had been made by its members; and the confession of political faith was not required,—it took in both constitution reformers and republicans, as it then stood it was as follows:—

OATH OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

'I, ———, do voluntarily declare that I will persevere in endeavouring to form a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of every religious persuasion, and that I will also persevere in my endeavours to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland. I do further declare that neither hopes nor fears, rewards nor punishments, shall ever induce me, directly or indirectly, to inform or give evidence against any member or members of this or similar societies for any act or expression of theirs done or made, collectively or individually, in or out of this society, in pursuance of the spirit of this obligation.'

There was nothing of a Masonic character demanded of its members;—no particular grip, password, or sign to be given. Some

persons have asserted that the members wore a green ribbon round the neck, with an amulet fastened to it, containing letters of gold sheathed in white silk, to represent the pure union of the mingled rays, and the abolition of all distinctions, and all colours and shades of difference, for the sake of one end ; but this is a mistake : the only sign in use among United Irishmen was the harp—sometimes a star over it, the shamrock, and hands gripping each other, which were to be found on their shields and seals, and were sometimes put on their banners.

The candidate seeking admission into their society was taken into a room privately and sworn upon the New Testament. When a member wished to test a stranger he said :—‘ I know U,’ being the first letter in the word ‘ United,’ to which the stranger replied :—‘ I know N,’ being the last letter in the word ‘ Irishmen,’ and if the two desired to converse, they conducted such conversation in that manner, citing all the letters in the words, ‘ United Irishmen.’

In order to make our account of the events which have happened in Ireland during the last ninety years more complete, and to give a valuable key to the ‘ mysteries’ of the various transactions which have taken place in that unhappy land since the formation of the Fenian Organization especially, we will now present to our readers full particulars of the *Fenian movement*—its organization, secrets, oath, and all other particulars relating to it.

Of the many explanations as to the meaning of the words *Fenian movement*, and what it originated from, none appears to be as correct as the following :—The word Fenian is taken from *Fionn*, or

Finn Mac-Coul, a chief who was once famous in Ireland, according to the Irish legends and traditions, who had existence before the Christian era, and has been considered to be the same person as the one known as the Fingal of Ossian. The Fenians of that rather mythical age of Irish history are thought to have been Finn’s body-guard, a kind of militia.

The modern Fenian movement dates its establishment from 1861, by John O’Mahony and Michael Doheny, both of whom took part in the insurrection of 1848, but contrived after that date to escape to America. O’Mahony, after he left Ireland at that time, first went to France, and left there afterwards for New York, where he joined Doheny, an able leader, when Mitchell, Meagher, and O’Brien were actually engaged in the rising of ‘48. In 1861 there were many Irishmen living in New York who had been tainted with a rebellious spirit towards the ‘ old country,’ and who, for their own safety, had become inhabitants of the land of stars and stripes ; and having, as most of them had, a bitter feeling towards England, they readily took up, with the two leaders, the Fenian Secret Society.

The following is a reprint of the copy of the organization and constitution of the Fenian Society, as it is printed and given to each person who joins that body :

The Fenian Brotherhood.

The Fenian Brotherhood is a distinct and independent organization. It is composed, in the first place, of citizens of the United States of America, of Irish birth and lineage ; and, in the second place, of Irishmen, and of friends of Ireland, living elsewhere on the American Continent, and in the provinces of the British Empire wherever situated. Its head-quarters are, and shall be, within the limits of the United States of America. Its members are bound together by the following general pledge :

Pledge.

I, A.B, solemnly pledge my sacred word of honour, as a truthful and honest man, that I will labour with earnest zeal for the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of England, and for the establishment of a free and independent Government on the Irish soil; that I will implicitly obey the commands of my superior officers in the Fenian Brotherhood; that I will faithfully discharge the duties of membership as laid down in the constitution and bye-laws thereof; that I will do my utmost to promote feelings of love, harmony, and kindly forbearance among all Irishmen; and that I will foster, defend, and propagate the aforesaid Fenian Brotherhood to the utmost of my power.

Organization.

The Fenian Brotherhood shall be subdivided into State organizations, Circles, and Sub-Circles. It shall be directed and governed by a Head Centre, to direct the whole organization; State Centres, to direct State organizations; Centres, to direct Circles; and Sub-Centres, to direct Sub-Circles. The Head Centre shall be assisted by a Central Council of five; by a Central Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer; by a Central Corresponding Secretary and a Central Recording Secretary; and by such intermediate officers as the Head Centre may from time to time deem necessary for the efficient working of the organization.

The Head Centre shall be elected annually by a General Congress of representatives of the Fenian Brotherhood, which Congress shall be composed of the State Congress and the Centres, together with elected delegates from the several circles of the organization—each circle in good standing being entitled to elect one delegate.

The Fenian organization seeks much more than is expressed in the foregoing circular; and in its working it excluded both the clergy and the Englishmen who live in Ireland. The Catholic priests are not allowed to be members because of the Papal condemnation of secret societies, and the opposition of the priests to the attempted revolution of '48. It was a military society, the unit being a company, and the companies being formed into battalions, regiments and brigades. Their registers showed both the efficiency

and strength of every company; there were signs put to each man's name to indicate his preparedness or otherwise for active service; thus V means that the person opposite whose name it appeared owned a rifle; A that he has either a gun or a pistol; I that he was prepared with a pike; and O that he had not any kind of weapon whatever. The initiation was called enrolment, and was finished by the person joining repeating and signing the pledge of the society. An informer, who had joined their ranks, when examined before a special commission in 1865, told of an oath taken upon a prayer-book; but that statement does not accord with the printed rules of the Brotherhood, and it is most likely that the oath was administered when the initiator and the candidate for admission attached great sanctity to that form of initiation. Only the administrator and the candidate were present when the oath was given. There was a set of rules and a kind of court for trying cases, as was shown by a writing found in the house of Thomas Clark Luby, a prominent member of the executive committee of the Brotherhood in Ireland, when he was captured. The emblem was the sun rising behind a ridge of hills. The principle committee met in New York, from whence agents were sent, at its commencement, to form branches in the chief cities of the north and west of America. Members joined from all parts of the United States, consisting of all classes of Irishmen; correspondence was opened with friends at home, and great exertions were made to get many Irishmen to join who had been officers in the United States army, and through them the Irish men who had served in the rank,

The 'Head Centre,' as the president of the society was called, was John O'Mahony, who had prospered since going to America; and his two most active agents during the first years of the society's existence were James Stephens and Thomas Clarke Luby, men well adapted for the dangerous work in which they were employed. In the year 1863, Luby was chief organizer amongst the Irishmen in the north and western states, and Stephens was active in the same kind of work in Ireland, where the society made great progress amongst the artisans and shopkeepers of Clonmel, Cork, and Dublin, and in some parts of Munster.

At the latter end of the same year a convention of representatives was held at Chicago, when the following address 'To the Brotherhood all over the World,' was adopted, and it was distributed secretly wherever Fenian agents had established a branch of the society:—

'Brothers!—We deem it prudent to withhold for the present from publication in the newspapers certain important resolutions having special reference to the revolutionary element in Ireland, which have been submitted to this convention by the Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood in America, and unanimously adopted. Printed copies of these resolutions will be placed before the different circles of our organization in this country, and will also be transmitted, at the earliest fitting opportunity, to our friends at home. In the meantime, we do not wish to separate without addressing to you a few guarded words, such as we can afford to have read by all whom it may concern, respecting the present aspect of our cause. We are solemnly pledged to labour earnestly and continuously for the regeneration of our beloved Ireland. That pledge, with the blessing of Divine Providence, we shall redeem; and when the wished-for hour will have arrived we shall be prepared, with you, to meet the implacable persecutors of our race in battle array, to put an end for ever

to the accursed system under which our unhappy people have suffered such cruel tortures, or die like men in the attempt. And in what holier cause has man ever died? How much Irish blood has fallen upon the battle-fields of the world? Alas! how much Irish blood has been shed in the service of our country's oppressor—the plunderer and murderer of her people—the fell enemy of her faith? Over this subject and others connected with it we have pondered long and bitterly. But our resolve is fixed and irrevocable; the foul stigma that attaches to our name must be wiped out. We do not ask, will you be ready? We know you are ready; nine-tenths of the Irish people have at all times been ready in the heart and will to dispute with armed hands the invader's right to enslave and exterminate them. But this is not enough. We must be 'skilled to do,' as well as 'ready to dare.' We are thoroughly convinced of the utter futility of legal and constitutional agitations, Parliamentary 'policies,' and similar delusions. These things have brought more suffering upon our people than would be caused by the most protracted and devastating war. The best of them would but expose the ardent and the brave to the vengeance of cruel despots; and be it remembered that such sacrifices beget no noble aspirations. No enslaved people ever regained their independence, or became formidable to their enslavers, without (in the enslaved sense) pre-organization.

Here we have soldiers armed and trained (thousands of them trained in the tented field, and amid the smoke and thunders of battle), with able and experienced Generals to lead them. Let the cities, and towns, and parishes of Ireland have their brigades, regiments, battalions, and companies of partially disciplined soldiers of liberty silently enrolled. Above all things, let every man be pledged to obey the commands of his superiors, and pledged also never to move without such commands, for obedience to command is the first and most important requisite to the soldier; all the rest is secondary. Thus you will not only be prepared to strike with effect, but all rash attempts at insurrection will be prevented. Without such an organization as we contemplate, partial uprisings of the people will be sure to occur, leaving no results but the sacrifice of brave men, and, perhaps, the ruin of our cause. When we strike, let us strike home; and are there not strong arms within the enemy's own shores to second the blow? Circumstances are in our favour, such as Providence never vouchsafed before to an

enslaved people. We have but to act as becomes brave and reasoning men, and ours shall be the pride and glory of lifting our sorrowing Erin of the streams to her place among the nations. Brothers, rely upon us. We rely upon you.

Chairman,

JAMES GIBBONS, Pennsylvania
President and Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood,

JOHN O'MAHONY, New York.

Vice-Presidents.

RICHARD O'DOHERTY, Indiana.

DANIEL GRADY, Columbia.

DANIEL CARMODY, Wisconsin.

Secretaries.

HENRY O'C. MACAETHY, Illinois.

JOHN A. STUART, Indiana.

In consequence of the great progress the society had made in Ireland, a newspaper was started in Dublin, bearing the title of *The Irish People*. O'Donovan Rossa was proprietor, and Thomas Clarke Luby was editor. James Stephens was connected with that journal in 1864, after which he went to America, having left his office and duties to persons named in the following document:—

'I hereby empower Thomas Clarke Luby, John O'Leary, and Charles J. Kickham a committee of organization or executive, with the same supreme control over the home organization, England, Ireland, and Scotland, that I have exercised myself. I further empower them to appoint a committee of appeal and judgment, the functions of which committee will be made known to every member of them. Trusting to the patriotism and abilities of the executive, I fully endorse their actions beforehand. I call upon every man in our ranks to support and be guided by them in all that concerns the military Brotherhood. J. STEPHENS.'

The next convention was held in Cincinnati, when a resolution was come to that the next meeting should take place in Ireland. The society had a quarter of a million of members in the United States, and agents of the Fenians were constantly passing to and fro from America to Ireland. The society at this time was introduced into England, and made great progress amongst the Irish workmen in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Man-

chester, Liverpool, and London. The correspondence of the society was not as secret as the originators wished, and information of their movements came into the possession of the British government. Amongst the agents who came to England was MacManus. His presence in London was known to the detectives, who traced him to the meeting-place of the Westminster chartists, in the Assembly Rooms, Dean street, Soho. Being recognized by some person in the room, the detective was pointed out to MacManus, who, being a very powerful man, turned him out of the room, and threw him down the stairs. He went to Liverpool, and though he was followed by a detective, he managed to elude him and get clear off to America again. In 1865 depôts of arms and ammunition were founded in Cork and Dublin, frequent musters of the members of the Fenian organization were held on waste lands and in fields for the purpose of drilling; these drills were managed by Irish-Americans who had been officers in the United States army. Whispers were abroad that thousands of Irishmen were about to leave America to aid in the Fenian attempt to raise another revolution, and by their aid the Anglo-Saxons were to be swept for ever from the coast of Ireland, and driven entirely into the sea!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST ACTIONS OF THE FENIAN LEADERS—THE SUPPRESSION OF THEIR NEWSPAPER—CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF JAMES STEPHENS—CAPTURE AND TRIALS OF THOMAS CLARKE LUBY, AND OTHER NOTED FENIANS, WITH THE EVENTS OF THE YEARS 1865 AND 1866.

It will be of great interest to follow the actions of the Fenian

leaders from the formation of the society up to the present day. A man of the name of Thomas Mooney, along with Thomas Clarke Luby kept up the agitation in Ireland during the first few years of the movement. The English government at this time obtained the assistance of an Irishman, who had joined the Fenians in America, his name was Pierce Nagle, afterwards employed in the *Irish People* newspaper office in Dublin. Believing that the scheme of insurrection was nearly ripe for action, he informed the authorities of the working of the Fenian movement, and warned them of the intended outbreak. In consequence of these disclosures, in the month of September, 1865, the Irish executive took steps to capture the leaders of the movement, and thus frustrate their intentions. The same day, the English authorities met in Dublin they issued warrants for the apprehension of several prominent persons in this secret order, and instructions were sent to the magistrates of Cork and Clonmel to take certain disaffected persons at once.

On the 15th day of September, after all preparations were completed, one party of police, went to the office of the *Irish People*, and another to the house of Thomas Clarke Luby. Troops were in readiness at the same time, if their services had been required, but there was no need for them, as the *Irish People* was seized, type, cases, presses and machinery, without any resistance being offered by those whom they found in the office. The persons found upon the premises were, James O'Connor, Cornelius O'Mahoney, Thomas Ashe, James Murphy, Shaun O'Leary and O'Donovan Rossa; all were taken to Newgate

prison. James Murphy urged the plea that he was an American citizen, and ought not to be imprisoned as the others were, but no notice was taken of his protest. The other party of constables, who went to Luby's house, watched it until they saw two men from the *Irish People* office, named O'Leary and Ryan, come towards it. They pounced upon these men and took them prisoner; and when the door was opened by Thomas Luby, they went in and also took him prisoner. On searching his house they seized a bullet-mould, a revolver, and a paper appointing O'Leary, Kickham and Luby, the executive committee of the Fenian Brotherhood in Ireland, during James Stephen's absence.

On the 16th of September, nearly twenty persons were seized in their beds, in the city of Cork and many in Clonmel, Killarney, Rathkeale, and several other places. More captures were effected in a few days. An officer in the American army, named Charles Underwood O'Connell was taken prisoner on landing at Queenstown, on his person they found papers which showed that he held a prominent position at the head-quarters of the Fenian Association; with two letters, introducing one Daly to Major-General Rosseau and Major Diffisy, 'Centre of Wolfe Tone Circle, commanding the 35th Indiana Volunteers,' as a man 'connected with the present movement to restore the Irish nationality, and several military passes granted to the said Daly by officers of the Federal Army for the intention of communicating with various regiments during the war.'

James Stephens was known to have returned to Ireland, and to be going from one place to another in different parts of the

country, enrolling members and spreading the principles of the Brotherhood, under assumed names to evade the vigilance of the police. He was what was called the head-centre of the Fenian organization in Ireland, being next in authority in the movement to John O'Mahony, his capture was a subject of great consequence to the British government; for some time he evaded the police detectives. Many large amounts of money were sent to him from America, and he had had communication with Luby and others since his capture and imprisonment in Richmond Jail, through the aid of a solicitor, named Nolan. There was a house in a village near Dublin, named Fairfield House, which had been tenanted since the month of July by a person of the name of Herbert, but who was supposed to be no other than the Fenian leader whom the police were in want of. The chief-constable of the district, Colonel Lake, with thirty police, armed, got round the house between five and six o'clock in the morning; Stephens offered no resistance to his arrest. Brophy, Duffy, Kickham, and two other persons, whose names were not known, were seized in bed, and the house, which was handsomely furnished, subjected to a close search. Four pistols were taken, and also several criminal letters, which were in the writing of John O'Mahony, and a considerable sum of money. All the prisoners had a large amount of money on them.

In a day or two after Stephens was apprehended two detectives were shot when they were entering the Police-office, both being severely wounded. The perpetrators of the crime have never been found out. There was an absence of ex-

citement in Dublin, which, no doubt, was owing to the Fenians and the well-affected people having confidence, the former in their organization, and the latter in the government being well able to cope with the difficulty. Great sensation was displayed on the 26th of November, 1865, by the news that Stephens had escaped from prison during the previous night. The government at once offered a £1000 for his recapture, but that was never effected. At an investigation of the mystery only the testimony of a prisoner was given that he heard footsteps coming up the stairs about one o'clock; then a key was turned and he heard two persons descending the stairs. The inquiry showed great negligence on the part of the prison authorities, and the governor was suspended for some time, and Byrne, the watchman, who belonged to the Fenian organization, was put into prison. Stephens reached France and went from thence to America. He met in France a general Cluseret, who afterwards held the office of minister-of-war during the short reign of the commune. In an interview Cluseret informed Stephens that in three months if he could bring into the field 10,000 armed Irish rebels he would be able to seize and hold all the ports and communications, and that only an able commander was required to make the movement successful, 'Raise me ten thousand,' said he, 'and I will command them.'

The leaders of the Fenian movement who were apprehended were Kickham, O'Donovan Rossa, O'Leary and Luby; who were each tried separately, and the men of inferior grade in batches, the judges proceeded from Dublin to Cork, and then returned to the former city, where they conducted

the trials, which lasted until the year following. The evidence of the informer Nagle, with the documents seized were sufficient to convict the accused; Kickham, O'Leary, and Luby were sentenced to twenty years penal servitude, O'Donovan Rossa, (against whom there had been two convictions before) to penal servitude for life, and O'Connell to ten years.

When James Stephens returned to New York, he was charged by the Brotherhood with being a traitor; it being alleged that he had betrayed their cause to the government, and by that means had been able to effect his escape. The collapse of the conspiracy, and the disproportionate results for the large amount of money spent, tended at the time to make the brethren of the movement jealous and dissatisfied with the conduct of their leaders. A committee of inspection met at New York to examine the accounts of the association and report, when the following resolution was passed:—

'After a careful examination of the affairs of the Brotherhood, your committee finds in almost every instance the cause of Ireland made subservient to individual gain; men who were lauded as patriots sought every opportunity to plunder the treasury of the Brotherhood, but legalized their attacks by securing the endorsement of John O'Mahony. . . . In John O'Mahony's integrity the confidence of the Brotherhood was boundless, and the betrayal of that confidence, whether through incapacity or premeditation, is not for us to determine. . . . Never in the history of the Irish people did they repose so much confidence in their leaders; never before were they so basely deceived and treacherously dealt with. In fact, the Moffat Mansion was not only an alms-house for pauper officials and hungry adventurers, but a general telegraph-office for the Canadian authorities and Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister at Washington. These paid patriots and professional martyrs, not satisfied with emptying our treasury, connived at posting the English authorities in advance of our movements.'

The expenditure during the three months preceding the date of enquiry had been one hundred and four thousand dollars, and a sum even larger than that had been sent to Stephens, when he was in Paris, yet there remained in the Treasurer's hands one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars.

We will now trace the history of the trials which took place in Ireland, just after James Stephen's escape; with a sketch of the lives of each of the following men, Thomas Luby, John O'Leary, Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, and Charles Joseph Kickham. On Monday, November 27th, 1865, the state trials began before a special commission in the Court House, Green Street. Justice Fitzgerald and Justice Keogh were the judges. Thomas Clarke Luby was the first that was tried on a charge of treason-felony. He stood up to the bar, a pale faced, sad looking man, about 40 years of age. In one of the galleries was his wife, daughter of Jean J. Fraser, with the wife of O'Donovan Rossa, and John O'Leary's sister.

There appeared to be no chance of escape for Thomas Clarke Luby, or his companions, the evidence of the informer Nagle, and that of the detectives was crushing and fatal to them all. Not all the eloquence of Mr. Butt, Luby's counsel, could save him, for the case was fully proved against him. The trial was concluded on the 1st day of December, 1865, with a verdict of guilty. The prisoner heard the fatal charge proved and pronounced against him with the greatest composure, and in reply to the question, whether he had anything to say why the sentence should not be pronounced.

he addressed the crowded court in the following words :—

'Well, my lords and gentlemen, I don't think any person present here is surprised at the verdict found against me. I have been prepared for this verdict ever since I was arrested, although I thought it my duty to fight the British government inch by inch. I felt I was sure to be found guilty, since the advisers of the Crown took what the Attorney-General was pleased the other day to call the 'merciful course.' I thought I might have a fair chance of escaping, so long as the capital charge was impending over me; but when they resolved on trying me under the Treason-Felony Act, I felt that I had not the smallest chance. I am somewhat embarrassed at the present moment as to what I should say under the circumstances. There are a great many things that I would wish to say; but knowing that there are other persons in the same situation with myself, and that I might allow myself to say something injudicious, which would peril their cases, I feel that my tongue is to a great degree tied. Notwithstanding, there are two or three points upon which I would say a few words. I have nothing to say to Judge Keogh's charge to the jury. He did not take up any of the topics that had been introduced to prejudice the case against me; for instance, he did not take this accusation of an intention to assassinate, attributed to my fellow-prisoners and myself. The Solicitor-General in his reply to Mr. Butt, referred to those topics. Barry was the first person who advanced those charges. I thought they were partially given up by the Attorney-General in his opening statement, at least they were put forward to you in a very modified form; but the learned Solicitor-General, in his very virulent speech, put forward those charges in a most aggravated manner. He sought even to exaggerate upon Barry's original statement. Now, with respect to those charges—in justice to my character—I must say that in this court, there is not a man more incapable of anything like massacre or assassination than I am. I really believe that the gentlemen who have shown so much ability in persecuting me, in the bottom of their hearts believe me incapable of an act of assassination or massacre. I don't see that there is the smallest amount of evidence to show that I ever maintained the notion of a massacre of landlords and priests. I forget whether the advisers of the crown said I intended the massacre of the Protestant clergymen.

Some of the writers of our enlightened press said that I did. Now, with respect to the charge of assassinating the landlords, the only thing that gives even the shadow of a colour to that charge is the letter signed—alleged to be signed—by O'Keefe. Now, assuming—but by no means admitting, of course—that the letter was written by O'Keefe, let me make a statement about it. I know the facts that I am about to state are of no practical utility to me now, at least with respect to the judges, I know it is of no practical utility to me, because I cannot give evidence on my own behalf, but it may be of practical utility to others with whom I wish to stand well. I believe my words will carry conviction—and carry much more conviction than any words of the legal advisers of the crown can—to more than 300,000 of the Irish race in Ireland, England, and America. Well, I deny absolutely, that I ever entertained any idea of assassinating the landlords, and the letter of O'Keefe—assuming it to be his letter—is the only evidence on the subject. My acquaintance with O'Keefe was of the slightest nature. I did not even know of his existence when the *Irish People* was started. He came after that paper was established a few months, to the office, and offered some articles—some were rejected, some we inserted, and I call the attention of the legal advisers of the Crown to this fact, that amongst the papers which they got, those that were O'Keefe's articles had many paragraphs scored out; in fact we put in no article of his without a great deal of what is technically called 'cutting down.' Now, that letter of his to me was simply a private document. It contained the mere private views of the writer; and I pledge this to the court as a man of honour—and I believe in spite of the position in which I stand, amongst my countrymen I am believed to be a man of honour, and that if my life depended on it, I would not speak falsely about the thing—when I read that letter, and the first to whom I gave it was my wife, I remember we read it with fits of laughter at its ridiculous ideas. My wife at the moment said—'Had I not better burn the letter?' 'Oh, no,' I said, looking upon it as a most ridiculous thing, and never dreaming for a moment that such a document would have ever turned up against me, and produced the unpleasant consequences it has produced—I mean the imputation of assassination and massacre, which has given me a great deal more trouble than anything else in this case. That disposes—as far as I can at present dis-

pose of it—of the charge of wishing to assassinate the landlords. As to the charge of desiring to assassinate the priests, I deny it as being the most monstrous thing in the world. Why, surely, every one who read the articles in the paper would see that the plain doctrine laid down there was—to reverence the priests so long as they confined themselves to their sacerdotal functions; but when the priest descended to the arena of politics he became no more than any other man, and would just be regarded as any other man. If he was a man of ability and honesty of course he would get the respect that such men get in politics—if he was not a man of ability there would be no more thought of him than of a shoemaker or any one else. This is the teaching of the *Irish People* with regard to the priests. I believe the *Irish People* has done a great deal of good, even amongst those who do not believe in its revolutionary doctrines. I believe the revolutionary doctrines of the *Irish People* are good. I believe nothing can ever save Ireland except independence, and I believe that all other attempts to ameliorate the condition of Ireland are mere temporary expedients and make shifts—

Justice Keogh—‘I am very reluctant to interrupt you, Luby.’

Luby—‘Very well, my lord, I will leave that. I believe in this way the *Irish People* has done an immensity of good. It taught the people not to give up their right of private judgment in temporal matters to the clergy; that while they revered the clergy upon the altar, they should not give up their consciences in secular matters to the clergy. I believe that is good. Others may differ from me. No set of men I believe ever set themselves earnestly to any work, but they did good in some shape or form.’

Judge Keogh—‘I am most reluctant, Luby, to interrupt you, but do you think you should pursue this?’

Luby—‘Very well, I will not. I think that disposes of those things. I don’t care to say much about myself. It would be rather beneath me. Perhaps some persons who know me would say I should not have touched upon the assassination charge at all—that in fact I have rather shown weakness in attaching so much importance to it. But, with regard to the entire course of my life, and whether it be a mistaken course or not will be for every man’s individual judgment to decide—this I know, that no man ever loved Ireland more than I have done—no man has ever given up his whole being to

to the extent I have done. From the time I came to what has been called the years of discretion, my entire thought has been devoted to Ireland. I believed the course I pursued was right, others may take a different view. I believe the majority of my countrymen this minute, if, instead of my being tried before a petty jury, who, I suppose, are bound to find according to British law—if my guilt or innocence was to be tried by the higher standard of eternal right, and the case was put to all my countrymen—I believe this moment the majority of my countrymen would pronounce that I am not a criminal, but, that I have deserved well of my country. When the proceedings of this trial go forth into the world, people will say the cause of Ireland is not to be despaired of, that Ireland is not yet a lost country—that as long as there are men in any country prepared to expose themselves to every difficulty and danger in its service, prepared to brave captivity, even death itself if need be, that country cannot be lost. With these words I conclude.’

When he had finished speaking Chief Justice Keogh passed sentence upon him. His speech,’ said the judge, ‘was in every way a credit to him, but the bench could not in any way avoid coming to the conclusion, that with the exception of James Stephens he was the one person most deeply implicated in the conspiracy.’ He was then sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for twenty years. Luby felt no emotion, at least appeared not to do so, as he took an affectionate farewell look at his wife and friends, and stepped down from the dock to make way for the next prisoner, who was JOHN O’LEARY. He came to the front of the bar with a look of defiance on all the persons engaged in the proceedings, for O’Leary was of a haughty disposition; his father had suffered for his temerity in a previous Irish uprising.

John O’Leary first drew breath in the town of Tipperary, of parents in comfortable circumstances, and who, at their death,

bequeathed to their son property worth £200 a-year. He was educated in the study of medicine at Queen's College, Cork, and when he had finished those studies he spent some time in France, and then visited America, where he fell into company with the chief spirits in the Fenian movement, whose ranks he joined. After he got back to Ireland he went on giving assistance to the Fenian cause, with such help as he could render; when James Stephens visited Ireland and requested him to take a post of importance, that of chief editor of the Fenian newspaper, which was about to start in Dublin, he consented to do so. It was a dangerous position, but he did not shrink from attending to all the duties. In the columns of the *Irish People* he worked hard to defend and spread the principles of the Fenian movement, until the time of his capture, and the stoppage of that newspaper.

O'Leary's trial lasted from Friday, the 1st of December to Wednesday, the 6th of the same month, when it was finished with a verdict of *guilty*, and a sentence of twenty years penal servitude. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald remarked that no difference could be made in the degree of criminality in the case of the prisoner and that of the last convict. O'Leary, who seemed to be enduring much excitement, when asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, delivered the following speech:—

'I was not wholly unprepared for this verdict, because I felt that the government which could so safely pack the bench could not fail to make sure of its verdict.'

Justice Fitzgerald—'We are willing to hear anything in reason from you, but we cannot allow language of that kind to be used.'

O'Leary—'My friend Luby and I

wish to touch on this matter from a natural fear lest he should do any harm to the other political prisoners; but there can be but little fear of that now, for a jury has been found to convict me of this conspiracy upon the evidence. Luby admitted that he was technically guilty according to British law; but I say that it is only by the most torturing interpretation that these men could make out their case against me. With reference to this conspiracy there has been much misapprehension in Ireland, and serious misrepresentation. Mr. Justice Keogh said in his charge against Luby that men would always be found ready for money, or some other motive, to place themselves at the disposal of the government; but I think the men who have been generally bought in this way, who certainly made the best of the bargain, were agitators and not rebels. I have to say one word in reference to the foul charge upon which that miserable man, Barry, has made me responsible.'

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—'We cannot allow that tone of observation.'

O'Leary continued—'That man has charged me—I need not defend myself or my friends from the charge. I shall merely denounce the moral assassin. Mr. Justice Keogh the other day spoke of revolutions, and administered a lecture to Luby. He spoke of cattle being driven away, and of houses being burned down, that men would be killed, and so on. I would like to know if all that does not apply to war as well as to revolution? One word more and I shall have done. I have been found guilty of treason or treason-felony. Treason is a foul crime. The poet Dante consigned traitors to, I believe, the ninth circle of hell; but what kind of traitors? Traitors against king, against country, against friends and benefactors. England is not my country; I have betrayed no friends, no benefactor. Sidney and Emmet were legal traitors, Jeffreys was a loyal man, and so was Norbury. I leave the matter there.'

In one hour's time John O'Leary, dressed as a convict, his hair clipped and his beard shaved off, was placed in a cell in Montjoy prison, in which he began his long term of suffering in expiation of the offence of having tried to induce the people of Ireland to get self-government for their own country.

At the Cork summer assizes of the year 1859, a conviction was

given against JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA, for the part he took in the Phoenix conspiracy, and he was released with the understanding that if he should be found carrying on the same kind of practices, the crown would bring him up for judgment. In spite of this conviction hanging over him, ROSSA at once began his illegal actions in connection with the leaders of the Fenian movement. He travelled through Ireland to promote and advocate the claims of this organization; he also went to the United States for the same purpose; and when the *Irish People* newspaper was established he took the post of business manager in the office of that journal.

He was taken before the judges for trial soon after John O'Leary was removed from the dock; but on the representation being made that certain documents which he had not then with him were needful for his defence, he got a postponement of the trial for a few days. When again brought up for trial, he told the court that he meant to conduct his own defence; and he entered upon it at once. With fierceness he cross-questioned the witnesses, and often insulted the detectives, he interrogated the police, and debated with the lawyers; he argued with the judges, and fought with those who opposed him with great persistency. When the last witness had been removed from the dock he set to work with great zeal. He seized the publications that had been brought up as evidence against him, and claimed a right to read them all through. One of them was a file of the *Irish People* from its first commencement! Dismay sat on the faces of all the judges, and every one engaged in the trial, when the prisoner told them that as a compromise he

would not read through all the advertisements! The court could not deny that the prisoner was entitled to read, if not the whole, at any rate a great portion of the volume, and ROSSA forthwith applied himself to the task, selecting particularly those articles in which the political career of Lord Chief Justice Keogh was made the subject of any adversion. He read on, his lordship trying to look as indifferent as possible, while every word of the keen satire written against him by Luby and O'Leary was being launched at his heart. When that class of articles were exhausted, O'Donovan turned to the most treasonable and seditious papers he could find, and began reading them, but the judges interfered; he claimed to be allowed to read a certain article—the judge objected; he suggested that he would read another—that was objected to also; he tried another—Judge Keogh again objected; he commenced to read another—he was stopped; he tried another—down upon him was the Judge again; then another—and he fared no better. This kind of contest went on the whole of that day, till the time for adjournment came, and the prisoner began to feel weary and exhausted. Finding that the lights were renewed, and that the judges seemed ready to listen, he eagerly inquired if it was not time to adjourn until morning. 'Proceed, sir,' was the answer of the judge, who knew that his endurance was fast becoming exhausted. 'A regular Norbury!' cried O'Donovan. 'It is like a '98 trial.' 'You had better proceed, sir, with propriety,' exclaimed the judge. 'When do you purpose stopping, my lord?' inquired the prisoner. 'Proceed, sir,' was the answer. O'Donovan could stand it no longer. He

had been speaking and reading for eight hours and a half. With one finishing protest against the arrangement by which Judge Keogh was sent to try the cases of men who had spoken, written, and published such articles against him, he sat down and cried that 'English law might now take its course.'

The following day the jury brought in a verdict of *guilty*. The Attorney-General then addressed the court, and referred to the previous conviction against him. O'Donovan was asked what he had to say in reference to that part of the case, and his reply was that the government might add as much as they pleased to the length of his sentence on that account, if it was any satisfaction to them; and when the same kind of question was put to him with respect to the present charge, he replied in the following address:—

'With the fact that the government seized papers connected with my defence and examined them—with the fact that they packed the jury—with the fact that the government stated they would convict—with the fact that they sent Judge Keogh, a second Norbury, to try me—with these facts before me, it would be useless to say anything.'

At the close of this address Judge Keogh passed sentence on O'Donovan. 'The prisoner,' he said, 'had entertained those criminal designs since the year 1859; when O'Donovan broke in with the words that he was 'an Irishman since he was born.' The Judge said he 'would not waste words in trying to bring him to a sense of his guilt.' O'Donovan's answer was—'It would be useless for you to try it.' The Judge told him that his sentence was, that he be kept in penal servitude for the term of his natural life. 'All right, my lord,' cried O'Donovan,

and with a smile to his friends in court he stepped lightly from the dock.

CHARLES JOSEPH KICKHAM was born in the village of Mullinahone, county Tipperary, in the year 1825; his father was John Kickham, owner of a large drapery establishment in that place, and was highly esteemed for his patriotic spirit, intelligence, and integrity. In his boyhood young Kickham heard the Repealers advocate their interests and claims, and soon became versed in their arguments. He was soon imbued with their principles, which he had heard advanced in his father's shop amongst his acquaintances and friends. Early his sympathies were enlisted in the Young Ireland party, at the time when they seceded from the Repealers' Union. In the year 1848 he was the leading spirit of the Confederation Club in Mullinahone, which he was chiefly instrumental in forming; and after the failure of the rising at Ballingarry he was forced to hide himself, in consequence of the part he had taken in rousing the villagers to action. When the excitement had somewhat abated, he went to his father's house and followed his usual sports of hunting and fishing, as well as literary pursuits, for which he had a liking. At thirteen years of age an accident happened to him from some ignited gunpowder, which nearly proved fatal to him. He was a poet of no mean ability. A good many of his pieces were written to further the cause of Irish independence. His writings gained some popularity in England. Among other poems he wrote 'Patrick Sheehan,' 'Rory of the Hills,' and 'The Irish Peasant Girl.' He was one of the most amiable of men; being of the Catholic faith, to

which religion his family had given priests and nuns.

This was the man who was tried on the 5th of January, 1866, at Green street Court-house, after the return of the judges from Cork, the Commission was reopened in Dublin. His appearance was rather peculiar; he was a strong, tall, rough-bearded man; around his neck he wore an india-rubber tube, or ear-trumpet, through which it was necessary to shout any words meant for him to hear. His trial was a very short one, for on the refusal of the crown lawyers and judges to produce the convict Thomas Clarke Luby, whom he thought to be a most important witness for his defence, he directed his lawyers to give up the case, and was content to read to the court some remarks on the evidence which had been offered against him. The principle feature in this address was his denial of all knowledge of the 'executive document.' He told the court that he had never either heard or seen it until it turned up in connexion with these trials. In referring to one of the articles with the authorship of which he was charged, he said he wondered how any Irishman, taking into account what had happened in Ireland during the last eighty-four years, could object to say to the enemy, — 'Give us our country to ourselves and let us see what we can do with it.' Referring to news that government contemplated making some concessions to the Roman Catholic bishops, he said that concessions to Ireland had always been a result of Fenianism of one kind or another, and that he believed that the indication of the national spirit would have some weight as the former ones had, with the rulers of the country. Referring to the Irish land-owners,

the *Irish People*, he argued, had said nothing more than had been said by Thomas Davies, whose books every person admired.

Judge Keogh, before passing sentence, asked him if he had anything further to say in reference to this case. Charles Joseph Kickham replied briefly: —

'I believe, my Lords, I have said enough already. I will only add that I am convicted for doing nothing but my duty. I have endeavoured to serve Ireland, and now I am prepared to suffer for Ireland.'

The judge then, with words of sympathy for the prisoner, and many compliments in reference to his great intellectual attainments, sentenced him to penal servitude for fourteen years. Mr. John Lawless, his attorney, told him of the fact through his ear trumpet. Charles Joseph Kickham bowed to the judges, and went into confinement again.

On the 17th of December, 1865, the judges, with the crown lawyers and detectives, left Dublin for Cork, where there was another batch of prisoners to be tried. The city of Cork at this time was a very unsettled place, a sort of *focus* of insurrection. It would be hard to say whether Dublin or Cork supplied most prisoners at this time for trial. There was not a town in the whole of Ireland where the spirit of the Fenian movement was more widely spread or more deeply rooted than in Cork. In that city there was not the same English influence at work as there always is in the city of Dublin; where tradespeople are to some extent dependent upon the officials for a good part of their trade. Government always has looked upon a jury chosen from Cork with suspicion, and very justly so, because they are biased by Irish prejudice, and the influence of strong feeling from the

fact of a great many men in their neighbourhood having suffered in the past because of their lawlessness in various ways, both individually, and through agencies like the one we have now under consideration—the FENIAN CONSPIRACY.

On arriving at Cork city, the judges proceeded to the court-house, and at once opened the business of the Commission there. On the 18th of December, Charles Underwood O'Connell and John M'Afferty were put forward for trial. These men were Irish-Americans, and were looked up to by a great many of the peasants with great hope, for they had been soldiers in the civil war in America. They were a fair specimen of thousands of Irishmen who had emigrated to the United States, and were now prepared to make themselves conspirators in the *Irish row* which they attempted to raise in their native land through the agency of the Fenian organization. It was known to the government that many men like these had about this time arrived in the various steamers which continually landed them either at Queenstown, or some other part of Ireland, or at Liverpool. It was the work of the government at this time to capture as many of these men as they could, and when they placed Charles Underwood O'Connell and John M'Afferty in the dock, they had made a good beginning towards taking the most dangerous. Some of these men were born in America but were sons of Irish parents. M'Afferty was born in the state of Ohio, and had served in the army of the Southern States. O'Connell, had emigrated from Ireland a short time before, and had been in service under the flag of the Northern States. M'Afferty had

obtained in the Confederate army the commission of a captain. The proof of his birth in America saved him from suffering for the crime of which he was guilty at this time, and the trial of O'Connell was put off for a few days; and some other prisoners were brought before the Commission.

The names of these prisoners were Bryan Dillon and John Lynch. In personal physique and build two men could not present a greater contrast. Dillon had a curved spine which partially doubled his body, while Lynch was far-gone in consumption. The evidence given against the two prisoners was founded upon information obtained from an informer of the name of Warner, and it was very strong against both these misguided men, and quite conclusive to the minds of all unbiased persons present at the trial. There was no surprise expressed at the verdict of *Guilty* being found against them both. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him. Bryan Dillon replied:—

'My Lords,—I never was for one minute in Warner's company. What Warner swore about me was totally untrue. I never was at a meeting at Geary's house. The existence of the Fenian organization has been proved sufficiently to your lordship. I was a centre in that organization; but it does not follow that I had to take the chair at any meeting, as it was a military organization. I do not want to conceal anything. Warner had no connexion with me whatever. With respect to the observation of the Attorney-General, which pained me very much, that it was intended to seize property, it does not follow because of my social station that I intended to seize the property of others. My belief in the ultimate independence of Ireland is as fixed as my religious belief—

When he had gone so far in his speech Judge Keogh interrupted him; he said that they could not listen to a repetition of his of-

fence; and he sentenced him to ten years' penal servitude.

The same question was then put to Lynch, and he thus addressed the court :—

'I will say a very few words, my lords. I know it would be only a waste of public time if I entered into any explanations of my political opinions—opinions which I know are shared by the vast majority of my fellow-countrymen. Standing here as I do will be to them the surest proof of my sincerity and honesty. With reference to the statement of Warner, all I have to say is, and I say it honestly and solemnly, that I never attended a meeting at Geary's, that I never exercised with a rifle there, that I never learned the use of the rifle, nor did any of the other things he swore to. With respect to my opinions on British rule in this country—'

Justice Keogh—'We can't hear that.' The Prisoner—'All I have to say is, that I was not at Geary's house for four or five months before my arrest, so that Warner's statement is untrue. If, having served my country honestly and sincerely be treason, I am not ashamed of it. I am now prepared to receive any punishment British law can inflict on me.'

He was sentenced, like Dillon to ten years' penal servitude. In his state of health it meant transportation for life, as the fact proved, for he died in Woking prison on June 2nd, 1866.

JOHN DUGGAN was tried on the 19th of December, for having administered the Fenian oath to some soldiers. He was found *Guilty*, and when asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him; he said :—

'I do not state these things in order to change the sentence I am about to receive. I know your lordships' minds are made up on that. I state this merely to show what kind of tools the British government employ to procure those convictions. I have only to say, and I appeal to any intelligent man for his opinion, that the manner in which the jury list was made out for these trials clearly shows that in this country political trials are a mere mockery.'

The judge sentenced him to ten years' penal servitude.

CHARLES UNDERWOOD O'CONNELL's trial then took place, and it was finished on the 21st of December, with a verdict of *guilty*. When asked if he had anything to say, why sentence should not be passed upon him; he claimed that he was an American soldier, and ought to be treated different from the other prisoners; when Judge Keogh stopped him and made the following speech :—

'You, it appears, went to America; you entered yourself in the American army, thus violating, to a certain extent, your allegiance as a British subject. But that is not the offence you are charged with here to-day. You say you swore allegiance to the British Crown. From the moment a man is born in this country he owes allegiance, he is a subject.'

At the conclusion of this brief address the prisoner O'Connell was sentenced to ten years penal servitude. Two other cases were put off; the men not being allowed to obtain bail; and John M'Afferty and William Mackay, being aliens, bail was accepted for them, and Judge Keogh said, that if they were not in the country when called upon to be tried, they would not be produced against. The commission at Cork then closed.

The Fenians had lost a great deal of confidence, even amongst their own countrymen, and the persons in authority in that body in New York, determined to make some kind of bold move to restore, if possible, that confidence which would make them well thought of, and bring money to the funds. They thought that Canada was inclined to welcome an attempt at a rebellion—to throw off the rule of the mother country; and they therefore planned an attack. This raid took place on the 6th day of June, 1866, but was easily repulsed by the Canadian Volunteers.

Parliament aided the English

government at this time by suspending the *Habeas Corpus* act; arrests took place, and arms were seized in Limerick, Cork, and Dublin, as well as other places, and the steamers running between the American and Irish and English ports were well watched and guarded. At Queens-town many Irishmen were arrested on their arrival from the United States. News came from that country that a great Fenian rising was to take place on the 24th of December, 1866, led on by James Stephens, every preparation was made to meet and check it; but the day passed off without anything of the kind taking place.

CHAPTER IX.

THREATENED ATTEMPT TO SEIZE CHESTER CASTLE—FENIAN RISING IN IRELAND—WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE AND TRIALS OF THE LEADERS OF THE ATTEMPTED REBELLION, AND OTHER EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1867.

The year 1867 was full of stirring events in Ireland, perhaps in no year have the Irish-Americans made themselves so conspicuous as in this one. As soon as the year opened the government were on the alert, and arrested many of the suspected Irish-Americans who had come over for the sole purpose of making trouble both for themselves and that unhappy country. The government officials were not able to capture the whole of these men, some of them escaped to England, and scattered themselves in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow and Leeds. The Fenian executive, as they were called, found out that Chester Castle was not very well guarded, there only being a half dozen soldiers there,

and knowing that it contained ten thousand rifles, and nearly one million cartridges, four thousand swords, and a large quantity of powder, an attack upon this place was resolved upon, and to them the attempt appeared as if it would be successful. At a meeting held by the Fenians in Liverpool, they resolved to adopt the following methods on the night of the 11th of February, 1867. First, by a rush upon the castle the few soldiers were to be overpowered, the arms and ammunition seized, the telegraph wires cut, the railway lines between Chester and the adjacent stations to be torn up, and then they were to make a rush on Holyhead and seize the mail steamer at the pier.

But just in the nick of time one of the Irish-American officers, who should have taken part in the attempt, told the authorities of the plan. He went to the chief-constable at Liverpool the day before the attempt was to have been made, told all he knew, and a large force of military were soon in readiness to meet them. During that day every train from Birkenhead and Crewe brought numbers of Irishmen to Chester, who walked about the place without any apparent object. About six o'clock that night it was reported that the Fenians were forming into columns on the road to the city; but no attack was made, and during the night the whole of the Irish left on foot in various numbers. So ended the rumour of the attack on Chester Castle.

On the 12th of February forty-seven men were captured on a steamer when it was on the point of sailing from Dublin to Liverpool. Three rifles were found on board, but it is supposed that many more had been thrown over-

board when the police came upon the scene. On the next day 800 Fenians surrounded the coast-guard station at Cahircreen, in county Kerry. They seized the arms, and shot a mounted policeman, and afterwards took his rifle and sword. On the 14th the rebels went to Killarney, but the next day, on the appearance of the troops, which were despatched from Cork, they escaped to the Toomies mountains through the gap of Dunloe. The soldiers followed, and dispersed them in all directions the next day, most of them avoiding being captured.

For several days these Irish-Americans continued to arrive; some were arrested, chiefly those who arrived in Queenstown and Dublin; and it was believed that the purposed capture of Chester Castle and the rising in Kerry county were some parts of an extensive outbreak which was planned by the Fenians in America; and might have been a source of great trouble but for the vigilance of the government at the time, and the non-appearance of the Fenian leaders.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th of March, was fixed upon by the Fenians as the time when they should attempt a rising in Dublin, Louth, Tipperary, Cork, Waterford, Clare, and Limerick. On Tuesday night they assembled in large numbers, with arms and ammunition, at an appointed place near Dublin, whence they intended to march to the capital. A body of 1,000 Fenians collected in Drúgheda; but these gatherings were put to flight by the armed constabulary. The same thing took place at Kilmallock, county Limerick; at Middleton and Castlemartyr, in the south; and in one or two villages around Clonmel and Tipperary.

The police stations were attacked by the Fenians; but the result everywhere was that they were compelled to take refuge in the mountains.

The Dublin contingents of the Fenian army were to assemble at Tallaght, a hamlet standing under the Dublin mountains. Various bodies were collected on Tuesday night at different points, from which, when all had mustered, they were to march to Tallaght-hill. The Fenians were noticed going to these points, which attracted the attention of the police, who had private information of intended movement. One of these bodies, about 500 strong, was observed in Temple-road, near Mil-town. The Scots Greys were sent to the place, but the Fenians had marched off. Similar assemblies were seen at Crumlin and elsewhere. The police of the Crumlin station continued patrolling during the night, and discovered large numbers of pikes, military belts, and quantities of ammunition, which the Fenians had thrown away. About two o'clock in the morning Lord Straithnairn, in command of a military force, passed through Crumlin in pursuit of the Fenians, who intended mustering on the Green Hills. A battery of artillery was drawn up in front of Crumlin church, where they remained—Lord Straithnairn following up the Fenians to Tallaght. It being understood that they intended to intrench themselves at Tallaght and make a stand, a messenger was despatched to Crumlin for the artillery. At a later hour in the morning large numbers of those who had passed through the village some hours previously returned, and were stopped on the road and closely searched. Those found with arms in their possession, or

had been seen throwing them away, were arrested and brought to Kilmainham.

The constabulary police-station at Tallaght was occupied by fourteen men, under Sub-Inspector Dominick F. Burke. A little before midnight the sub-inspector, with two constables, was coming from Rathfarnham to the Tallaght station, when he met about forty Fenians in charge of a cartload of ammunition. They were stopped by Sub-Inspector Burke, who called on them to surrender. The leader of the band made a blow with a sword at one of the policemen, who, with his sword-bayonet fixed on his rifle, warded off the blow and stabbed his assailant in the abdomen. The Fenians retreated, leaving behind the ammunition. A second party which the police force at Tallaght encountered came up by the Green-Hills-road. They numbered some hundreds. Sub-Inspector Burke called on the Fenians to surrender. Only three shots were fired by the Fenians. The police returned the fire, and immediately the undisciplined band commenced a retreat. A third party came up the Roundtown-road, and were also met by Mr. Burke and his body of police. This was the most numerous, and consisted of about 1,000 men. The demand for surrender having been made, the leader of the band cried, 'Now boys, now!' and immediately a discharge of about eighty guns took place, but without injury to the police, who instantly returned the fire, killing one man and wounded another in the thigh. The whole party took to flight, but the police succeeded in taking sixty-five prisoners.

While this was being done at Tallaght, another body of some 300 Fenians assembled at Dun-

drum, a village five miles from Dublin, and attacked the police-station at Stepaside, a hamlet close by, then occupied by five constables—who, bound with their own handcuffs, were marched off 'prisoners of war.' The Fenians took from them their cutlasses and revolvers, which were handed to those who were unharmed. Four other constables of the Dublin police had previously been made prisoners by the same party at Dohnybrook. They proceeded next to Glencullen, where the police-station was held by constable O'Brien and four men. The Fenians called on the constabulary to surrender, placing their prisoners in front and declaring that if resistance were made they should be shot. This party also surrendered and were disarmed.

By this time the alarm had been given to the military. At an early hour the troops arrived, under the command of Lord Strathnairn, and pursued a body of the Fenians who had succeeded in making their way to the mountains. 208 prisoners were marched into Dublin on the Wednesday from Tallaght.

The town of Drogheda, twenty-three miles north of Dublin, was disturbed on the same night by a Fenian gathering no less formidable than that at Tallaght. About one o'clock in the morning a number of men, estimated at 1,000, silently collected in the Market House-square, under the orders of a person styled Colonel Leonard, who was an officer in the Federal American army. There was no military force at Drogheda; but there were police, who promptly did their duty. Captain Robert Gardiner and Head Constable Coghlan, with twenty-five of their men, armed with rifles and sword-bayonets, at once marched into

Market House-square. They found that the Fenians had withdrawn to an open square at the rear, known as the Potato Market. On finding they were surprised, some shots were fired at the police, who returned a regular volley. Immediately after the firing the whole Fenian party fled, leaving a quantity of ammunition.

In the southern counties of Ireland there was a preconcerted Fenian rising on the Tuesday night. At Middleton, near Cork, fifty of the insurgents mustered on the fair green and marched through the town in military order. At the end of the town they were met by an armed police patrol of four men. The Fenian leader called on the patrol to surrender, and the demand was followed up by a volley, by which one of the four constables was wounded. The other constables returned the fire and made their escape into an adjoining house, whence they afterwards regained the police barrack. The Fenians marched from Middleton to Castlemartyr. On the route they were joined by several parties of armed men, and arrived in Castlemartyr with a force of about 200 strong. Timothy Daly, the Fenian leader, drew up his men in front of the police barrack, which had been closed and barricaded, and called on its occupants to surrender. The policemen, who did not exceed six or seven in number, replied with a well-directed fire, killing Daly and wounding several of his band. The remainder then retired in the direction of Killeagh, to which place small parties of men were seen making their way during the night.

At Kilmallock, a town between Limerick and Cork, the police barrack was held by Head-Constable Adams and fourteen men.

It was attacked by the Fenians, 200 in number, at six o'clock on the Wednesday morning. The enemy were led by a 'Colonel Dunne,' who wore a green uniform and a hat with a white feather.

This party of Fenians had been assembled some hours before in the streets of the town, and had called at the houses of several gentlemen, demanding arms. The leader, Dunne, called at the house of Mr. John Bourne, manager of the Union Bank, and ordered him to give up a gun which he possessed. Mr. Bourne, standing at his own door, refused to give it up, and Dunne then shot him through the neck with a revolver. Mr. Bourne fell, so dangerously wounded that his life was at first despaired of. A medical student, Mr. Michael Cleary, was called in to attend him, and did so until the arrival of Dr. Morgan O'Connell. Unhappily, Mr. Cleary was destined himself to fall a victim to his professional duty a few hours later, being killed by a stray shot during the conflict around the police station, as he was returning from Mr. Bourne's house.

The police constables, under Mr. Adams, remaining in the barrack, had awaited the expected attack, not thinking themselves strong enough to sally out and disperse the insurgents. The Fenians came up, and having taken cover behind the wall around the building, so as to shelter themselves from the rifles of the police, began to fire at all the windows, after first making an unsuccessful attempt to burn the door. Only two or three of the Fenians were hit, and none of the police, the latter firing about twenty rounds each man. At nine o'clock Mr. Adams and his brave comrades were relieved by the arrival of a second party of constables, who

came from Kilfinnane under Sub-Inspector Milling. This party took the Fenians in flank. Mr. Adams now opened the door of the barrack, and joining Milling's party, dashed into the road in pursuit of the retreating Fenians. For some little time longer the two bodies skirmished in the street, and then the insurgents broke and ran in disorder, pursued by the police. Two of the Fenians lay dead in the street. The second in command of the insurgents, Patrick Walsh, was captured. He had received a wound in the thigh. About thirty prisoners were made, of whom several were slightly wounded. Dunne escaped, riding off on a horse which he had stolen. He is a native of Charleville, and was arrested a year ago, but released on promising to leave the country. He is supposed to have served as a captain in the American army.

In twenty-four hours after the flag of revolt had been unfurled, the Fenian rising of 1867 was at an end.

After the rising was quelled, the police scoured the country to capture all the rebels that they possibly could; but they were most active in trying to apprehend those Irish-Americans who had led on the men at the various places where the rising had been in operation. In Tipperary Thomas F. Burke was the leading spirit. He left America at the close of 1866, for the purpose of aiding in the Fenian rising. He was born at Fothard, in Tipperary, on the 10th of December, 1840, and went to America when he was twelve years old. His father was a house-painter. When the American civil war broke out he joined the army of the Southern States, and served under General Patrick Cleburne, who died in his arms; he

fought alongside of John Mitchell. When the war was over, he was made Brevet-General, but his health was shattered and he had a broken limb. In June 1865, he joined the Fenians in New York.

He arrived in February, 1867, at Clonmel, when he was taken prisoner on suspicion, but was discharged, his plea being that he had come to Ireland for the benefit of his health. On the night of the 5th of March, in the same year, he placed himself at the head of the Fenians that met in the district near Tipperary, but he soon saw the foolishness of trying to get up a revolution with the few men who flocked around him. At night, on March 6th, his men were attacked by a party of soldiers from Ballyhurst Fort, Burke saw that resistance was useless, and told his followers to retreat, an order which they obeyed. He was thrown off his horse and arrested. He was at once taken to Tipperary Jail, and brought to trial on the 24th of April, in the Green Street Court-house, Dublin. He was found guilty of high-treason, and sentenced to death in the usual manner. The following speech was spoken after his conviction:—

'My lords—It is not my intention to occupy much of your time in answering the question—what I have to say why sentence should not be passed upon me? But I may, with your permission review a little of the evidence that has been brought against me. The first evidence that I would speak of is that of Sub-Inspector Kelly, who had a conversation with me in Clonmel. He states that he asked me either how was my friend, or what about my friend, Stephens, and that I made answer and said, that he was the most idolised man that ever had been, or that ever would be in America. Here, standing on the brink of my grave, and in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God, I brand that as being the foulest perjury that ever man gave utterance to. In any conversation that occurred the name of Stephens was not mentioned.

I shall pass from that, and then touch on the evidence of Brutt. He states that I assisted in distributing the bread to the parties in the fort, and that I stood with him in the waggon or cart. This is also false. I was not in the fort at the time: I was not there when the bread was distributed. I came in afterwards. Both of these assertions have been made and submitted to the men in whose hands my life rested, as evidence made on oath by these men—made solely and purely for the purpose of giving my body to an untimely grave. There are many points, my lords, that have been sworn to here to prove my complicity in a great many acts it has been alleged I took part in. It is not my desire now, my lords, to give utterance to one word against the verdict which has been pronounced upon me. But fully conscious of my honour as a man, which has never been impugned, fully conscious that I can go into my grave with a name and character unsullied, I can only say that these parties, actuated by a desire either of their own aggrandisement, or to save their paltry miserable lives, have pandered the appetite, if I may so speak, of justice, and my life shall pay the forfeit. Fully convinced and satisfied of the righteousness of my every act in connection with the late revolutionary movement in Ireland, I know nothing to recall—nothing that I would not do again, nothing for which I should feel a blush of shame mantling my brow; my conduct and career, both here as a private citizen, and in America—if you like—as a soldier, are before you; and even in this, my hour of trial, I feel the consciousness of having lived an honest man, and I will die proudly, believing that if I have given my life to give freedom and liberty to the land of my birth, I have done only that which every Irishman, and every man whose soul throbs with a feeling of liberty should do. I, my lords, shall scarcely—I feel I should not at all—mention the name of Massey. I feel I should not pollute my lips with the name of that traitor, whose illegitimacy has been proved here—a man whose name even is not known, and who, I deny point blank, ever wore the star of a colonel in the Confederate army. Him I shall let rest. I shall pass him, wishing him, in the words of the poet:—

May the grass wither from his feet;
The woods deny him shelter; earth a home;

The dust a grave; the sun his light;
And heaven its God!

Let Massey remember from this day forth that he carries with him, as my

table and eloquent counsel (Mr. Dowse) has stated, a serpent that will gnaw his conscience, will carry about with him in his breast a living hell from which he can never be separated. I, my lords, have no desire for the name of a martyr; I seek not the death of a martyr; but if it is the will of the Almighty and Omnipotent God that my devotion for the land of my birth shall be tested on the scaffold, I am willing there to die in defence of the right of men to free government—the right of an oppressed people to throw off the yoke of thralldom. I am an Irishman by birth, an American by adoption; by nature a lover of freedom—an enemy to the power that holds my native land in the bonds of tyranny. It has so often been admitted that the oppressed have a right to throw off the yoke of oppression, even by English statesmen, that I do not deem it necessary to advert to the fact in a British court of Justice. Ireland's children are not, never were, and never will be, willing or submissive, slaves; and so long as England's flag covers one inch of Irish soil, just so long will they believe it to be a divine right to conspire, imagine, and devise means to hurl it from power, and to erect in its stead the God-like structure of self-government. I shall now, my lords, before I go any further, perform one important duty to my learned, talented, and eloquent counsel. I offer them that which is poor enough, the thanks, the sincere and heartfelt thanks of an honest man. I offer them, too, in the name of America, the thanks of the Irish people. I know that I am here without a relative—without a friend—in fact, 3,000 miles away from my family. But I know that I am not forgotten there. The great and generous Irish heart of America to-day feels for me—to-day sympathises with and does not forget the man who is willing to tread the scaffold—aye, defiantly—proudly, conscious of no wrong—in defence of American principles—in defence of liberty. To Messrs. Butt, Dowse, O'Loughlin, and all the counsel for the prisoners, for some of whom I believe Mr. Curran will appear, and my very able solicitor, Mr. Lawless, I return individually and collectively, my sincere and heartfelt thanks.

'I shall now, my lords, as no doubt you will suggest to me, think of the propriety of turning my attention to the world beyond the grave. I shall now look only to that home where sorrows are at an end, where joy is eternal. I shall hope and pray that freedom may yet dawn on this poor down-trodden country. It is my hope, it is my prayer, and the last words that I shall ut-

ter will be a prayer to God for forgiveness, and a prayer for poor old Ireland. Now, my lords, in relation to the other man, Corridon, I will make a few remarks. Perhaps before I go on to Corridon, I should say much has been spoken on that table of Colonel Kelly, and of the meetings held at his lodgings in London. I desire to state, I never knew where Colonel Kelly's lodgings were. I never knew where he lived in London, till I heard the informer, Massey, announce it on the table. I never attended a meeting at Colonel Kelly's; and the hundred other statements that have been made about him, I now solemnly declare on my honour as a man—as a dying man—these statements have been totally unfounded and false from beginning to end. In relation to the small paper that was introduced here, and brought against me as evidence, as having been found on my person in connexion with that oath, I desire to say that that paper was not found on my person. I knew no person whose name was on that paper. O'Beirne, of Dublin, or those other delegates you heard of, I never saw or met. That paper has been put in there for some purpose. I can swear positively it is not in my handwriting. I can also swear I never saw it; yet it is used as evidence against me. Is this justice? Is this right? Is this manly? I am willing, if I have transgressed the laws, to suffer the penalty, but I object to this system of trumping up a case to take away the life of a human being. True, I ask for no mercy. I feel that, with my present emaciated frame and somewhat shattered constitution, it is better that my life should be brought to an end than that I should drag out a miserable existence in the prison dens of Portland. Thus it is, my lords, I accept the verdict. Of course my acceptance of it is unnecessary, but I am satisfied with it. And now I shall close. True it is there are many feelings that actuate me at this moment. In fact, these few disconnected remarks can give no idea of what I desire to state to the court. I have ties to bind me to life and society as strong as any man in this court can have. I have a family I love as much as any man in this court loves his family. But I can remember the blessing I received from an aged mother's lips as I left her the last time. She, speaking as the Spartan mother did, said—"Go, my boy, return either with your shield or upon it." This reconciles me—this gives me heart. I submit to my doom; and I hope that God will forgive me my past sins. I hope also, that inasmuch as He has for seven hundred years preserved Ireland,

notwithstanding all the tyranny to which she has been subjected, as a separate and distinct nationality, He will also assist her to retrieve her fallen fortunes—to rise in her beauty and majesty, the Sister of Columbia, the peer of any nation in the world.

Thomas F. Burke's sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

Another troublesome spirit in the person of JOHN M'AFFERTY, came to Ireland in 1865, ostensibly to help his brethren in his native country, but really to add much to his country's troubles. In the civil war in America he belonged to Morgan's guerillas. On arriving at Queenstown, he was taken prisoner; when brought to trial in December at Cork, it was discovered he was an American subject, and he was discharged. He went to America when he was liberated, but returned in 1866. It was he who planned the intended capture of Chester castle. He was captured on the 23rd of February in Dublin harbour. He was put into the dock at Green street Court-house on May 1st, and on Monday the 6th, he was found guilty by the jury. In the court of appeal the question whether the prisoner could be held legally responsible for the events of the Fenian rising which took place on March 5th, was raised. Their lordships gave judgment against him on May 18th, and on the 20th he was brought up for sentence, when he made the following speech:—

'My lords,—I have nothing to say that can, at this advanced stage of the trial, ward off the sentence of death, for I might as well hurl my complaint (if I had one) at the orange trees of the sunny south, or the tall pine trees of the bleak north, as now to speak to the question why sentence of death should not be passed upon me according to the law of the land; but I do protest loudly against the injustice of that sentence. I have been brought to trial upon a charge of high treason against the go-

vernment of Great Britain, and guilt has been brought home to me upon the evidence of one witness, and that witness a perjured informer. I deny distinctly that there have been two witnesses to prove the overt act of treason against me. I grant that there has been a cloud of circumstantial evidence to show my connection (if I may please to use that word) with the Irish people in their attempt for Irish independence, and I claim that as an American and as an alien, I have a reason and a right to sympathize with the Irish people or any other people who may please to revolt against that form of government by which they believe they are governed tyrannically. England sympathized with America. She not only sympathized, but she gave her support to both parties; but who ever heard of an Englishman having been arrested by the United States government for having given his support to the Confederate States of America and placed on his trial for high treason against the government? No such case ever has been. I do not deny that I have sympathized with the Irish people—I loved Ireland—I love the Irish people. And, if I were free to-morrow, and the Irish people were to take the field for independence, my sympathy would be with them; I would join them if they had any prospect whatever of independence, but I would not give my sanction to the useless effusion of blood, however done; and I state distinctly that I had nothing whatever to do, directly or indirectly, with the movement that took place in the county of Dublin. I make that statement on the brink of my grave. Again, I claim that I have a right to be discharged of the charge against me by the language of the law by which I have been tried. That law states that you must have two independent witnesses to prove the overt act against the prisoner. That is the only complaint I have to make, and I make that aloud. I find no fault with the jury, no complaint against the judges. I have been tried and found guilty. I am perfectly satisfied that I will go to my grave. I will go to my grave like a gentleman and a christian, although I regret that I should be cut off at this stage of my life—still many a noble Irishman fell in defence of the rights of my southern clime. I do not wish to make any flowery speech to win sympathy in the court of justice. Without any further remarks I will now accept the sentence of the court.

The prisoner was sentenced to death in the usual form by Justice

Fitzgerald, fixing the execution for the 12th of June. He heard the sentence without emotion, and then spoke as follows:—

‘I will accept my sentence as becomes a gentleman and a christian. I have but one request to ask of the tribunal, and that is that after the execution of the sentence my remains shall be turned over to Mr. Lawless to be by him interred in consecrated ground as quietly as he possibly can. I have now, previously to leaving the dock, once more to return my grateful and sincere thanks to Mr. Butt, the star of the Irish bar, for his able and devoted defence on behalf of me and my friends. Mr. Butt, I thank you. I also return the same token of esteem to Mr. Dowse, for the kind and feeling manner in which he alluded to the scenes in my former life. These kind allusions recall to my mind many moments—some bright, beautiful, and glorious—and yet some sad recollections arise of generous hopes that floated o’er me, and now sink beyond the grave. Mr. Butt, please convey to Mr. Dowse my grateful and sincere thanks. Mr. Lawless, I also return you my thanks for your many acts of kindness—I can do no more.’

His sentence was commuted, and he was doomed to penal servitude for life.

On June 13th, three men named Edward Duffy, John Cody, and John Flood, were tried and found guilty. When asked what they had to say why sentence should not be passed on them; Cody denied that he was chairman of an assassination committee. Flood said that the evidence which had been brought forward was not true. ‘My lords,’ said he, ‘if to love my country more than my life makes me a wretched man, then I am a very wretched man indeed.’ Edward Duffy, who was much worn with consumption, looked as if he was unable to make any remarks, roused himself to do so. He was captured with James Stephens in Fairfield House, in November, 1865, but was let off because of the state of health. He was taken again on the 11th of March, 1867, and the government would not

again loose their hold upon him. The following is the speech he made in the court :—

'The Attorney-General has made a wanton attack on me, but I leave my countrymen to judge between us. There is no political act of mine that I in the least regret. I have laboured earnestly and sincerely in my country's cause, and I have been actuated throughout by a strong sense of duty. I believe that a man's duty to his country is part of his duty to God; for it is He who implants the feeling of patriotism in the human breast. He, the great searcher of hearts, knows that I have been actuated by no mean or paltry ambition—that I have never worked for any selfish end. For the late outbreak I am not responsible; I did all in my power to prevent it, for I knew that, circumstanced as we then were, it would be a failure. It has been stated in the course of those trials that Stephens was for peace. This is a mistake. It may be well that it should not go uncontradicted. It is but too well known in Ireland that he sent numbers of men over here to fight, promising to be with them when the time would come. The time did come, but not Mr. Stephens. He remained in France to visit the Paris exhibition. It may be a very pleasant sight, but I would not be in his place now. He is a lost man—lost to honour, lost to country. There are a few things I would wish to say relative to the evidence given against me at my trial, but I would ask your lordships to give me permission to say them after sentence. I have a reason for asking to be allowed to say them after sentence has been passed.'

The Chief Justice—'That is not the usual practice. Not being tried for life, it is doubtful to me whether you have a right to speak at all. What you are asked to say is why sentence should not be passed upon you, and whatever you have to say you must say now.'

'Then, if I must say it now, I declare it before my God that what Kelly swore against me on the table is not true. I saw him in Enniscrogen, but that I ever spoke to him on any political subject I declare to heaven I never did. I knew him from a child in that little town, herding with the lowest and vilest. Is it to be supposed I'd put my liberty into the hands of such a character? I never did it. The next witness is Corridon. He swore that at the meeting he referred to I gave him directions to go to Kerry to find O'Connor, and put himself in communication with him. I declare to my God every word of that is

false. Whether O'Connor was in the country or whether he had made his escape, I know just as little as your lordships; and I never heard of the Kerry rising until I saw it in the public papers. As to my giving the American officers money that night, before my God, on the verge of my grave, where my sentence will send me, I say that also is false. As to the writing that the policeman swore to in that book, and which is not a prayer-book, but the 'Imitation of Christ,' given to me by a lady to whom I served my time, what was written in that book was written by another young man in her employment. This is his writing, not mine. It is the writing of a young man in the house, and I never wrote a line of it.'

The Lord Chief Justice—'It was not sworn to be in your handwriting.'

'Yes, my lord, it was. The policeman swore it was in my handwriting.'

The Lord Chief Justice—'That is a mistake. It was said to be like yours.'

'The dream of my life has been that I might be fighting for Ireland. The jury have doomed me to a more painful but not less glorious death. I now bid farewell to my friends and all who are dear to me.'

'There is a world where souls are free, Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss; If death that bright world's opening be, Oh, who would live a slave in this. I am proud to be thought worthy of suffering for my country; when I am lying in my lonely cell I will not forget Ireland, and my last prayer will be that the God of liberty may give her strength to shake off her chains.'

Duffy and Flood were sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude each, and Cody to penal servitude for life. Duffy died on the 17th of January, 1868, his friends removed the corpse to Dublin, and he was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery.

JOHN M'CLURE was born at Dobb's Ferry, in America, on the 17th of July, 1846, of Irish parents. He joined the army of the Northern States, and obtained the rank of captain. He took part in the Fenian rising of March 5th, and was busy in the attack and capture of Knockadoon coast-guard station. Edward Kelly and he were taken prisoners by the soldiers at Killoonoy Wood, on the 31st of

March, after a skirmish. He was tried before the special commission on May 22nd and 23rd, 1867, at Cork. In the following language he spoke to the court:—

'My lords—In answer to the question as to why the sentence of the court should not now be passed upon me, I would desire to make a few remarks in relation to my late exertions in behalf of the suffering people of this country, in aiding them in their earnest endeavours to attain the independence of their native land. Although not born upon the soil of Ireland, my parents were, and from history; and tradition, and fireside relations, I became conversant with the country's history from my earliest childhood, and as the human race will ever possess those God-like qualities which inspire mankind with sympathy for the suffering, a desire to aid poor Ireland to rise from her moral degradation took possession of me. I do not now wish to say to what I assign the failure of that enterprise with which are associated my well-meant acts for this persecuted land. I feel fully satisfied of the righteousness of my every act in connection with the late revolutionary movement in this country, being actuated by a holy desire to assist in the emancipation of an enslaved and generous people. I derive more pleasure from having done the act than from any other event that has occurred to me during my eventful but youthful life. I wish it to be distinctly understood here, standing as I do perhaps on the brink of an early grave, that I am no filibuster or freebooter, and that I had no personal object or inclination to gain anything in coming to this country. I came solely through love of Ireland and sympathy for her people. If I have forfeited my life, I am ready to abide the issue. If my exertions on behalf of a distressed people be a crime, I am willing to pay the penalty, knowing, as I do, that what I have done was in behalf of a people whose cause is just; a people who will appreciate and honour a man, although he may not be a countryman of their own—until a man who is willing to suffer in defence of that divine, that American principle—the right of self-government. I would wish to tender to my learned and eloquent counsel, Mr. Heron and Mr. Waters, and to my solicitor, Mr. Collins, my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the able manner in which they have conducted my defence. And now, my lords, I trust I will meet in a becoming manner the penalty which it is now the duty of your lordship to pronounce upon me. I have nothing more to say.

Edward Kelly, the fellow prisoner of M'Clure on the same occasion spoke as follows:—

'My lords—The novelty of my situation will plead for any want of fluency on my part; and I beg your lordships' indulgence if I am unnecessarily tedious. I have to thank the gentlemen of the jury for their recommendation, which I know was well meant; but knowing, as I do, what that mercy will be, I heartily wish that recommendation will not be received. Why should I feel regret? What is death? The act of passing from this life into the next. I trust that God will pardon me my sins, and that I will have no cause to fear entering into the presence of the ever-living and Most Merciful Father. I don't recollect if my life ever having done anything with a deliberately bad intention. In my late conduct I do not see anything for regret. Why then, I say, should I feel regret? I leave the dread of death to such wretches as Corridon and Massey—Corridon, a name once so suggestive of sweetness and peace, now the representative of a loathsome monster. If there be anything that can sink that man, Corridon, lower in the scales of degradation, it is—'

The Chief Justice—'We cannot listen to any imputation on persons who were examined as witnesses. Strictly speaking you are only to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you; at the same time we are very unwilling to hold a very strict hand, but we cannot allow imputations to be made on third persons, witnesses or others, who have come forward in this trial.'

Prisoner—'Well, my lord, I will answer as well as I can the question put to me. The Irish people through every generation ever since England has obtained a footing in Ireland, have protested against the occupation of our native soil by the English. Surely that is answer enough why sentence of death should not be passed upon me. In the part I have taken in the late insurrection, I feel conscious that I was doing right. Next to serving his Creator, I believe it is a man's solemn duty to serve his country. [Here the prisoner paused to suppress his emotion, which rendered his utterance very feeble, and continued]—my lords, I have nothing more to say, except to quote the words of the sacred psalmist, in which you will understand that I speak of my country as he speaks of his:—'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee: if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of

my joy. Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem: who say, raze, raze it, even to the foundation thereof. O daughter of Babylon, miserable: blessed be he who shall repay thee thy payment which thou hast paid us.' In conclusion, my lords, I wish to give my thanks to my attorney, Mr. Collins, for his untiring exertions, and also to my counsel, Mr. Heron, for his able defence, and to Mr. Waters.'

One of the principle persons who took part in the attack on Ballyknockane police-barracks on the 5th of March was William Mackay. This, and some other affairs in which this person took a part, made the authorities eager to apprehend him. News reached Cork on the 27th of December, 1867, that on the evening before the Fenians had entered the Martello tower at Foaty, on the north side of the Cork river, made the whole of the gunners prisoners, and carried away all the ammunition and arms that were in the fort. A month before—November 28th—the Fenians entered the shop of Mr. Richardson, gunmaker, Patrick-street, Cork, and took away 120 revolvers and 8 snider-rifles. On the 30th of December there entered the shop of Mr. Henry Allport, gunmaker, Patrick-street, Cork, eight men, without disguise, and drawing from their pockets a number of revolvers, held them in front of Mr. Allport and his two assistants, while five of the men robbed the shop of 72 revolvers of the newest make, and some rifles. As soon as they were gone Mr. Allport rushed to the police-station to give information of the robbery, but the men had left. The person who planned these robberies and attacks was William Mackay, who so far had successfully eluded the detectives; but he was taken at last. On the night of the 7th of February, 1868, he went into the grocery shop of

Mr. Cronin, in Market-street, Cork. He there called for a glass of lemonade, and commenced a conversation with some one in the shop. In a few moments a party of police-detectives entered the shop and commanded the door to be shut. Then the *melée* began. The men assembled attempted to escape, but they were seized by the detectives. One of them grappled with Mackay, and a struggle began in which they fell several times. This struggle lasted nearly twenty minutes.

'I'll take you,' said the policeman, as he drew from his pocket a revolver.

At the same time Mackay drew a revolver. In a moment there was firing of weapons. 'Good God! I'm shot!' cried Constable Carey, as he fell to the floor. Mackay had shot him in the leg, causing a serious wound. Several more policeman arrived at the scene by this time, and entering the shop, Mackay was over-powered, taken prisoner, and marched off to jail. A few days afterwards the wounded policeman died.

On the 10th of March, 1868, at the Spring Assizes in Cork, Mackay was put on his trial for 'Willful Murder.' Judge O'Hagan presided. The trial for murder failed, because of the probability being shown that Mackay's pistol went off in the struggle, without any intention to inflict bodily harm. But there was another charge upon which he was to be tried:—that of treason-felony; he being connected with the rising of the Brotherhood in March of the previous year. The second trial began on the 20th of March. On the second day it was concluded, and the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*, but recommended him to mercy.

This Irish-American, whose real name was Thomas Francis Lomasney, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1841, of Irish parents. In 1865 he landed in Ireland to assist in the Fenian insurrection which was to be attempted, according to the arrangements of that body in America. When he was called upon to say why the sentence should not be passed upon him, he delivered the following speech:—

‘My lord—What I said last evening I think calls for a little explanation. I then said I was fully satisfied with the verdict—that it was a fair and just one. I say so still, but I wish to state that I consider it only so in accordance with British law, and that it is not in accordance with my ideas of right and justice. I feel that with the strong evidence there was against me, according to British law, the jury could not, as conscientious men, do otherwise. I feel that. I thank them again for their recommendation to mercy, which, I have no doubt, was prompted by a good intention towards me, and a desire to mitigate what they considered would be a long and painful imprisonment. Still, I will say, with all respect that I feel the utmost indifference to it. I do so for this reason—I am now in that position that I must rely entirely upon the goodness of God, and I feel confident that He will so dispose events that I will not remain a prisoner so long as your lordship may be pleased to decree. The jury having now found me guilty, it only remains for your lordship to give effect to their verdict. The eloquence, the ability, the clear reasoning, and the really splendid arguments of my counsel failed, as I knew they would, to affect the jury. I feel, therefore, that with my poor talents it would be utterly vain and useless for me to attempt to stay the sentence which it now becomes your lordship’s duty to pronounce. I believe, my lord, from what I have seen of your lordship, and what I have heard of you, it will be to you a painful duty to inflict that sentence upon me. To one clinging so much to the world and its joys—to its fond ties and pleasant associations, as I naturally do, retirement into banishment is seldom—very seldom—welcome. Of that, however, I do not complain. But to any man whose heart glows with the warmest impulses and the most intense love of freedom; strongly attached to kind friends, af-

fectionate parents, loving brother and sisters, and a devotedly fond and loving wife, the contemplation of a long period of imprisonment must appear more terrible and appalling. To me, however, viewing it from a purely personal point of view, and considering the cause for which I am about to suffer, far from being dismayed—far from its discouraging me—it proves to me rather a source of joy and comfort. True, it is a position not to be sought—not to be looked for—it is one which, for many, very many reasons, there is no occasion for me now to explain; may be thought to involve disgrace or discredit. But, so far from viewing it in that light, I do not shrink from it, but accept it readily, feeling proud and glad that it affords me an opportunity of proving the sincerity of those soul-elevating principles of freedom which a good old patriotic father instilled into my mind from my earliest years, and which I still entertain with a strong love, whose fervour and intensity are second only to the sacred homage which we owe to God. If, having lost that freedom, I am to be deprived of all those blessings—those glad and joyous years I should have spent amongst loving friends—I shall not complain, I shall not murmur, but with calm resignation and cheerful expectation, I shall joyfully submit to God’s blessed will, feeling confident that He will open the strongly locked and barred doors of British prisons. Till that glad time arrives, it is consolation and reward enough for me to know that I have the fervent prayers, the sympathy and loving blessings of Ireland’s truly noble and generous people, and far easier, more soothing and more comforting to me will it be to go back to my cheerless cell, than it would be to live in glacial ease and luxury—a witness to the cruel sufferings and terrible miseries of this down-trodden people. Condemn me, then, my lord—condemn me to a felon’s doom. To-night I will sleep in a prison cell; to-morrow I will wear a convict’s dress; but to me it will be a far nobler garb than the richest dress of slavery. Coward slaves they be who think the countless sufferings and degradation of prison life disgraces a man. I do otherwise. It is as impossible to subdue the soul animated with freedom as it will be for England to crush the resolute will of this nation, determined as it is to be free, or perish in the attempt. According to British law, those acts proved against me—fairly proved against me I acknowledge—may be crimes but morally, in the eyes of freemen and the

sight of God, they are more ennobling than disgraceful. Shame is only a connexion with guilt. It is surely not a crime to obey God's law, or to assist our fellow-men to acquire those God-given rights which no men—no nation—can justly deprive them of. If love of freedom and a desire to extend its unspeakable blessings to all God's creatures, irrespective of race, creed, or colour, be a crime—if devotion to Ireland, and love of its faithful, its honest, its kindly people be a crime, then I say I proudly and gladly acknowledge my guilt. If it is a disgrace, all I can say is I glory in such shame and dishonour, and, with all respect for the court, I hold in thorough and utmost contempt the worst punishment that can be inflicted upon me, so far as it is intended to deprive me of this feeling, and degrade me in the eyes of my fellow-men. Oh, no, it is impossible, my lord; the freeman's soul can never be dismayed. England will most miserably fail if she expects, by force and oppression to crush out—to stamp out, as the *Times* exclaimed—the glorious longing for national life and independence which now fills the breasts of millions of Irishmen and which only requires a little patience and the opportunity to effect its purpose. Much has been said on these trials, on the objects and intentions of Fenianism. I feel confidently, my lord, as to my own motives. I shall not be guilty of egotism to say whether they are pure or otherwise. I shall leave that to others to judge. I am not qualified to judge that myself; but I know in my soul that the motives which prompted me were purely patriotic, and unselfish. I know the motives that actuate the most active members of the Fenian organization: and I know that very few persons, except such contemptible wretches as Corridon, have profited by their connexion with Fenianism. My best friends lost all they ever possessed by it. Talbot and Corridon, I believe, have sworn on previous trials that it was the intention of the Fenians to have divided the lands of Ireland amongst themselves in the event of success. Though an humble member of the organization, I have the honour and satisfaction of being acquainted with the great majority of the leaders of Fenianism on both sides of the Atlantic and I never knew one of them to have exhibited a desire other than to have the proud satisfaction of freeing Ireland which was the only reward they ever yearned for—the only object that ever animated them. As to myself I can truly say that I entered into this movement without any idea of personal ag-

grandisement. When, in 1865, I bade my loving friends and parents good-bye in America, and came to Ireland, I was fully satisfied with the thought that I was coming to assist in the liberation of an enslaved nation; and I knew that the greatest sacrifices must be endured on our parts before the country could be raised to that proud position which is so beautifully described by the national poets—

'Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea.'

Well, it was with that only wish, and that only desire, I came to Ireland, feeling that to realize it were to an honest man a greater reward than all the honours and riches and power this world could bestow. I cannot boast of learning, my lord; I have not had much opportunity of cultivating those talents with which Providence may have blessed me. Still I have read sufficient of the world's history to know that no people ever acquired their liberty without enormous sacrifices—without losing, always, I may say, some of the purest, bravest, and best of their children. Liberty, if worth possessing, is surely worth struggling and fighting for, and in this struggle—of which, although the crown-lawyers and the government of England think they have seen the end, but of which I tell them they have not yet seen the commencement—I feel that enormous sacrifices must be made. Therefore, my lord, looking straight before me now, I say I was determined and was quite ready to sacrifice my life if necessary to acquire that liberty; and I am not now going to be so mean spirited, so cowardly, or so contemptible, as to shrink from my portion of the general suffering. I am ready, then, for the sentence of the court, satisfied that I have acted right, confident that I have committed no wrong, outrage, or crime whatever, and that I have cast no disgrace upon my parents, my friends, upon my devoted wife, or upon myself. I am, with God's assistance, ready to meet my fate. I rest in the calm resignation of a man whose only ambition through life has been to benefit and free, not to injure, his fellow-men; and whose only desire this moment is to obtain their prayers and blessings. With the approval of my own conscience, above all hoping for the forgiveness of God for anything I may have done to displease Him, and relying upon His self-sustaining grace to enable me to bear any punishment, no matter how severe, so long as it is for glorious old Ireland. I had intended, my lord, to refer to my notes which I took at the trial; but I feel that

was so ably done by my counsel, it would be a mere waste of time for me to do so, but I just wish to make an explanation. Sir C. O'Loughlen made a statement—unintentionally I am sure it was on his part—which may or may not affect me. He said I sent a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant praying to be released from custody. I wish to say I sent no such thing. The facts of the matter are these:—I was liberated in this court because in reality the crown could not make out a case against me at the time; and as I could, at the same time, be kept in prison until the next assizes, I, on consultation with my friends and with my fellow-captive, Captain M'Aferty, consented, as soon as I should receive a remittance from my friends in America, to return there. On these conditions I was set at liberty, understanding, at the same time, that if found in the country by next assizes I would be brought up for trial. I did not want to give annoyance, and I said I would go to America. I honestly intended to do so then—not, however, as giving up my principles, but because I saw there was no hope of an immediate rising in Ireland. While agreeing to those conditions, I went to Dublin, and there met M'Aferty, and it was on that occasion I made the acquaintance of Corridon. I met him purely accidentally. He afterwards stated that he saw me in Liverpool, but he did not see me there. I went over with an object, and while there I was arrested by anticipation, before the *Habeas Corpus* Act was really suspended. I defy the government to prove I had any connexion with Fenianism from the time I was released from Cork jail until February, 1867. I was afterwards removed to Mountjoy prison, and, while there, Mr. West came to me and said he understood I was an American citizen, and asked why I did not make that known. I said I had a double reason—first, because I expected the crown would see they had broken their pledge with me in having me so soon arrested; and also that I expected my government would make a general demand for all its citizens. By Mr. West's desire I put that statement in writing; and I do not think that there is a word in it that can be construed into a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant. One of the directors of the prison came to me and asked me was I content to comply with the former conditions, and I said I was. I was liberated upon those conditions, and complied with them; but there was no condition whatever named that I was never to return to Ireland nor to fight for Irish independence. At that time I would sooner have re-

mained in prison than enter into any such compact. Now, with reference to Corridon's information. He states he met me in Liverpool after the rising, and I stated to him that somebody 'sold the pass' upon us—to use the Irish phrase. Now it is a strange thing, my lord, that he got some information that was true, and I really was in Liverpool, but not with the informer. The fact is, the month previous to that I knew, and so did M'Aferty, that Corridon had sold us. We left instructions at Liverpool to have him watched, but owing to circumstances it is needless now to refer to, that was not attended to, and he came afterwards to Ireland and passed as a Fenian, and the parties here, not knowing he had betrayed them, still believed in him. But I knew very well that Corridon had betrayed that Chester affair, and so did Captain M'Aferty; and if I had met him at that time in Liverpool I don't think it would be him I would inform of our plans. I only want to show, my lord, how easily an informer can concoct a scene. I never in my life attended that meeting that Corridon swore to. All his depositions with respect to me is false. I did meet him twice in Dublin, but not on the occasions he states. I wish to show how an informer can concoct a story that it will be entirely out of the power of the prisoner to contradict. With reference to the witness Curtin, whom I asked to have produced—and the crown did produce all the witnesses I asked for—your lordship seemed to be under the impression that I did not produce him because he might not be able to say I was not in his house that night. Now the fact is that, as my attorney learned the moment Mr. Curtin was brought to town he knew nothing whatever about the circumstance, as he was not in his own tavern that night at all. That was why I did not produce the evidence. But I solemnly declare I never was in Curtin's public-house in my life till last summer, when I went in with a friend on two or three occasions, and then the first time. That must have been in June or July, after the trials were over in Dublin. So that everything Corridon said in connection with my being there that night was absolutely false. I solemnly declare I was never there till some time last summer, when I went in under the circumstances I have stated. In conclusion, my lord, though it may not be exactly in accordance with the rules of the court, I wish to return your lordship my most sincere thanks for your fair and impartial conduct during this trial. If there was anything that was not impartial in it at all I consider it

was only in my favour, and not in favour of the crown. This I consider is the duty of a judge, and what every judge should do—because the prisoner is always on the weak side, and cannot say many things he would wish, while the crown, on the other hand, have all the power and influence that the law and a full exchequer can give them.* I must also return my sincere and heartfelt thanks to my able and distinguished counsel, who spoke so eloquently in my favour. As for Mr. Collins, I feel I can never sufficiently thank him. He served me on my trial at a great sacrifice of time and money, with noble zeal and devotion, such as might be more readily expected from a friend than a solicitor. There are many more I would like to thank individually, but as this may not be the proper time and place to do so, I can only thank all my friends from the bottom of my heart. I may mention the name at least of Mr. Joyce, who, in the jail, showed a great deal of kind feeling and attention. And now, my lord, as I have already stated, I am ready for my sentence, I feel rather out of place in this dock [the prisoner here smiled gently.] It is a place a man is very seldom placed in, and even if he is a good speaker he might be put out by the circumstance of having to utter his remarks from this place. But speaking at all is not my forte; and there are such emotions filling my breast at this moment that I may be pardoned for not saying all I would wish. My heart is filled with thoughts of kind friends—near at hand and far away—of father and mother, brothers and sisters, and my dear wife. Thoughts of these fill my breast at this moment, and check my utterance. But I will say to them that I am firmly convinced I will yet live to see, and that God will be graciously pleased in His own good time to order, the prosperity and freedom of this glorious country. I would only repeat the powerful, touching, and simple words of Michael Larkin, the martyr of Manchester, who, in parting from his friends, said, 'God be with you, Irishmen and Irishwomen,' and the burning words of my old friend Edward O'Mara Condon, which are now known throughout Ireland and the world, 'God save Ireland!' And I, too, would say, 'God be with you, Irishmen and woman! God save you! God bless Ireland! and God grant me strength to bear my task for Ireland as becomes a man. Farewell!' [A sound of some females sobbing was here heard in the gallery. Several ladies in court, too, visibly yielded to emotion at this point. Perceiving this the prisoner continued :—]

My lord, if I display any emotion at this moment, I trust it will not be construed into anything resembling a feeling of despair, for no such feeling animates me. I feel, as I have already said, confidence in God. I feel, that I will not be long in imprisonment; therefore I am just as ready to meet my fate now as I was six weeks ago, or as I was six months ago. I feel confident that there is a glorious future in store for Ireland, and that, with a little patience, a little organization, and a full trust in God on the part of the Irish people, they will be enabled to obtain it at no distant date.

When he had finished speaking the judge passed sentence upon him, which was, that he be kept in penal servitude for twelve years.

CHAPTER X.

MURDER OF POLICE SERGEANT CHARLES BRETT—LIVES, HISTORY, CAREERS, CAPTURE, SENTENCE AND EXECUTION OF THE MURDERERS :—WILLIAM PHILIP ALLEN, MICHAEL LARKIN, AND MICHAEL O'BRIEN, (ALIAS GOULD,) WITH OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE YEAR 1867.

THERE arrived in this country, and Ireland at various times, many of the Irish American officers of the American disbanded army, whose visit was looked upon with suspicion by the English government officials. Several were arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the Fenian movement. In many cases arms and treasonable documents were found upon these men, and they were either imprisoned or ordered at once to leave the country. On the 11th of September early in the morning, as two of the members of the Manchester police-force were walking up Oak Street, they saw two suspicious-looking men loitering along the street. They at once apprehended them, and lodged them in prison. The chief detective discovered that

these two men were important Fenian leaders, who had long been wanted. They were known in Fenian circles as Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy. On the 18th of September, they were brought before the magistrates, when the chief-detective requested a remand, that he might get more evidence to convict them, as they were persons of great consequence in the Fenian conspiracy. The prisoners were given into the care of Police-Sergeant Charles Brett, whose duty it was to carry them to the borough jail.

The arrest of these two men was felt to be a crushing blow to the failing cause of Fenianism, their re-capture was decided upon at their secret meeting. A large number of men were told off or volunteered to do this work. How the prisoners would be taken from the court to the borough-jail was well-known, and a daring attempt to release them was planned. The prison-van in which the prisoners would be driven to the jail was an ordinary long-box on wheels, dimly lighted inside by a grate at the door, and two ventilators at the top. There were small cells on each side, and a gang-way through the length of it, between the cells, and the custom was to lock each prisoner in a separate cell, while Sergeant Charles Brett sat near the door. The van was driven by another policeman, and a second policeman sat beside the driver on the box, the whole cortage consisted of three policemen, who carried no weapons, but their staffs.

Warning had been given to the authorities that an attempt to liberate the prisoners would be made, but they doubted the truth of the rumour. Kelly and Deasy were both handcuffed and locked in separate cells, while twelve

policemen were in attendance instead of three; five sat on the box, two were stationed on the step behind, and four followed behind in a cab; and one (Sergeant Brett) sat within the vehicle. There were six prisoners in the van, one a boy who was being conveyed to a reformatory; three were females, and Kelly and Deasy. Only the Fenians were handcuffed, a correct account of the murder and escape was published in the newspapers at the time which we here give as then reported:—

On Wednesday, the 18th day of September, 1867, about three o'clock the van was drawn up in front of the police court to remove all the prisoners to gaol, and amongst them the two Fenians. At this time the police noticed two men hanging about whom they suspected to be Fenians, and a policeman made a rush at one of them to arrest him, in which he succeeded, but not till the man had drawn a dagger and attempted to stab him, the blow being warded off. The other suspected person made his escape. In consequence of this Kelly and Deasey were put in irons before being taken to the van. When the van left the city, it had to proceed over Ardwick-green and along Hyde-road, a fine, open street leading to the gaol and nearly a mile in length. It was drawn by two horses, and was guarded behind by seven policemen. The van had proceeded about half a mile up this road, when, on passing under the viaduct which carries the London and North-Western Railway across, with an open field on the right, a volley of shots was fired at it. The policemen, not seeing where the shots came from, dropped off the van and spread themselves out wide. There was a rush of thirty or forty Irishmen upon the police and the van. One man had a hatchet, another a hammer, and a third a bayonet, with which they set to work to break open the van; one man took a revolver and fired it into the lock. At last several men with large stones, one of them nearly a hundred pounds in weight, broke through the top of the van and the panels of the door behind, and set all the prisoners, including the Fenians, at liberty. The policemen collected in a body and made a rush to prevent the prisoners being liberated, but several revolvers were discharged amongst them, and Sergeant Brett was

shot over one of his eyes, causing the eye to protrude. He was taken to the infirmary, where he died shortly afterwards. A young man, a bystander, was shot through the heel. William Philip Allen, said to have fired the fatal shot, was chased and taken. Detective Bromley received a shot in one of his thighs. Another policeman was shot in the back and wounded, though but slightly. Both the horses in the van were shot and the driver was knocked off his box with a stone. A dozen arrests were made. Allen is said to have acted as captain of the rescuing party, and had been waiting with a number of followers for hours before the van arrived. He shot at the driver and the policeman on the box, as well as at the horses, shooting one through the neck. He also fired at Brett who was inside the van, and killed him in the manner described.

The Secretary of State authorised a reward of £300 for the recapture of Kelly and Deasey; and the Manchester corporation offered £200 for the apprehension of the men concerned in the rescue. About twenty were captured at once, and brought before the magistrates next day, when some were remanded.

On the 25th day of October, the prisoners were brought before the magistrates for examination. Some of them were discharged; and in a short time afterwards only five of them were charged, and afterwards committed, on the capital offence of '*Wilful Murder.*' These were William Philip Allen, Michael O'Brien, (alias Gould,) Michael Larkin, Edward O'Meagher Condon, (alias Shore,) and a marine, named Thomas Maguire. On the 28th of October they were placed at the bar of the Manchester Assize Court, to be tried for the *Wilful Murder of Police-Constable Charles Brett.* Lord Chief Justice Mellor and Lord Chief Justice Blackburne were the presiding judges of the Special Commission. The witnesses consisted of the policemen present at the scene of the murder, the prisoners who were locked up in the prison-van with the two liberated Fenians, Kelly and Deasy, and the by-standers, who

saw the affray, and assisted the police by stoning the prisoners at the time or just before they were captured. Allen was recognized as one of principle leaders; he it was whom most of the witnesses swore that they saw fire the shot through the door of the van, which killed Sergeant Brett. Against Thomas Maguire, the soldier, very few of the witnesses could say anything, while against the other three prisoners there was abundant evidence given that they were some of the chief men who had organized the manner of the attack, and taken a most prominent part in the fearful completion of the murderous scheme. The trial lasted five days, and on Friday evening, November 1st., it was concluded. It was after 5 o'clock that night when Justice Mellor finished his charge to the Jury. The Court-house was in all parts so densely packed that not one more person could possibly have been admitted, and all eyes were strained to see the effect his speech would have upon the prisoners and the jury. The whole of the five prisoners were entirely unmoved during the whole of the proceedings; even when the Judge's summing up of the evidence, severe criticisms thereon, and charge to the jury were delivered, they appeared callous and indifferent.

Intense excitement filled the court at the conclusion of the Judge's speech, and when the jury retired to consider their verdict, every heart seemed to stand still with eagerness in anticipation of their decision. The jury were absent about one hour and twenty minutes, and at the end of that time they returned into the court, and found the five prisoners *Gilty* of the capital charge—the murder of Police-Sergeant Charles Brett.

Amidst breathless silence the voice of the Crown Clerk was heard asking :—‘ If the prisoners had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon them ? ’

William Philip Allen was the first man to reply to this question. He arose and addressed the court as follows :—

‘ My Lords and Gentlemen—It is not my intention to occupy much of your time in answering your question. Your question is one that can be easily asked, but requires an answer which I am ignorant of. Abler and more eloquent men could not answer it. Where were the men who have stood in the dock—Burke, Emmet, and others, who have stood in the dock in defence of their country ? When the question was put, what was their answer ? Their answer was null and void. Now, with your permission, I will review a portion of the evidence that has been brought against me.’

Chief Justice Blackburne interfered. ‘ It is too late,’ said he, ‘ to begin to criticise the evidence, and the court had neither the power nor the right to alter or review it. If,’ he added, ‘ you have any reason to give why, either upon moral or technical grounds, the sentence should not be passed upon you, we will hear it, but it is too late to review the evidence to show that it was wrong.’

‘ Cannot that be done in the morning, sir ? ’ asked Allen. ‘ No one,’ said the judge, ‘ can review or alter the evidence in any way after the verdict has been passed by the jury. We can only take the verdict as right : and the only question for you is, why judgment should not follow.’

Allen then continued to address the court :—

‘ No man in this court regrets the death of Sergeant Brett more than I do, and I positively say, in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God, that I am innocent, aye, as innocent as any man in this court. I don’t say this for the sake of mercy : I want no mercy—I’ll have no mercy. I’ll die, as many

thousands have died, for the sake of their beloved land, and in defence of it. I will die proudly and triumphantly in defence of republican principles and the liberty of an oppressed and enslaved people. Is it possible we are asked why sentence should not be passed upon us, on the evidence of prostitutes off the streets of Manchester, fellows out of work, convicted felons—aye, an Irishman sentenced to be hung when an English dog would have got off. I say positively and defiantly, justice has not been done me since I was arrested. If justice had been done me, I would not have been handcuffed at the preliminary investigation in Bridge-street ; and in this court justice has not been done me in any shape or form. I was brought up here, and all the prisoners by my side were allowed to wear overcoats, and I was told to take mine off. What is the principle of that ? There was something in that principle, and I say positively that justice has not been done me. As for the other prisoners, they can speak for themselves with regard to that matter. And now with regard to the way I have been identified. I have to say that my clothes were kept for four hours by the policemen in Fairfield-station, and shown to parties to identify me as being one of the perpetrators of this outrage on Hyde-road. Also in Albert-station there was a handkerchief kept on my head the whole night, so that I could be identified the next morning in the corridor by the witnesses. I was ordered to leave on the handkerchief for the purpose that the witnesses could more plainly see I was one of the parties who committed the outrage. As for myself, I feel the righteousness of my every act with regard to what I have done in defence of my country. I fear not. I am fearless—fearless of the punishment that can be inflicted on me ; and with that, my lords, I have done. (After a moment’s pause)—I beg to be excused. One remark more : I return Mr. Seymour and Mr. Jones my sincere and heartfelt thanks for their able eloquence and advocacy on my part in this affray. I wish also to return to Mr. Roberts the very same. My name, sir, might be wished to be known. It is not William O’Meara Allen. My name is William Philip Allen. I was born and reared in Bandon, in the county of Cork, and from that place I take my name ; and I am proud of my country, and proud of my parentage. My lords, I have done.’

Michael Larkin then stepped to the front of the dock, and delivered the following speech :—

'I have only got a word or two to say concerning Sergeant Brett. As my friend here said, no one could regret the man's death as much as I do. With regard to the charge of pistols and revolvers, and my using them, I call my God as a witness that I neither used pistols, revolvers, nor any instrument on that day that would deprive the life of a child, let alone a man. Nor did I go there on purpose to take life away. Certainly, my lords, I do not want to deny that I did go to give aid and assistance to those two noble heroes that were confined in that van—Kelly and Deasy. I did go to do as much as lay in my power to extricate them out of their bondage; but I did not go to take life, nor, my lord, did anyone else. It is a misfortune there was life taken; but if it was taken it was not done intentionally, and the man who has taken life we have not got him. I was at the scene of action, when there were over, I dare say, 150 people standing by there when I was. I am very sorry I have to say, my lord, but I thought I had some respectable people to come up as witnesses against me; but I am sorry to say as my friend said. I will make no more remarks concerning that. All I have to say, my lords and gentlemen, is that so far as my trial went, and the way it was conducted, I believe I have got a fair trial. So far as my noble counsel went, they have done their utmost in the protection of my life; likewise, my worthy solicitor, Mr. Roberts, has done his best; but I believe as the old saying is a true one, what is decreed a man in the page of life he has to fulfil, either on the gallows, drowning, a fair death in bed, or on the battlefield. So I look to the mercy of God. May God forgive all who have sworn my life away. As I am a dying man, I forgive them from the bottom of my heart. God forgive them.'

William O'Brien, at the conclusion of Larkins' speech, stood forward, and spoke as follows:—

'I shall commence by saying that every witness who has sworn anything against me has sworn falsely. I have not had a stone in my possession since I was a boy. I had no pistol in my possession on the day when it is alleged this outrage was committed. You call it an outrage; I don't. I say further, my name is Michael O'Brien. I was born in the County of Cork, and have the honour to be a fellow-parishioner of Peter O'Neal Crowley, who was fighting against the British troops at Mitchelstown last March, and who fell fighting against British tyranny in Ire-

land. I am a citizen of the United States of America, and if Charles Francis Adams had done his duty towards me, as he ought to do in this country, I would not be in this dock answering your questions now. Mr. Adams did not come, though I wrote to him. He did not come to see if I could not find evidence to disprove the charge, which I positively could, if he had taken the trouble of sending or coming to see what I could do. I hope the American people will notice that part of the business. [The prisoner here commenced reading from a paper he held in his hand.] The right of man is freedom. The great God has endowed him with affections that he may use, not smother them, and a world that may be enjoyed. Once a man is satisfied he is doing right, and attempts to do anything with that conviction, he must be willing to face all the consequences. Ireland, with its beautiful scenery, its delightful climate, its rich and productive lands, is capable of supporting more than treble its population in ease and comfort. Yet no man, except a paid official of the British Government can say there is a shadow of liberty, that there is a spark of glad life amongst its plundered and persecuted inhabitants. It is to be hoped that its imbecile and tyrannical rulers will be for ever driven from her soil, amidst the execration of the world. How beautifully the aristocrats of England moralise on the despotism of the rulers of Italy and Dahomey—in the case of Naples with what indignation did they speak of the ruin of families.. by the detention of its head or some loved member in a prison. Who have not heard their condemnations of the tyranny that would compel honourable and good men to spend their useful lives in hopeless banishment.

Judge Blackburn appealed to the prisoner, 'entirely for his own sake,' to cease his remarks. 'The only possible effect of your observations,' he said, 'must be to tell against you with those who have to consider the sentence. I advise you to say nothing more of that sort. I do so entirely for your sake.' But O'Brien was not the man to estimate at its true value the disinterestedness of Judge Blackburn's 'advice.' His counsel in vain used his influence to accomplish the judge's object. O'Brien spurned the wholesome counsel, and proceeded;—

'They cannot find words to express their horror of the cruelties of the King of Dahomey because he sacrificed 2,000 human beings yearly, but why don't those persons who pretend such virtuous indignation at the misgovernment of other countries look at home, and see if greater crimes than those they charge against other governments are not committed by themselves or by their sanction? Let them look at London, and see the thousands that want bread there, while those aristocrats are rioting in luxuries and crimes. Look to Ireland; see the hundreds of thousands of its people in misery and want. See the virtuous, beautiful, and industrious women who only a few years ago—aye, and yet—are obliged to look at their children dying for want of food. Look at what is called the majesty of the law on one side, and the long deep misery of a noble people on the other. Which are the young men of Ireland to respect—the law that murders or banishes their people, or the means to resist relentless tyranny and ending their miseries for ever under a home government? I need not answer that question here. I trust the Irish people will answer it to their satisfaction soon. I am not astonished at my conviction. The government of this country have the power of convicting any person. They appoint the judge; they choose the jury; and by means of what they call patronage (which is the means of corruption) they have the power of making the laws to suit their purposes. I am confident that my blood will rise a hundredfold against the tyrants who think proper to commit such an outrage. In the first place, I say I was identified improperly, by having chains on my hands and feet at the time of my identification, and thus the witnesses who have sworn to my throwing stones and firing a pistol have sworn to what is false, for I was, as those ladies said, at the jail gates. I thank my counsel for their able defence, and also Mr. Roberts, for his attention to my case.'

Edward O'Meagher Condon, (*alias* Shore,) and Edward Maguire each made speeches, but as Maguire was acquitted, and the sentence was confirmed in the case of Condon, who was an American subject, it is needless to give those speeches to the reader.

When the last prisoner ceased speaking, the judge proceeded to pass sentence upon them. Justice

Mellor produced the black caps, and at once the final ceremony began. 'No person,' he said, who had seen and heard the whole of the proceedings, could doubt the justice of the verdict, which,' he went on to say, 'was the result of a full, patient, and impartial investigation. I am sure that all of you had resolved, at any rate, and by any amount of dangerous violence and outrage, to accomplish your object; and that, in fact, Charles Brett was murdered because it was essential to the completion of your common design that it should be so.' The ordinary words of exhortation to repentance followed, and the judge thus concluded:

'The sentence is that you, and each of you, be taken hence to the place whence you came, and thence to a place of execution, and that you be there hanged by the neck until you shall be dead, and that your bodies be afterwards buried within the precincts of the prison wherein you were last confined after your respective convictions; and may God, in His infinite mercy, have mercy upon you.'

The prisoners then shook hands with their counsel, returned thanks to them for their exertions, and then looked around for their weeping friends and relations, and turned to leave the dock, with the words:—'God be with you, Irishmen and Irish-women!'

HISTORY OF ALLEN, LARKIN, AND O'BRIEN.

William Philip Allen was twenty years old when Sergeant Charles Brett was murdered; he was born in the year 1848, near the town of Tipperary. Before he was three years old his parents removed to Bandon, county Cork, where his father, who was a protestant, received the appointment of bride-well-keeper. As he grew older, William Allen showed an apti-

trade for acquiring knowledge. He was a constant attendant at the town training-school for the education of teachers of the protestant school; he went also to the morning and evening school conducted by the catholics. His mother, a good catholic, tended him with pious care, and the result of her teachings ended in him along with his sister, joining that body. He was apprenticed to a carpenter and timber merchant in Bandon, but he left his master before his apprenticeship was completed, and worked at his trade in Cork for six months, and then returned to Bandon. He next went to Manchester. Afterwards he went to work in Dublin as a builder's clerk, where he made many friends. In the summer of 1867 he again went to Manchester; he was then just over nineteen years old, but he had before this time joined the Fenian organization. When 'Colonel' Kelly left Dublin and went to Manchester, Allen was one of his most trustworthy associates; and when the prison walls held him, it was Allen who roused his fellow-countrymen to try to liberate him, and the part he took in effecting his release is too well known to need repeating here.

Michael O'Brien (*alias* Gould), was a tall, well-proportioned man, and his well-developed limbs showed his great strength. He was born at Ballymacoda, county Cork. In his youth he was apprenticed to a draper in Youghal, and earned the respect of all who knew him. He emigrated to America, and when the civil war broke out in that country he joined the American army, in which he rose to the position of lieutenant. When his regiment was disbanded he crossed the Atlantic, and arrived in Cork, where he again ob-

tained employment as assistant in a local commercial establishment. Here he stayed until the night before the Fenian rising, when he disappeared, and no trace of him could be found until he was taken prisoner for participating in the attack on the prison-van in Manchester.

Michael Larkin was a native of Lismagh, in the south-western part of King's county. For generations his ancestors had resided in the same place, or on the Cloghan estate (then in possession of the O'Moore family), and where some of his relations still live; his grandfather was James Quirk, a wealthy farmer, who was imprisoned for the part he took in the insurrection of 1798, whose name, where he lived, is very highly respected. He was a man of indomitable will, and persevered in all that he undertook; if there was a possibility of anything being accomplished, James Quirk was the man to succeed in it. He was one of the ardent followers of Robert Emmet. The father of young Larkin was a respectable tradesman, who carried on business for a great length of time in his native town; he afterwards removed to Parsonstown, where he contrived to give his son Michael a good English education. When young Larkin had made himself proficient in his trade, he went to work at Parsonstown until the year 1858; he then came to England to do what many other Irishmen do, namely, improve his position and condition; he afterwards married, and worked regularly at his trade until the month of May, 1867, when he paid a visit to Ireland to receive from his father his dying blessing. He then returned to England to again work at his calling, for his family now needed his attention and sup-

port. Some time afterwards he was taken to prison for the part he played on the charge of being one of the party who released 'Colonel' Kelly and 'Captain' Deasy from their merited imprisonment. Larkin was a sober, steady, industrious, affectionate, well-behaved youth. He had a mild and agreeable temper, an inoffensive disposition, and was of good moral conduct; but when 'his blood was up' he did not stop at trifles. What he called 'his love of country,' was very strong, and he would do anything to serve the cause of Fenianism, hence the punishment for the crime that he was a party to the accomplishment of, was his merited doom.

After the trial the friends of Thomas Maguire, reporters, and others, addressed a memorial to the Home Secretary, stating that they were accustomed to hear trials for murder and other crimes, and the experience they had gained of such cases made them able to form an opinion of the guilt or innocence of the persons charged; and they were seriously convinced, that the swearing of the witnesses and the verdict that the jury brought in notwithstanding, that the man Maguire had taken no part in the crime whatever. The following is the petition sent to the Home Secretary:—

We, the undersigned members of the metropolitan and provincial Press, having had long experience in courts of justice, and full opportunity of observing the demeanour of prisoners and witnesses in cases of criminal procedure, beg humbly to submit that, having heard the evidence adduced before the Special Commission, on the capital charge preferred against 'Thomas Maguire, private in the Royal Marines, we conscientiously believe that the said Thomas Maguire is innocent of the crime of which he has been convicted, and that his conviction has resulted from mistaken identity. We, therefore, pray that you will be pleased to advise

her Majesty to grant her most gracious pardon to the said Thomas Maguire.

The consequence was that in a short time Thomas Maguire was unconditionally pardoned, and two days before the execution, the 21st of November, through the efforts of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Ernest Jones, the prisoners' counsel, Condon's sentence was commuted to transportation; and now only three prisoners stood condemned to death, viz., William Philip Allen, Michael O'Brien, and Michael Larkin.

Some of the Irish people, especially those who had taken the Fenian oath, thought that the government would deal mercifully with the three condemned men, and commute their sentences a few days before the time fixed for execution; other persons went so far in their zeal on their behalf in speaking and writing as to say that the authorities *dare not* execute them! It was suggested that a memorial should be sent to the Home Secretary in their interests; but nothing of this sort was done.

Englishmen everywhere were so exasperated at the enormity of the crime and the audacity of the perpetrators, that had their feelings been consulted there would have been no mercy shown to those two prisoners on whom the clemency of the government had been exercised.

On the 14th of November Michael O'Brien sent the following letter (which appeared in the newspapers,) to his brother:

New Bailey Prison, Salford,
Nov. 14th, 1867.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I have been intending to write to you for some time, but having seen a letter from a Mr. Moore, addressed to the governor of this prison, and knowing from that that you must be in a disagreeable state of suspense, I may therefore let you know how I am at once. With reference to the trial and all connected with it, it was unfair from beginning to end; and

If I should die in consequence it will injure my murderers more than it will injure me. Why should I fear to die, innocent as I am of the charge which a prejudiced jury, assisted by perjured witnesses, found me guilty of? I will do judge and jury the justice of saying they believed me guilty of being—a citizen of the United States, a friend to liberty, a hater of relentless cruelty, and therefore no friend to the British government, as it exists in our beautiful island. I must say, though much I would like to live, that I cannot regret dying in the cause of Liberty and Ireland. It has been made dear to me by the sufferings of its people, by the martyrdom and exile of its best and noblest sons. The priest, the scholar, the soldier, the saint, have suffered and died proudly, nobly; and why should I shrink from death in a cause made holy and glorious by the numbers of its martyrs and the heroism of its supporters, as well as by its justice? You don't, and never shall, forget that Peter O'Neill Crowley died only a short time since in this cause.

'Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame.'

I should feel ashamed of my manhood if I thought myself capable of doing anything mean to save my life, to get out of here, or for any other selfish purpose. Let no man think a cause is lost because some suffer for it. It is only a proof that those who suffer are in earnest and should be an incentive to others to be equally so—to do their duty with firmness, justice, and disinterestedness. *I feel as confident of the ultimate success of the Irish cause, as I do of my own existence.* God, in His great mercy and goodness, will strengthen the arm of the patriot, and give him wisdom to free his country. Let us hope that He, in His wisdom, is only trying our patience. The greater its sufferings, the more glorious will He make the future of our unfortunate country and its people.

The shriek of the famine-stricken mother and the helpless infant, as well as the centuries of misery, call to Heaven for vengeance. God is slow, but just! The blood of Pone, Fitzgerald, Emmett, and others has been shed—how much good has it done the tyrant and the robber? None. Smith O'Brien, M'Manus, and Mitchel suffered for Ireland, yet not their sufferings, nor those of O'Donovan (Rossa) and his companions, deterred Burke, M'Afferty, and their friends from doing their duty. Neither shall the sufferings of my companions, nor mine, hinder my country-

men from taking their part in the inevitable struggle, but rather nerve their arms to strike. I would write on this subject at greater length, but I hope that I have written enough to show you that if a man dies for liberty, his memory lives in the breasts of the good and virtuous. You will also see that there is no necessity for my father, mother, sisters, or relations fretting about me. When I leave this world it will be (with God's help) to go to a better, to join the angels and saints of God, and sing His praises for all eternity. I leave a world of suffering for one of eternal joy and happiness. I have been to Holy Communion, and, please God, intend going shortly again. I am sorry we cannot hear Mass; the good priest is not allowed to say it in this prison.

Give my love to my father and mother, to Mary, Ellen, John, Phillips, Tim, Catherine, uncles, aunts, and cousins.

Farewell.

From your affectionate brother,
MICHAEL O'BRIEN (*alias* William Gould.)

On Friday, November 22nd., the day before the execution, the condemned prisoners held their farewell meetings with those relative who could visit them. Michael Larkin, the only one of them who was married, took leave of his family with the bitterest grief. Young Allen was visited in the condemned cell by his sweetheart, a girl whom he devotedly loved, and one who reciprocated all his attachment. It was with difficulty that she could be persuaded to leave him, and was so broken-down in spirits that it was painful to witness her grief. Amongst the other duties which the doomed men attended to was the one of sending farewell message to those relatives who could not visit them. Allen's was the last that was written before going to the scaffold; in order to give our readers a true insight into the character and disposition of this youthful culprit, and also how he bore up in spirit under the most trying ordeal that it is possible for a human being to pass

through in this life, we give the letter complete, as follows :—

Salford, New Bailey Prison,
Nov. 22nd., 1867.

TO YOU, MY LOVING AND SINCERE

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT HOGAN,

I suppose this is my last letter to you at this side of the grave. Oh, dear uncle and aunt, if you reflect on it, it is nothing. I am dying an honourable death: I am dying for Ireland—dying for the land that gave me birth—dying for the Island of Saints—and dying for liberty. Every generation of our countrymen has suffered; and where is the Irish heart could stand by unmoved? I should like to know what trouble, what passion, what mischief could separate the true Irish heart from its own native isle. Dear uncle and aunt, it is sad to be parting with you all, at my early age; but we must all die some day or another. A few hours more and I will breathe my last, and on English soil. Oh, that I could be buried in Ireland! What a happiness it would be to all my friends, and to myself—where my countrymen could kneel on my grave. I cannot express what joy it afforded me, when I found Aunt Sarah and you were admitted. Dear uncle, I am sure it was not a very pleasant place I had to receive you and my aunt; but we must put up with all trials until we depart this life. I am sure it will grieve you very much to leave me in such a place, on the evidence of such characters as the witnesses were that swore my life away. But I forgive them, and may God forgive them. I am dying, thank God! an Irishman and a Christian. Give my love to all friends; same from your ever affectionate nephew,

W. P. ALLEN.

Pray for us. Good bye, and remember me. Good bye, and may Heaven protect ye, is the last wish of your dying nephew,

W. P. ALLEN.

One day, during the week before the execution, one of the priests in attendance upon the prisoners, met young Larkin, and with a sad smile, told him that there had been received by the prison authorities, a letter full of religious consolation, addressed by an Irish lady, the aged Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry, to all of the three prisoners. In it was enclosed £100 for the wife and children of Larkin, who were

soon to be bereft of their father and husband. We give the letter in full as it appeared at that time :—

MY DEAR FRIENDS—

It may be that these few lines may minister some consolation to you on your approaching departure from this world. I send you by the hands of a faithful messenger some help for your wife, or wives, and children, in their approaching irreparable loss, and with the assurance that so long as I live they shall be cared for to the utmost of my power.

Mr. M'Donnell, the bearer of this for me, will bring me their address, and the address of the priest who attends you.

It will also be a comfort for your precious souls to know that we remember you here at the altar of God, where the daily remembrance of that all-glorious sacrifice on Calvary, for you all, is not neglected.

We have daily Mass for you here; and if it be so that it please the good God to permit you thus to be called to Himself on Saturday morning, the precious body and blood of Our Lord and Saviour and our Friend will be presented for you before God, at eight o'clock, on that day—that blood so precious, that cleanses from all sin. May your last words and thoughts be on Jesus. Rest on Him, who is faithful, and willing and all-powerful to save. Rest on Him, and on His sacrifice on that Cross for you, instead of you, and hear Him say, '*To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.*' Yet will we remember your souls constantly at the altar of God, after your departure, as well as those whom you leave in life.

Farewell! and may Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, save us all, and give you His last blessing upon earth, and an eternal continuance of it in heaven.

CAROLINE QUEENSBERRY.

That night—the last which they had to live—was occupied by all the prisoners in writing out a 'Declaration of their innocence of the murder,' which we shall shortly present to the reader. Then each man prepared for death by attending to the spiritual consolations of Father Gadd, the Rev. Canon Cantwell, and the Rev. Father Quirk, who visited them for that purpose. The whole of the prisoners exhibited a deep religious

fervour in their devotions. That night they were locked up at half-past six. All that night was spent by them in devotion and prayer. The execution on the following morning will be best described by an eye-witness, whose account appeared in the newspapers of that day.

EXECUTION OF ALLEN, LARKIN, AND O'BRIEN.

'At a quarter to eight o'clock the interior court of the gaol presented a strange and striking spectacle. Behind the wall in New Bailey-street was erected the long staircase leading to the scaffold, and by its side were platforms for the use of the military. The fog was so dense, that objects could be but faintly distinguished at a distance of thirty yards. Suddenly the words of military command were heard, and a company of the 72nd Highlanders marched round the Roundhouse, and took up a position in line at the foot of the staircase. Simultaneously, small detachments of the same regiment ascended to the platform, and crouched there, with their loaded rifles slightly projecting over the prison wall. At almost the same moment the heads of a line of soldiers arose above the parapet of the railway viaduct. A line of warders was formed in the gaol court. The sentries on duty ceased their walk; magistrates and reporters stood aside, and a dead silence prevailed for a few moments, as a signal was given from the corner of the Roundhouse. At three minutes past eight o'clock the solemn voice of a minister repeating the litany of the Catholic Church was heard, and the head of the procession became visible through a thick fog, about thirty yards from the foot of the staircase. The Rev. Canon Cantwell walked first by the side of Allen. The convict was deadly pale; his eyes wandered alternately from the priest to the individuals standing round, and then he uplifted his gaze, in a vain endeavour to pierce the dense canopy which hung over him. He walked with a tolerably steady step, and uttered the response, 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' in a firm voice.

'Next to him came Larkin, in whose appearance confinement and anxiety of mind had wrought a striking change. His physical strength seemed shaken, and he required to be assisted by one of the warders in ascending the long wooden stair that led to the scaffold.

Last of all came O'Brien, whose noble, firm, and dignified bearing won the approbation of every one who beheld him. A partition running in the line of the wall divided the scaffold into an outer and an inner platform, a small door opening between them. Allen and O'Brien, and their attendants, having reached the top of the stair, waited on the inner platform until Larkin and the rest of the attendant warders and officials came up. Then, all being ready, the door was flung open and the boy-martyr was first led out upon the drop. His face, which was deathly pale, appeared working with the effects of strong mental agony. The hangman chosen for the dread work, Calcraft, came forward, placed the fatal noose around Allen's neck, pulled a thin white cap over his ashen face, and then stooped and securely tied his feet together. The pinioning of the arms, which had been done in the cell, allowed his hands, from the elbows downward, sufficient freedom to clasp on his breast a crucifix, which ever and anon, as he spoke aloud the responses of the litany, the poor young fellow seemed to press closer and closer to his heart.

'Next O'Brien was led forth. On his fine manly face the closest scrutiny could not detect a trace of weakness. He looked calmly and sadly around; then, stepping up to where Allen stood capped and pinioned, he clasped him by the hand, and kissed him affectionately on the cheek, speaking to him a word or two not overheard. Then O'Brien himself was placed by Calcraft on the drop, the rope was fixed upon his neck, the cap was drawn on his face, and his feet were securely bound.

Larkin was now brought out, and led directly to his place on the left hand of O'Brien, who was in the middle. The sight of his two brother-martyrs capped and pinioned, and with the fatal cord around each neck, seemed to unman the poor fellow utterly. He stumbled on touching an uneven plank on the scaffold, so that many thought he had fainted; but it was not so, though he unquestionably was labouring under intense agony of mind. O'Brien, firm and unshrinking to the last, turned and looked at him encouragingly, and to him also spoke a few words in a low tone.

Calcrafft now disappeared from view, and the three men stood for a moment before the multitude, their voices ringing out clearly in the still morning air, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy on us.' Suddenly the click of the bolts was heard; the three bodies sunk through the traps; all the three cords strained and tug-

ged, and twitched convulsively for a few moments, and the deed was done—justice had asserted her supremacy.

Each of the doomed men had intended speaking to the crowd from the scaffold, but the authorities, very properly would not allow it. They each committed to writing the speeches they had intended to deliver, and entrusted them to the care of their confessors, who after they were dead gave them to the newspaper proprietors, as they appeared at the time we give them in extenso:—

DECLARATION OF WILLIAM PHILIP ALLEN.

I wish to say a few words relative to the charge for which I am to die. In a few hours more I will be going before my God. I state in the presence of that great God that I am not the man who shot Sergeant Brett. If that man's wife is alive, never let her think that I am the person who deprived her of her husband; and if his family is alive, let them never think I am the man who deprived them of their father.

I confess I have committed other sins against my God, and I hope He will accept of my death as a homage and adoration which I owe His Divine Majesty, and in atonement for my past transgressions against Him.

There is not much use in dwelling on this subject much longer; for by this time I am sure if I plan that I am not the man that took away the life of Sergeant Brett.

I state this to put juries on their guard for the future, and to have them inquire into the characters of witnesses before they take away the lives of innocent men. But there I ought not to complain. Was not our Saviour sold for money, and his life sworn away by false witnesses? With the help of the great God, I am only dying to a world of sorrow to rise to a world of joy. Before the judgment seat of God there will be no false witnesses tolerated; every one must render an account for himself.

I forgive all the enemies I ever may have had in this world. May God forgive them. Forgive them, sweet Jesus, forgive them! I also ask pardon of all whom I have injured in any way.

In reference to the attack on the van, I confess I nobly aided in the rescue of the gallant Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey. It is well known to the whole world what my poor country has to suffer, and how her sons are exiles the world over; then tell me where is the

Irishman who could look on unmoved, and see his countrymen taken prisoners, and treated like murderers and robbers in British dungeons?

May the Lord have mercy on our souls, and deliver Ireland from her sufferings. God save Ireland!

WILLIAM PHILIP ALLEN.

DECLARATION OF MICHAEL LARKIN.

Men of the world—I, as a dying man, going before my God, solemnly declare I have never fired a shot in all my life, much less the day the attack was made on the van, nor did I ever put a hand to the van. The world will remember the widow's son's life that was sworn away, by which he leaves a widow and four children to mourn a loss. I am not dying for shooting Brett, but for mentioning Colonel Kelly's and Deasey's names in the court. I am dying a patriot for my God and my country, and Larkin will be remembered in time to come by the sons and daughters of Erin.

Farewell, dear Ireland, for I must leave you, and die a martyr for your sake. Farewell, dear mother, wife, and children, for I must leave you all for poor Ireland's sake. Farewell, uncles, aunts, and cousins, likewise sons and daughters of Erin. I hope in heaven we will meet another day. God be with you. Father in heaven, forgive those that have sworn my life away. I forgive them and the world. God bless Ireland!

MICHAEL LARKIN.

DECLARATION OF MICHAEL O'BRIEN.

I have only to make these few remarks; I did not use a revolver or any other firearm, or throw stones, on the day that Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey were so gallantly rescued. I was present too, when the van was attacked. I say this not by way of reproach, or to give annoyance to any person; but I say it in the hope that witnesses may be more particular when identifying, and that juries may look more closely to the character of witnesses, and to their evidence, before they convict a person to send him before his God. I trust that those who swore to seeing me with a revolver, or throwing stones, were nothing more than mistaken. I forgive them from my heart, and likewise, I forgive all who have ever done me or intended to do me any injury. I know I have been guilty of many sins against my God; in satisfaction for those sins I have tried to do what little penance I could, and having received the sacraments of the Church, I have humbly begged that He

would accept my sufferings and death, to be united to the sufferings and death of His innocent Son, through whom my sufferings can be rendered acceptable.

My Redeemer died a more shameful death, as far as man could make it, that I might receive pardon from Him and enjoy His glory in Heaven. God grant it may be so. I earnestly beg my countrymen in America to heal their differences, to unite in God's name for the sake of Ireland and liberty. I cannot see any reason, even the slightest, why John Savage should not have the entire confidence of all his countrymen. With reference to Colonel Kelly, I believe him to be a good, honourable man, unselfish, and entirely devoted to the cause of Irish freedom.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XI.

DEPARTURE FROM AMERICA OF A FENIAN CRUISER—CAPTURE AND TRIALS OF IRISH-AMERICAN ADVENTURERS WHO LANDED FROM IT—EXPLOSION AT CLERKENWELL HOUSE OF DETENTION BY FENIANS—WITH EVENTS TO THE END OF THE YEAR 1867.

It has been the policy of the Fenian leaders to have some exciting adventures on hand ever since their organization was formed. This plan has been followed for two purposes, viz:—the bringing of funds to their treasury, to satisfy the excitable demands of the Irish people, and to keep the English government and nation in an anxious and unsettled state. To make the people believe that they were about to astonish the world, the Fenians of America fitted up a vessel of war. It set sail on the 6th of March, 1867, and the telegraph cable flashed across the Atlantic the news of its starting, but for what part of the coast of Ireland, no news was sent. People everywhere were anxiously inquiring what was the object of this foolish expedition. English ships were on the look-

out for it, but they failed to take it. Some of the Fenian newspapers told the public what the intention of the Fenian leaders was in sending it forth on the broad Atlantic. It seems that there was a difficulty in sending arms to Ireland, for the use of the disaffected in that country. Two means were open to accomplish the object; one was to make use of trading ships and mail steamers running between the two countries. Some had been sent by both these methods. There was also a difficulty in sending clever men to aid the Irishmen in the various risings which they intended to perplex the English government with. To remedy these difficulties the Fenian cruiser was fitted out, and freighted with arms and men for this special purpose, it was given to the command of a clever captain, and they trusted to his ability to land them safely on some part of the west coast of Ireland.

This cruiser was fitted out at the expense of the Fenian Brotherhood, under the auspices of Colonel S. R. Tresilian, John Savage and others. We shall find further particulars of this vessel in the account which we give in the trials of Colonel John Warren and Augustine E. Costello, as those reports were in the newspapers of the day.

It matters not whatever scheme the Fenians tried, information was sure to be given of it to the English authorities. Men always have been and are still, bought to give the required information; and all the intelligence the government wanted was supplied. The Attorney-General of the day gave the news himself to the public, and thus described it:—

On the 12th of April, 1867, a party of forty or fifty men, almost all of whom had been officers or privates in the ser-

vice of the American Government, went down from New York to Sandyhook, in a steamer, a distance of about eighteen miles. There they found a brigantine of about 200 tons burden, which had been purchased for the expedition, and in that brigantine these men embarked, and sailed for Ireland. She was called the 'Jackmel,' and she sailed without papers or colours. For the purpose of keeping their movements as free from observation as possible, these men embarked without luggage—a rather extraordinary thing in men the great majority of whom had been officers in the American service. The commander of the expedition was named John F. Kavanagh, and he had filled the office of brigadier-general in the American army, and was at one time a member of the American Congress. These men had on board a very large quantity of arms, packed in piano-cases, cases for sewing machines, and wine barrels, in order to conceal them effectually; and the parcels were consigned to a merchant firm in Cuba. The ship steered for one day towards the West Indies, in order to avoid suspicion, and then shaped her course towards Ireland. Vessels occasionally came in sight, and when they did English colours were hoisted. Nothing remarkable occurred until Easter Sunday, April 29th, nearly nine days after they had sailed from New York. The parties determined to celebrate that day as a festival, and they hoisted the green flag with a sunburst, fired a salute, and changed the name of the vessel, calling her 'Eglis Hope.' Kavanagh then produced Penian commissions, and distributed them, and also produced sealed orders, from which it appeared that he was to sail to Sligo Bay, and there land his men and arms; and if he found it impracticable to land them there, he was to proceed to some other place in Ireland. Some days after this, they came in sight of the coast of the county of Limerick, and then they sailed towards Sligo; but they overshot the mark, and arrived off the coast of Donegal. They then turned back, and arrived at Sligo Bay on the 20th of May.

He told also of alleged incidents that happened while this vessel was in Sligo bay. He said that on one evening a hooker came alongside the vessel, from which a man, who appeared to be a gentleman, got on board the ship. This person went into the cabin, and held some conversation with the officers, and told them the

landing could not be effected at Sligo, after which he went again on board the hooker, and sailed for the shore. The attorney-general continued:—

About the 26th of May the ship left the Sligo coast. On the 1st of June she arrived at Durgarvan. During the voyage councils were held on board. Provisions were running short, and they could not remain much longer at sea. These matters were made the subjects of discussion. Some were for going to America, and some for landing; and at last the conclusion was arrived at that the majority of the officers should be landed, and that the others should go either to America or to the Western Isles—the Hebrides. They hailed a large fishing boat and offered the man on board £2 to put two men on shore. He went on board the brigantine, and when he did so, twenty-eight men who were hitherto concealed, rushed on board his ship. He asked them if he would land them at Helwick Point, and they said no, because there was a coast-guard station there. They were eventually landed about two miles from that point, and they were compelled to wade through water three-and-a-half feet deep to the shore.

It surprised the adventurers on board this vessel, when they saw all the particulars so minutely described, and they naturally wondered how that civil officer of the crown had got his information, which was correct in every particular. It afterwards became known that one of their number had turned informer; his name was Daniel J. Buckley. He said that Kavanagh was captain of the vessel, and General James E. Kerrigan was chief of the military part of the expedition. As to the number of arms they had on board he said 'some Spencer repeating rifles, Enfield rifles, and some seven-shooters, Sharp's and Burnside's breach-loaders, Austrian rifles and some revolvers; in all about 5,000 stand of arms, with three cannons, which would fire three-pound shell and shot, was the complete cargo of arms on

board. On Easter-Sunday they fired a salute as they changed the name of the vessel, which had sailed as the 'Jackmel.' They now gave it the name of 'Erin's Hope,' it was a name expressive of the favour with which they viewed the intention of its sailing. The ammunition as given by the Fenian newspapers afterwards, was: 'that there was on board about a million and a half rounds. Colonel S. R. Tresilian in a lecture he gave in New York gives the following comical account of the warlike cargo, &c., which was on board the 'Erin's Hope:'

We found the cargo to consist of 5,000 rat-tail files, of different sizes and descriptions. Then there were several smaller files that mechanics carry in their pockets; then again there was the flat file, in respectable numbers, that are used for cutting on either edge, and that are carried in sheathes, to prevent the mechanics from cutting their neighbours' fingers. These files were to be distributed to the paupers in Ireland, to enable them to sharpen their teeth, so that they could masticate animal food at the grand barbecue that was to be given on the landing of our vessel. Another portion of the cargo was 200,000 puff-balls and sugar-plums, for gratuitous distribution among our English friends and brethren in Ireland.

The craft made three landings in Ireland, and one in England, and they were very near being captured several times. At no time were they over twelve miles from a British man-of-war, a frigate, ram, or gun-boat, and were continually annoyed by pilots. They were at sea 107 days; 38 days from America to Ireland, in which they sailed 3,665 miles; 24 days round the coast of Ireland and England, 2,023 miles; 47 days from Ireland to America, 3,577 miles; making a grand total of 9,265 miles.

On the return trip they had, on starting from the coast of Ireland, one barrel sound bread, one barrel mouldy bread, one rice, one pork & lard, one box of fish, one barrel of beef, one bushel of beans, two quarts of molasses, one half lb. sugar, tea and coffee in sufficient quantities one-third rations of water. They ran but of everything except bread and water before reaching the Banks of Newfoundland, where they received assistance from a fishing-smack, and again, off Boston, from a vessel bound

to San Francisco. They succeeded in landing the entire cargo safely in America, and it is now in the hands of the Fenian Brotherhood.

The landing which was effected at Dungarvan, called forth expressions of surprise from all quarters of both England and Ireland. The news was speedily spread through all the police-offices and to all the coast-guard stations of Ireland, and in a short time 27 men were apprehended, and charged with having come into the country for an illegal purpose. Amongst those who were taken were two men whose trials occupied a good part of the time of the Commission which was opened in Dublin on the 28th of November. They were Augustine E. Costello and Colonel John Warren, both officers of the American army. Warren is a native of Clonakilty, in Cork County. He went to America in 1864, and he took out papers of naturalization, and became an adopted citizen. At that time he took his defence upon the ground that he was an adopted American, and claimed to be tried as an alien; and, on the bench being unwilling to accept of his demand, he gave up all defence, and his counsel withdrew from the case.

During the trial, which was before the Lord Chief Justice Keogh and Chief Baron Pigot, in the Commission Court, Dublin, Colonel Warren complained of the manner in which his identification was got possession of. Gallagher, who was the pilot who had guided the 'Erin's Hope' around the west coast of Ireland, swore that he was one of the persons who were on board the vessel; but the prisoner said that Gallagher's knowledge of him was not obtained of him on the ship, but in Kilmainham goal, where Gallagher had been in prison at the

same time, where he had learned his name, and the charge upon which he was to be tried; but such criticisms were of no avail; a verdict of guilty was returned against him. On November 16th, he and two other prisoners, were brought up for sentence. On the question whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he at once addressed the court as follows:—

WARREN—I claim the privilege established by precedent. I have had no opportunity of making any remarks on my case, and I would now wish to say a few words.

THE CHIEF BARON—Just state what you have to say; we are ready to hear you.

WARREN—I desire, in the first place, to explain, while ignoring the jurisdiction of this court to sentence me, and while assuming my original position, my reasons for interfering in this case at all. I can see beyond my present position, the importance of this case, and I was desirous to instruct the jury, either directly, or indirectly, of the importance of their decision, while never for a moment deviating from the position which I assumed. I submit that I effectually did that. They incautiously, and foolishly for themselves and the country of which they claim to be subjects, have raised an issue which has to be settled by a higher tribunal than this court.

CHIEF BARON—I cannot allow you to continue these observations.

PRISONER—I propose to show that the verdict is contrary to evidence.

THE CHIEF BARON—I must again tell you that you are not at liberty to do that.

PRISONER—I propose to answer briefly the question why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced upon me. Do I understand you to refuse me that privilege?

THE CHIEF BARON—Certainly not; but I am bound in point of law to refuse to hear you upon any matter respecting the verdict. We are bound by that verdict just as much as you are. That is the law.

PRISONER—I have been indicted with a number of parties, one of whom had been identified in America. I have been tried and convicted. What position do I stand in now? Am I convicted on the evidence of Corydon, who swears that I belonged to the Fenian Brotherhood in

1863? Does that prove that I belonged to it in 1867?

Baron Pigot said that what he had left to the jury was, that if they felt sure that upon the evidence that on March 5th, the prisoner belonged to the Fenian Conspiracy, having for its intention the dethroning of the Queen, he would be answerable for the acts done by the confederates, whether he was absent or present at the time.

PRISONER—You instructed the jury, at the same time, that the fact of my holding the position of a colonel in '63 was sufficient corroboration of the evidence that I belonged to it in 1867.

THE CHIEF BARON—I told the jury that holding the rank of colonel was evidence for their consideration, upon which to determine whether you previously belonged to the Fenian Confederacy. I told them they were at liberty to consider whether you would have got that rank if you then joined for the first time.

PRISONER—Precisely the same thing, but in different phraseology. Am I to understand that I have not liberty to address the court as to why sentence should not be pronounced upon me?

THE CHIEF BARON—You are not so to consider. You are at liberty to address the court, but you are not at liberty to comment upon the evidence to show that the verdict was wrong.

PRISONER—What can I speak on? To what can I speak, if not to something connected with my case? I am not here to refer to a church matter or any political question.

THE CHIEF BARON—I have informed you what we are bound to rule.

PRISONER—Then I state, my lord, that as an American citizen, I protest against the whole jurisdiction of this court, from the commencement of my arraignment down to the end of my trial. I protest against being brought here forcibly, and against my being convicted on the evidence of a man whom you yourselves designated a man of the most odious character. You instructed the jury pointedly on one occasion, and subsequently you said that no respectable jury could act on his evidence, and that it was a calamity for any government to have to resort to the evidence of such a man. I do not wish to say anything disrespectful to this court, but I think I may say that if I stand here as a convicted felon, the privilege

should be accorded to me that has been accorded to every other person who stood here before me in a similar position. There is a portion of the trial to which I particularly wish to refer. That is, in reference to the oath which it was stated the pilot was forced to take on board the vessel. Much importance was attached to this matter, and therefore I wish to ask you and others in this court to look and to inquire if there is any man here who could suppose that I am scoundrel enough and ignorant enough to take an ignorant man, put a pistol to his face, and force him to take an oath? I ask you, in the first place, not to believe that I am such a scoundrel, and in the second, that I am not such an idiot. If I were at this moment going to my grave, I could say that I never saw that man Gallagher. I saw him in Kilmanham prison. These men, although they have been, day after day, studying lessons under able masters, contradicted each other on the trial, and have been perjuring themselves. Gallagher, in his evidence, swore that his first and second informations were false, and that he knew them to be false. It is contrary to all precedent to convict a man on the evidence of a witness who admits that he swore what was false. In America I have seen judges, hundreds of times, sentencing men who were taken off the table, put into the dock, and sent to prison. In this case, this poor, ignorant man was brought into Kilmanham gaol on the 1st of July. He knew my name, heard it called several times, knew of the act of which I was suspected, and, on the 2nd of August, he was taken away. On the 12th of October he is brought back, and, out of a party of forty or fifty, he identifies only three. If that man came on board the vessel, he did so in his ordinary capacity as a pilot. He did his duty, got his pay, and left. His subsequent evidence was additions. With respect to the vessel, I submit that there was not a shadow of evidence to prove that there was any intention of a hostile landing, and that the evidence as to the identity of the vessel would not stand for a moment where either law or justice would be regarded. Now, as to the Flying Dutchman which it is said appeared on the coast of Sligo and on the coast of Dungarvan, in Gallagher's information nothing is said about the dimensions of the vessel. Neither length, breadth, or tonnage is given, but in making his second information he revised the first.

Warren then argued that there was nothing to show that the ship which had been seen off Sligo har-

bour was the same which had appeared off Dungarvan except the evidence of the informer Buckley, which had not been confirmed; he contradicted Corydon's testimony in many places, and then went on to say:—

As to the position in which I am now placed by British law, I have to repeat that I am an American citizen, and owe allegiance to the government of the United States. I am a soldier, and have belonged to the National Militia of America. Now, if war had broken out between the two countries, and that I had been taken prisoner, the English government, according to English law, would hold me guilty of high treason. I would not be treated as an ordinary prisoner of war, but would be liable to be strung up at the yard-arm. See then the position of England towards the United States. The Crown should not be in such haste to act thus. It was hardly a judicious policy. Andrew Johnson was the grandson of an Irishman; Mr. Seward was the son of an Irishwoman; General Jackson was the son of an Irishman; General Washington and Benjamin Franklin lived and died British subjects, if this law be correct. There is another point to which I wish to refer—it is to the manner in which my government has acted in this matter—

THE CHIEF BARON—We cannot allow you to enter into remarks on the conduct of any government. We have simply to sit here to administer the law which we are called upon to discharge.

PRISONER—I wish simply to call your attention to one point. On the 3rd of August I wrote to my government—

THE CHIEF BARON—I cannot allow you to refer to that.

PRISONER—The President of the United States, on a report submitted to him—

THE CHIEF BARON—I cannot allow you to proceed with any reference to what has been done by any government. We have nothing to do with the conduct of any government. We are only here to administer the laws which we are sworn to administer.

PRISONER—I was simply going to state that while the vile officials of your government—

THE CHIEF BARON—We have nothing to do with the conduct of any government. We are here to dispense justice according to law, and whatever the officials of our government or the American government have done cannot have the slightest influence upon our judg-

ment. It can neither affect us favourably or unfavourably to the prisoner or to the Crown. We stand indifferently between both.

PRISONER—I beg simply to call your lordship's attention to the correspondence—

THE CHIEF BARON—We cannot allow you to do so. We cannot allow you to refer to the correspondence between the officials of one government and the officials of another.

PRISONER—If America does not resent England's conduct towards me, and protect that allegiance to her government which I proudly own is the only allegiance I ever acknowledged, I shall call on thirteen millions of Irishmen—

THE CHIEF BARON—I cannot allow you to use the position in which you stand there as the arena for those observations.

PRISONER—I must then state, in conclusion, that while I protest against the jurisdiction, I am confident that the position which I take will be sustained. I know that the verdict of the jury will be reversed, and while returning you, my lord, thanks for your kindness during the trial, I must say you have taken from me the privilege I am entitled to get. I am sure that I shall live longer than the British Constitution.

After the verdict had been returned against the last prisoner, Augustine E. Costello was put on his trial for a similar offence, that being connected with the Fenian confederacy, and that of being one of the intended invading party who landed from the 'Erin's Hope,' near Dungarvan. Like Warren he was a naturalized American, and he said he would follow the same course as the last prisoner had adopted, in reference to his trial; but he was advised to leave his case in the hands of his council. An able defence was made for him by his solicitors, but it was of no use. In answer to the usual question, he spoke the following address, in a loud tone of voice:—

In answer to the question put to me by the Clerk of the Court, I will speak a few words. I don't intend to say much, and I will trespass on forbidden ground as little as possible. I am perfectly satisfied that there has not been one fact established or proved that

would justify, a conscientious and impartial jury in finding me guilty of treason-felony. There is an extreme paucity of evidence against me—that every one who has been here while this case has been proceeded with will admit frankly and candidly. We need no stronger proof of this fact than that the first jury that was empanelled to try me had, after a long and patient hearing of the case, to be discharged without having found me guilty of treason-felony. Ah! there were a few honest men on that jury. They knew that Augustine E. Costello was not guilty of the crime trumped up against him. They knew I was not guilty. Mr. Anderson, sitting there, knows that I am not a felon, but that I am an honest man; that as such I stand here in this dock, where Robert Emmet stood, where Robert Emmet spoke from; and the actions and the words of that Emmet have immortalised him, and he now lies embalmed in the hearts of the world.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE—I cannot allow you to proceed in that strain.

COSTELLO—I can say to those assembled here, and who are now listening to me, that I stand here, branded, as I am, a felon, but with a clear conscience. No one can point the finger of scorn against me, and say I have sold my brother and committed perjury. Can every man in this courthouse lay his hand on his heart and say the same? Answer me, Mr. Anderson. Answer me, Governor Price.

THE LORD CHIEF BARON—You are again transgressing. You had better stop for a moment or two; you seem to be excited.

COSTELLO—My lord, as you truly remark, I have allowed my feelings to run away with my discretion; but it is hard for a man to stand here, satisfied as I am of innocence, knowing full well that I have committed no wrong; it is hard for a man in the bloom of youth, when the world looks fair and prosperous to him—when all he loves is in that world—it is hard that a man should be torn from it, and incarcerated in a living tomb. My lords, I am an humble individual; I claim no rights but the rights that emanated from a Godhead—the rights that were given to me at the hour of my birth. That right is my inalienable liberty, and that no government, no people, has a right to take from me. I am perfectly satisfied to stand before a British tribunal to answer for acts or words of mine, if I break any of the laws of the country; but, my lords, you must admit that I have transgressed no law. His lordship, Judge Keogh—I must now candidly admit that I have heard a

great deal about that gentleman that was not at all complimentary to him—but I say for myself that his lordship, Judge Keogh, has dealt with me in the fairest manner he could have done. I have nothing to say against the administration of the law, as laid down by you; but I say a people who boast of their freedom—who hold up their magnanimous doings to the world for approval and praise—I say those people are the veriest slaves in existence to allow laws to exist for a moment which deprive a man of liberty.

THE LORD CHIEF BARON—It is impossible for a Court administering the law to allow you to speak in such terms against such law.

COSTELLO—I speak under correction, my lord. You must, if you please, be assured that I do not attribute any wrong to your lordships—far be it from me; I acknowledge and again reiterate that. So far as the law is concerned, I have had a dose that has almost killed me; but if there was a little—a very little—justice mixed in that law, I would not now be addressing your lordships. Of the law I have had sufficient, but I have come to the conclusion that justice is not to be found inside a British courthouse. My lords, I complain, and grievously, of what my friend Colonel Warren and my friend General Halpin complained of—of being tried in this court as a British subject; and I think your lordships will not reprimand me much for that expression. I left the shores of my native land—Ireland is the land of my birth, and I am proud to own it. I am proud to say that I am an Irishman, but I am also proud and happy to state that I am an adopted citizen of the United States; and while true to the land of my birth, I can never be false to the land of my adoption. That is not an original phrase, but it expresses the idea which I mean to convey. Now, my lords, my learned and very able counsel, who have conducted my case with the greatest ability and zeal, and of whom I cannot speak in terms of sufficient praise, demanded for me a jury half alien. I was refused it. I was born in this country, and I was, while breath remained in my body, a British subject. In God's name—if I may mention His holy name without sufficient reasons—what affection should I have for England? You cannot stamp out the instincts that are in the breast of man—man will be man to the end of time—the very worm you tread upon will turn upon your feet. If I remained in this country till I descended to the grave, I would remain in obscurity and poverty. I left Ireland, not because I

disliked the country—I love Ireland as I love myself—I left Ireland for the very good and cogent reason that I could not live in Ireland. But why could I not live here? I must not say; that would be trespassing. I must not mention why I was forced to leave Ireland—why I am now placed in this dock. Thank you, my lords, that I would injure a living being—that I would, of my own free accord, willingly touch a hair upon the head of any man? No, my lords; far would it be from me; but the government which has left our people in misery—

THE LORD CHIEF BARON—I cannot allow you to trespass on political grievances.

COSTELLO—I am afraid I am occupying the time of the court too much, but really a man placed in such a position as I now occupy finds it necessary to make a few observations. I know it saunders of a great deal that is bad and foul to be mixed up with Fenian rebels, assassins, and cut-throats. It is very bad; it is not a very good recommendation for a young man. Even were that fact proved home to me—that I were a Fenian—no act of mine has ever thrown dishonour on the name. I know not what Fenian means. I am an Irishman, and that is all-sufficient.

Your lordships are well aware that there are many contradictions in the informers' testimony, and now here is a matter which I am going to mention for the first time. Corydon, in his first information at Kilmainham, swears that he never knew me until he saw me at a Fenian picnic, and this he modifies afterwards by the remark, that anyone would be allowed into these pic-nics on the payment of a certain sum. I did not pay much attention to what the fellow was saying about me, as I thought it did not affect me in the least; but this I can distinctly remember, that Mr. Anderson, jun.—and he is there to say if I am saying anything false—said that the evidence of Corydon did not affect any one of the prisoners put in this dock but another and myself. It is very strange if that was said by Mr. Anderson. He knew that there was nothing more to be got out of Corydon, the informer—that he had told everything he knew in his information, but on pressure there was found to be a little left in the sponge. They refreshed his memory a little, and he comes to think that he saw Costello at a meeting in 814, Broadway, I think he gives it. And here is a singular occurrence—that Devany, who never swore an information against me, comes on the table and swears that he also saw me at 814, Broad-

way. Here is one informer striving to corroborate the other. It is a well-known fact that these informers speak to each other, go over the evidence, and what is more likely than that they should make their evidence to agree—say, 'I will corroborate your story, you corroborate mine.' By this means was it that the overt acts of the 5th of March, which took place at Stepside, Glencullen, and Tallaht, were brought home to Costello—a man who was 4,000 miles away, and living—and I say it on the word of a man, a Christian man—peaceably, not belonging to that confederation. I did not belong to the Fenian Brotherhood for twelve months before I left America, if I did belong to it any other time, so help me God! God witnesses what I say, and He records my words above. It is a painful position

in. I know I am a little excited. Were I to speak of this matter under other circumstances, I would be more cool and collected. Were I conscious of guilt—did I know that I merited this punishment, I would not speak a word, but say that I deserved and well merited the punishment about to be inflicted upon me. But, my lords, there never was a man convicted in this court more innocent of the charges made against him than Costello. The overt acts committed in the county of Dublin, admitting that the law of England is as it was laid down by your lordship, that a man, a member of this confederacy, if he lived in China, was responsible for the acts of his confederates—admitting that to be law, I am still an innocent man. Why do I make these assertions? I know full well they cannot have any effect in lessening the term of my sentence. Can I speak for the sake of having an audience here to listen to me? Do I speak for the satisfaction of hearing my own feeble voice? I am not actuated by such motives. I speak because I wish to let you know that I believe myself innocent; and he would be a hard-hearted man, indeed, who would grudge me those few sentences. Now, my lord, I have observed I did not belong to the Fenian confederacy in March of this present year. I did not belong to the Fenian confederacy anterior to the period that Corydon and Devany alleged that they saw me act as centre and secretary to Fenian meetings; that, anterior to that period, I never took act or part in the Fenian conspiracy up to the period of my leaving America. Does it do me any good to make these statements? I ask favours, as Halpin said, from no man. I ask nothing but justice—stern justice—even-handed justice. If I am guilty

—if I have striven to overthrow the government of this country, if I have striven to revolutionise this country, I consider myself enough of a soldier to bare my breast to the consequences, no matter whether that consequence may reach me on the battle-field or in the cells of Pentonville. I am not afraid of punishment. I have moral courage to bear all that can be heaped upon me in Pentonville, Portland, or Kilmainham, designated by one of us as the modern Bastille. I cannot be worse treated, no matter where you send me to. There never was a more infernal dungeon on God's earth than Kilmainham. It is not much to the point, my lord. I will not say another word about it. I believe I saw in some of the weekly papers that it would be well to appoint a commission to inquire—

THE LORD CHIEF BARON—I cannot allow you to proceed with that subject.

COSTELLO—I will not say another word. I will conclude now. There is much I could say, yet a man in my position cannot help speaking. There are a thousand and one points affecting me here, affecting my character as a man, affecting my life and well-being, and he would be a hard-hearted man who could blame me for speaking in strong terms. I feel that I have within me the seeds of a disease that will soon put me into an early grave, and I have within my breast the seeds of a disease which will never allow me to see the expiration of my imprisonment. It is, my lord, a disease, and I hope you will allow me to speak on this subject, which has resulted from the treatment I have been subjected to. I will pass over it as rapidly as I can, because it is a nasty subject—Kilmainham. But the treatment that I have received at Kilmainham—I will not particularise any man, or the conduct of any man—has been most severe, most harsh, not fit for a beast, much less a human being. I was brought to Kilmainham, so far as I knew, without any warrant from the Lord Lieutenant. I was brought on a charge the most visionary and absurd. No man knew what I was. No one could tell me or specify to me the charge on which I was detained. I asked the magistrates at Dungan to advise me of these charges. They would not tell me. At last I drove them into such a corner as I might call it, that one of them rose up and said, with much force, 'You are a Fenian.' Now, my lords, that is a very accommodating word. If a man only breaks a window now he is a Fenian. If I could bring, or if I had only the means of bringing, witnesses from America, I would have

established my innocence here without a probability of doubt. I would have brought a host of witnesses to prove that Costello was not the centre of a circle in 1866. I would have brought a host of witnesses to prove that he was not the secretary of a circle—never in all his life. My lords, I speak calmly, and weigh well, and understand every word that I say. If I speak wrong, time will bring the truth to the surface, and I would sooner have fifteen years added to my sentence than that any man might say I spoke from this dock, which I regard as a holy place, where stood those whom I revere as much as I do any of our saints—

THE LORD CHIEF BARON—I cannot suffer you to proceed further.

COSTELLO—I would not speak one word from this dock which I knew to be other than truth. I admit there is a great deal of suspicion, but beyond that there are no facts proved to bring home the charge against me. What I have stated are facts, every one of them. Now, my lords, is it any wonder that I should speak at random and appear a little bit excited? I am not excited in the least. I would be excited in a degree were I expressing myself on any ordinary topic to any ordinary audience. It is my manner, your lordships will admit, and you have instructed the jury not to find me guilty, but to discharge me from the dock, if they were not positive that I was a Fenian on the 5th March. I believe these are the instructions that his lordship, Justice Keogh, gave to the jury—if I were not a Fenian on the 5th March, I was entitled to an acquittal. Well, I was not a Fenian at that time. I say so as I have to answer to God. Now, to conclude. I have not said much about being an American citizen. For why? I am not permitted to speak on that subject. Now, as Colonel Warren remarked, 'I am an American citizen, I am not to be held responsible, but to the American Government. I did not press myself on that government. They extended to me those rights and those privileges; they said to me, "Come forward, young man; enrol yourself under our banner, under our flag; we extend to you our rights and privileges—we admit you to the franchise." I came not before I was asked. The invitation was extended to me. I had no love then, and never will have, towards England, and I accepted the invitation. I did fore swear allegiance to all foreign potentates, and more particularly I fore swore allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain. Your lordships say that the law of the land rules that I had no right to do anything of the kind. That is a question for the governments

to settle. America is guilty of a great fraud if I am in the wrong.

THE LORD CHIEF BARON—I cannot allow you to proceed with that argument.

COSTELLO—I will take up no more of your time. If I am still a British subject, America is guilty.

THE LORD CHIEF BARON—I cannot allow you to refer either to the American people or to the American government.

COSTELLO—Would you allow me to state they enticed me from my allegiance to England; therefore she (America) is guilty of high treason?

THE LORD CHIEF BARON—We cannot allow you to speak on that subject.

COSTELLO—I will conclude, then. I have nothing to say further than to thank your lordships for the latitude you have given me in these few remarks and also to thank your lordships for your kindness during my trial. I know you have done me every justice; you did not strain the law against me; you did everything that was consistent with your duty to do, and I have nothing to complain of there. I must again thank my learned and able counsel for the able, zealous, and eloquent manner in which they defended me. I am at a loss for words to express the gratitude I owe to each and every one of those gentlemen who have so ably conducted my case. Now, my lords, I will receive that sentence which is impending. I am prepared for the worst. I am prepared to be torn from my friends, from my relations, from my home. I am prepared to spend the bloom of my youth in a tomb more dark and horrible than the tomb wherein the dead rest. But there is one consolation that I will bring into exile, if I may so call that house of misery—a clear conscience, a heart whose still small voice tells me that I have done no wrong to upbraid myself with. This is the consolation that I have—that my conscience is clear. I know it appears somewhat egotistical for me to speak thus, but it is a source of consolation for me that I have nothing to upbraid myself with, and I will now say in conclusion, that if my sufferings can ameliorate the wrongs or the sufferings of Ireland, I am willing to be offered up as a sacrifice for the good of old Erin.

Before the same judges, at the same commission, William Halpin was put on his trial for treason-felony. It was given in evidence that he was one of the military officers in command of the Fenians in the district of Dublin, in the rising which had taken place

on the 5th of March, and the informers, Devany, Masey and Corydon, gave evidence which proved the charge.

Halpin had engaged no counsel, but conducted his own case. The reason why he did this he explained in the following words :—

Two reasons operated on my mind, and induced me to forego the advantage I would derive from having some of the able and learned counsel that plead at this bar. The first reason is, that if you, gentlemen, are a jury selected by the Crown, as juries are known to be selected heretofore in political cases—if you are, in fact, a jury selected with the express purpose of finding a verdict for the Crown—then, gentlemen, all the talent and ability that I could employ would avail me nothing. If, on the other hand, by any chance the Attorney General permitted honest men to find their way into the box, then, gentlemen, lawyers were equally unnecessary for me.

He began his defence with calmness and deliberation. A chair, a small table, and writing materials were supplied him, to enable him to take notes and make any memorandum he thought necessary. He cross-examined the witnesses with ability, and without excitement. His address to the jury was an extraordinary piece of eloquence and argument, much choice language being used by him, and throughout the trial he showed a courageous spirit. One portion of his remarks ran as follows :—

The whole conduct of the Crown since my arrest has been such as to warrant me in asserting that I have been treated more like a beast of prey than a human being. If I had been permitted to examine witnesses, I would have shown them how the case had been got up by the Crown. I would have shown them how the Crown Solicitor, the jailers, the head jailer, and the deputy jailers of Kilmainham, and the Protestant chaplain of that institution, had gone in, day and night, to all the witnesses—to the cells of the prisoners—with a bribe in one hand and a halter in the other. I would have shown how political cases were got up by the Crown in Ireland. I would have shown how there existed,

under the authority of the Castle, a triumvirate of the basest wretches that ever conspired to take away the lives and liberties of men. One of these represented the law, another the gibbet in front of the jail, and another was supposed to represent the Church militant.

Baron Pigot interposed ; but the prisoner reverted to the subject again, and said that every chance was taken in that jail to torture and wrong the men imprisoned there. He concluded his address in the following style :—

I ask you if I have not thoroughly and efficiently explained away the terror, if I may use the term, of these papers, which were taken from walls and other places, to be brought against me here. I ask you, gentlemen, as reasonable men, if there be a shadow of a case against me ? I ask you if I have been connected by an untainted witness with any act, in America or Ireland, that would warrant you in deciding that I was guilty of the charge with which I stand accused ? Is there one single overt act proved against me ; or have I violated any law for the violation of which I can be made amenable in this court ? I ask you if, in these letters which have been brought up against me—one found in Thomas-street, another in the pocket of a fellow-prisoner—there is anything that can affect me ? Recollect, gentlemen of the jury, that I speak to you now as men imbued with a spirit of justice. I speak to you, gentlemen, believing that you are honest, recognizing your intelligence, and confident that you will give in a verdict in accordance with the dictates of your conscience. If you are the jury that the Attorney-General hopes you are, gentlemen of the jury, I am wasting time in speaking to you. If you are, gentlemen, that jury which the Attorney-General hopes to make the stepping-stone to the bench—for, gentlemen, I do not accuse the Attorney-General of wishing to prosecute me for the purpose of having me punished, I believe he is above any paltry consideration of that sort—but, gentlemen, all men are influenced by one motive or another, and the Attorney-General, though he is the first law officer of the Crown in Ireland, is human like ourselves ; he is not above all human frailty, but like other men, doubtless, likes office, and likes the emoluments which office brings. But, gentlemen of the jury, it will be your fault if you make your shoulders the stepping-stone for the Attorney-General to spring upon the bench. I say

these words to you in sober, solemn earnestness. You are now trying a man who has lived all his life-time in a country where freedom is venerated and adored. You may believe, gentlemen, that you have the speech of freedom here; but I claim, gentlemen, that the real spirit of freedom has fled these shores many a century ago—has sped across the Atlantic, and perched upon the American soil; and, gentlemen, it ought to be your wish and desire—as I am sure it is, for I am unwilling to believe that you are the men the Attorney-General deems you to be—to do me justice, and to prove that Dublin juries do not on all occasions bring in a verdict at the dictation of the Crown. Gentlemen, the principle of freedom is at stake. Every man that is born into this world has a right to freedom, unless he forfeits that right by his own misdeemeanour. Perhaps you have read the declaration of American Independence. In that declaration, drawn up by one Thomas Jefferson, it is stated that every man born into this world is born free and equal; that he has the right—the inalienable right—to live in liberty and the pursuit of happiness. These are the cardinal principles of liberty. I claim these rights, unless I have forfeited them by my own misconduct. I claim there is not one particle, one scintilla, of evidence to warrant you in finding a verdict for the Crown. I have not conspired with General Roberts or any of these other generals. There is no evidence to show you anything about any such conspiracy, as far as I am concerned. With these facts before you, I ask you, as reasonable men, is there one particle of evidence to show that I am guilty of the charges preferred against me? I shall simply conclude by repeating the words with which I commenced—that I leave it between your conscience and your God to find a verdict according to the evidence and the truth. I leave it to you in the name of that sacred justice which we all profess to venerate, and I ask you not to allow your passion or your prejudices to cloud your judgments—not to allow the country to say that the Dublin juries are in the breeches-pocket of the Attorney-General. Never let it be said that a prisoner, forced into your country, carried off from the steamer which was bearing him away from yours to his own, has been found guilty on the evidence of perjured witnesses. Never let the world say that a Dublin jury was not as honest as any other. Do not allow those acrimonious feelings which unfortunately in this country difference of sect engenders to have anything to

do with your verdict. As far as I am concerned, I ask no favour from you. I ask no favour from any man that lives in the world. I have always, gentlemen, adhered to my own principles, and will do so while I am able. If you consent to send me for my life to a penitentiary you will not make the slightest impression on me. I am pleading for life and liberty—I am pleading in the cause of justice, and I leave it in your hands. I demand that you should exercise your best judgment to render a verdict before the Omnipotent Creator of the universe, who is looking into your hearts as well as mine—to render a verdict for which you will not be sorry—to render a verdict that your countrymen will cheer—to render a verdict that will make you venerated and admired in the land of your birth while you live on this earth.

The jury, however, found the prisoner *guilty*. General Halpin having taken his place in the dock in company with his fellow-convicts, Colonel Warren and Augustine E. Costello, to receive his sentence, he appeared as calm as ever. The question why sentence should not be passed on him having been put—

The prisoners said that before he spoke to the question put him by the Clerk of the Crown, he wished to say a few words on another topic. The day before yesterday he was handed by the Governor of Kilmalham a letter which had come from America, and enclosed a draft. The draft the Governor refused to give up, and also refused to state what disposition he intended to make of it. The Deputy Governor had other moneys of his, and he requested that those, as well as the draft, should be restored to him.

The Attorney-General, in an undertone, having addressed some observations to the Bench,

The Lord Chief Baron said that the prisoner, having been convicted of felony, his property was at the disposal of the authorities, and that any representation he had to make on the subject should be made to the government.

Halpin said he wished that the money might be transferred to the governor of whatever jail he was to be imprisoned in, so that he might have the use of it to purchase necessaries should he require them.

THE CHIEF BARON—If you desire to make any representation it must be through the government.

PRISONER—I don't wish to make any

representation to the government on the subject. I will permit the government to add robbery to perjury.

The prisoner, answering a question asked by the Clerk of the Crown, said that justice had not been dealt out to him. He had been prevented by the Crown from getting witnesses, while the Crown had been four months in getting their witnesses. He complained of the rules of the jail, as well as the law that permitted them to be in force, and continued:—

I deny the jurisdiction of this court in common with Colonel Warren. I owe no allegiance to this country, and were I a free man to-morrow I would sooner swear allegiance to the King of Abyssinia than give half-an-hour's allegiance to the government of this country—a government that has blasted the hopes of half the world and disgusted it all. I am not, I suppose, permitted to speak of the verdict given against me by the jury. It was entirely unnecessary for the Crown to produce one single witness against me. The jury had their lesson before they came to the box.

THE CHIEF BARON—It is impossible for me to allow you to proceed with this line of observation.

HALPIN—I wish to simply say that the jury exhibited an extreme anxiety to find a verdict against me before I had even said a word to them. I saw their anxiety. I knew from the moment they were put into the box that a verdict of guilty would be returned against me. I knew it from looking at the conduct of the jury in the box—I knew it from the way the jury were empanelled, and I knew the Attorney-General relied upon the jury for a verdict when he set three citizens aside. I therefore conclude, and rightly, that all the eloquent talent that ever pleaded at this bar would be entirely useless to me whilst such a jury was in the box. The Crown in order to give some colour to the proceedings, thought proper to produce several witnesses against me. Eleven witnesses were examined, and out of these no less than nine committed absolute, diabolical, and egregious perjury.

THE CHIEF BARON—You are transcending the limit within which the law confines you.

HALPIN—I do not blame you for enforcing the law as it stands. By no means. I have to thank your lordship for your kindness during the progress of my trial. I do not blame you be-

cause the law stands as it does, but what I say is—that the law is absurd in taking me and trying me as a British subject whilst I am a citizen of the United States, without a particle of evidence to show that I was born under the jurisdiction of the British Crown. I must say that I look to another place, another government, and another people, to see that justice shall be done me.

THE CHIEF BARON—Here again you are transcending the limits which the law allows. We could not deal with any consideration connected with what any government will do.

HALPIN—I am aware that it is not within your province to deal with the acts of another government, but I may be permitted to say this—that the outrages offered me and those gentlemen who claim, like me, to be citizens of the United States will be gladly submitted to if they only have the effect of making the sword of Brother Jonathan spring from its scabbard.

THE CHIEF BARON—I cannot suffer you to proceed with this line of observation. I cannot suffer you to make this a place of appeal to persons in this country or in America.

HALPIN—I am not making any appeal to any man. Although I was found guilty by a jury of this court, I deem my conduct above reproach. I know how I have been convicted, and will still assert that the first gun fired in anger between this country and America will be a knell of comfort to my ears.

THE CHIEF BARON—I will be compelled to remove you from where you are now if you proceed with this line of observation.

HALPIN—Well, then, if I am not permitted to say that—

THE CHIEF BARON—You are not permitted to make any observation upon what any government of any country may do.

HALPIN—I think the reference has not anything to do with any government or any country. It refers to a fact that will come to pass, and when I shall hear the death-knell of this infamous government—

THE CHIEF BARON—I will not allow you to proceed.

HALPIN—Well, I cannot be prevented thinking it. Now, I will refer to a subject which I may be allowed to speak upon. You will recollect that I had addressed a letter to Mr. Price, asking him to furnish me at my own expense, with two of the morning papers—the *Irish Times* and *Freeman's Journal*. I believe they are both loyal papers; at least they claim to be loyal, and I have no doubt they are of the ad-

mitted character of loyalty registered in the purlieus of Dublin Castle. The reason why I wanted these papers was, that I believed that the best reports of the trials since the opening of the Commission would be found in them. I said to Mr. Price that it was important that I should see all the evidence given by the informers who were to be produced against me, to enable me to make up my defence. I was denied, even at my own expense, to be furnished with these papers, and that I complain of as a wanton outrage. Perhaps Mr. Price was governed by some rule of Kilmainham, for it appears that the rules of Kilmainham are often as far outside the law of the country as I have been said to be by the Attorney-General. In fact, Mr. Price stated, when giving his testimony, that he was not governed by any law or rule, but that he was governed solely and entirely by his own imperial will.

THE CHIEF BARON—That I cannot allow to be said without at once setting it right. Mr. Price said no such thing. He said that with respect to one particular matter—namely, the reading of prisoner's correspondence, he was bound to exercise his own discretion as to what he would send out of the jail, and what he would hold. This is the only matter in which Mr. Price said he would exercise his own discretion.

PRISONER—I think, my lord, you will allow your memory to go back to the cross-examination of Mr. Price, and you will find that when I asked him by what authority he gave the letters he suppressed into the hands of the Crown to be produced here, he stated he had no other authority than his own will for so doing.

THE CHIEF BARON—You are quite right with respect to the correspondence.

PRISONER—I say he violated the law of the land in so doing, and I claim that he had no right to use those letters written by me in my private capacity to friends in America, asking for advice and assistance, and the very first letter that he read was a letter written to a man named Byrne. That, you may recollect, was put into the hands of the Attorney-General—kept by him for four months. That was the first intimation I had of its suppression or of its production here by the Crown. Now the letter was addressed to a friend in New York, asking him to look after my trunk, which had been taken away without my consent by the captain of the vessel in which I was arrested. Mr. Price never told me he suppressed that letter, and I was three months waiting

for a reply, which, of course, I did not receive, as the letter never went. Mr. Price suppressed another letter yesterday. It was written to a friend of mine in Washington, in relation to my trial and conviction, and asking him to present my case, to the President of the United States, detailing the case as it proceeded in this court. Mr. Price thought proper to suppress that letter, and I ask that he be compelled to produce it, so that, if your lordships think fit, it may be read in court.

THE CHIEF BARON—I cannot do that. I cannot have a letter of that character read in open court.

HALPIN—Am I entitled to get the letter, to have it destroyed, or is Price to have it, to do with it as he pleases?

THE CHIEF BARON—I can make no order in the matter.

HALPIN—Then Price is something like Robinson Crusoe—'Monarch of all he surveys'; monarch of Kilmainham; and when I ask if he is to be controlled I find there is no law to govern him.

THE CHIEF BARON—You have now no property in these letters, being a convict.

THE PRISONER—I will very soon be told I have no property in myself. I claim to have been arrested on the high seas, and there was then no case against me, and the Crown had to wait four months to pick up papers and get men from Stepside, and arrange plans between Price and his warders to fill up any gap that might be wanted. I was arrested out of the *habeas corpus* jurisdiction, without authority, and detained four months in jail until the Crown could trump up a case against me. Have I not a right to complain that I should be consigned to a dungeon for life in consequence of a trumped-up case? I am satisfied that your lordships have stated the case as it stands, but I am not satisfied that I have been convicted under any law. I have been four months in durance vile, and vile durance it has been. The preachers tell us that hell is a very bad place, and the devil a very bad boy, but he could not hold a candle to old Price.

THE CHIEF BARON—You are trespassing very much upon a very large indulgence. I must adopt a more decisive course if you persevere.

HALPIN (laughing)—Well, my lord, I will say no more about the old gorilla. The Crown officers have laid much stress upon the fact that I have travelled under different names, and therefore I was guilty of a great crime. I have precedent for it when I read in the papers that some continental monarchs travel under an assumed name, and I

hear that the Prince of Wales does so also when he thinks proper to go to the London brothels.

At this time the court put an end to his address, and the Chief Baron passed sentence on the three Fenian adventurers. The sentences were as follows :—

John Warren to 15 years' penal servitude. William Halpin the same. Augustine E. Costello to 12 years' penal servitude. All three heard their doom without betraying any emotion. Halpin remarked that he would take 15 years more any day for Ireland, and Warren said that he did not think a lease of the British Empire worth thirty-seven-and-a-half-cents; and then all three, followed by the warders, disappeared from the court.

It is now our painful duty to record one of the most diabolical deeds that ever was perpetrated in any country in the world.³ How men could so far forget themselves as to be guilty of such cruel and merciless actions—actions which spread death and destruction amongst innocent and unoffending people, no person can truly say! The reprobation of all who love order and justice, and truly value life and property as the most sacred things which a good Providence freely bestows, cannot find language in the English vocabulary sufficiently strong to condemn the men who wantonly and ruthlessly sacrificed the lives of those who never did them injury in any shape or form.

To speak mildly of villains who commit such acts as the one we are about to give our readers, is impossible to a well-balanced mind. The coolness and craftiness of the men who deliberately destroyed the lives of the unfortunate victims of this barbarous outrage is only worthy to be re-

corded as men who had the feelings of a modern Nero; and a murderous spirit which has the eternal reprobation of every civilized person under the sun.

FENIAN EXPLOSION AT CLERKENWELL PRISON.

No event excited greater surprise and indignation throughout the country than the audacious attempt of December the 18th., to effect the escape of the two Fenian prisoners, Richard Burke and Joseph Theobald Casey, by blowing down the outer wall of the House of Detention at Clerkenwell with a barrel of gunpowder. This mad and wicked scheme failed in its object, but did terrible mischief to the innocent. The explosion produced the most deplorable effects; destroying several houses in the neighbourhood, killing a man, a woman, and two little children, and inflicting severe injuries on forty or fifty other persons; besides causing great damage to private property and involving many poor families in distress.

The House of Detention, which is situate on the north-east of Clerkenwell-green, is built in the form of a triangle, stands north-east and south-west. A stoutly-built wall, two feet thick and twenty-five feet high, runs north and north-east, and forms the boundary line of the prison and the inclosure of a yard above one hundred feet long and forty feet wide, which is used for the recreation of the prisoners. The entrance to the prison is on the south-east side, the other boundaries being Rosoman-street on the south-west, Corporation-lane on the north-west, and Woodbridge-street on the north-east. Corporation-lane is a narrow street, having the prison wall on one side and a row of three-storey tenements on the other. Opposite the centre of the wall is a narrow court, called St. James's-passage, running into a street called St. James's-place, which is parallel to Corporation-lane, and runs into Rosoman-street. It has been stated that the prison wall in Corporation-lane was confronted by three-storied houses, in all about twenty. Most of these were let out in tenements to poor people, and some were used as the workshops of jewellers and cabinet makers. Ten of these houses commanded a view of the prison exercise-yard. The houses were old-fashioned, but built in a style which showed that they were intended for tenants of a superior class. The house immediately facing that part of the prison wall, against which the barrel of gunpowder exploded, was occu-

plied by a Mr. Mosley, a working jeweller. The first and second floors were used as work-rooms, and the kitchen formed the living or sitting-room for the family, consisting of Mr. Mosley, his wife, a son twenty years old, and a child nephew. The upper part of the house immediately adjacent to the east was also used as work-rooms, the lower part being tenanted by a poor widow and four children. The house to the west was separated from Mr. Mosley's by the narrow court.

The Fenian prisoners, Burke and Casey, while remanded in the intervals of their examination by the magistrate at Bow-street, were confined in the north wing of the House of Detention. Their friends, who were allowed to visit and talk with them, soon learned that they were accustomed to take exercise at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the yard adjoining Corporation-lane. A woman had been to see Casey at the prison on the very day of the attempt. The authorities had, indeed, received warnings of an intention to rescue the Fenian leaders. A message from Dublin, stating that there was a plot to blow up the prison, had reached the Home Secretary, and had been sent to the Governor the day before the occurrence.

On the morning of the 13th, three police officers, named Sutton, Ranger, and Knowles, went on duty, and about twelve o'clock they noticed three men and a woman of suspicious appearance reconnoitring the prison walls and the streets and courts adjacent. The Fenians perceived that they were under surveillance, and then followed a series of manoeuvres on both sides, one party being anxious to throw the others off the scent, and the other just as determined to keep their game in view. The Fenians separated and went different ways, followed by the officers. They then came back, and lurked in the vicinity of the prison, where, being again alarmed, one of the men drove off in a cab, while the others, as before, separated, each dogged by an officer; and this went on till, about half-past three o'clock, the detectives finally watched the party of Fenians into St. James's-place, and saw them turn into St. James's-passage. The officers were then in Rosoman-street, and, of course, all that was necessary to prevent the Fenians getting out of sight was to watch the ends of St. James's-place and Corporation-lane. After a brief pause, Ranger and Knowles went up St. James's-place to reach the end of St. James's-passage, and Sutton went down Rosoman-street to guard the end of Corporation-lane. But just as Ranger

and Knowles reached the end of the passage, they met two of the men and the woman running at full speed up the passage, in a direction away from the prison wall, with such an expression of anxiety and alarm that the officers were satisfied that something had been done, and at once stopped and arrested them. Scarcely had they seized their prisoners when a tremendous explosion took place, which almost prostrated the struggling group, followed by a shower of dust, the crash of falling houses, and, after a moment's deathly silence, the shrieks and wails of wounded men, women, and children. Sutton had just reached the corner of Corporation-lane when he saw one of the Fenians running close alongside the prison wall and turning the corner into Rosoman-street to go in the direction of Clerkenwell-green. Sutton, having the same suspicion as his brother officers, at once started in pursuit, but when he reached the middle of Corporation-lane the explosion took place, and he was prostrated and partially stunned. Rising as rapidly as possible, he saw the Fenian, who had been protected by the south-west wall of the prison, turning the corner of a street in the distance, whence he was lost to view and effected his escape.

One of the constables, a few minutes before, had seen a man draw a truck, with a barrel upon it, from St. James's-passage into Corporation-lane, where he left it on the pavement, retiring back up St. James's-passage, and the constable following him. Mr. Thomas Young, the occupant of the house No. 5, in Corporation-lane, who was at the door of his house at the time, had his attention attracted by seeing two men with a barrel in the lane. One man wore a brown coat. The barrel was placed against the prison wall. He saw something placed in the lid, and then a match was struck, but the fire went out. The man with the brown coat, who at the moment was standing on the footpath, seeing the light out, tossed a box of matches to the man at the barrel. A second match was lighted and applied to a fuse in the barrel top. Then something began to fly, the men ran away, and in a second there followed a terrific explosion. Mr. Young's married daughter was standing at the under kitchen window when her attention was attracted by a man rolling a large barrel, about three feet in length, along the road. She saw him place it on one end opposite to the next house to theirs, and cover it with a light oak-grained piece of oilcloth. He took from his pocket what appeared to be a piece

of paper or fuse rolled up, and about eight inches long. He then stooped down, and, striking a light, he set one end of the fuse on fire and thrust the other end into the barrel. When he saw that the fuse was burning he went away. She watched the fuse for five minutes at the very least, wondering 'whatever it was for.' Suddenly the suspicion came across her mind that it was gunpowder; but just as she thought she would run up to the parlour a frightful explosion took place. She was struck by fragments of iron and glass from the windows and sent reeling by the shock to the other side of the kitchen, where she fell senseless to the ground, and when she came to herself she was weltering in blood, being frightfully cut about the head and face.

The effect of the explosion was to blow in a triangular section of the prison wall of about 20 ft. at the base by 60 ft. or 70 ft. at the summit; to utterly destroy the house immediately opposite, burying all within it under the ruins; to demolish a great part of many other houses right and left and immediately in the rear, wounding fifty of the inhabitants; and to fill the whole lane with heaps of bricks from the prison wall.

Thirty-six of the sufferers were removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where three died in the course of the evening, and six to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road. Three or four of the wounded were members of the same family, some were mere infants, and the husband of the woman who died in St. Bartholomew's was himself shockingly bruised and prostrated. The woman's name was Sarah Hodgkinson, aged thirty-five. The others who died the same evening were a man of fifty-five, William Clutton, and Minnie Julia Abbott, aged eight years. The family of the Abbotts, who lived in a house in Corporation-lane, one almost opposite the scene of the explosion, appeared to have suffered most severely. Maria Abbott, thirty-four, the mother of the little child Minnie, who died, was a patient at St. Bartholomew's, suffering from cuts about the face and eyelids, as were also three of her children—John Abbott, thirteen; William, eleven; and Anne, two: while a fourth, Arthur, aged five years, lay in a dangerous condition at the Royal Free Hospital, with a rupture of the right eyeball, and his face terribly burnt and lacerated. The boy William, suffered from concussion, with part of his nose cut off, and his face, neck, and hand lacerated. Hannah Maria Thompson, eight years old, sister of another child who died at the Free

Hospital, was a patient there, with lacerated wounds on the neck and scalp. Elizabeth, aged seventeen, a sister of the two, remained at St. Bartholomew's with a severe cut on the forehead. So did Harriet, another sister, with both arms badly lacerated, and with a severe wound in the head and bruises of the face and limbs; and Elizabeth Thompson, aged forty, the mother, suffered from concussion. A Mrs. Hartley had her left ear nearly severed, and sustained severe wounds on the side of the neck and forehead. Sarah Hartley, a member of the same family, with an infant son Alfred, and another child of three years, were among the patients at St. Bartholomew's. These were only a few of the worst cases taken from a long catalogue of the innocent sufferers who were removed to the two hospitals after the explosion. The Home Secretary visited the prison on the 14th of December, and offered a reward of £300 for the discovery of the persons who actually caused the explosion, and £100 for the detection of accomplices.

On the 14th of December, the three persons who had been apprehended were brought up at Bow-street court, the prison-van being strongly guarded by mounted police, armed with swords and pistols. The prisoners gave the names of Timothy Desmond, Jeremiah Allen, and Ann Justice, and the charge preferred against them was 'of being concerned with others not in custody in the wilful murder of Sarah Hodgkinson, William Clutton, and Minnie Abbott, by wilfully and maliciously firing an explosive substance, supposed to be gunpowder, at Corporation-lane, Clefkenwell.' Then they were committed for trial at the Middlesex assizes.

The inquest on the bodies of four of the persons killed by the explosion was brought to a close on the 20th of December. Their names were William Clutton, Mary Hodgkinson, Minnie Abbott, and Martha Evans. The last named had died after the inquiry commenced, but the jury viewed the body, and her case was added to that of the others. Evidence was given by several of the sufferers; but the chief interest turned upon the testimony of Inspector Potter and Captain Codrington, governor of the gaol, as to the warnings that had been received of the coming catastrophe and the measures of prevention taken in consequence. The Coroner and some of the jury seemed to think those measures quite sufficient, but no remark on that point was appended to the verdict, which was simply one of wilful murder against Timothy Desmond, Jeremiah Allen, and Anne Justice. Two more

victims, Martha Thompson and Humphrey Evans, died at the Royal Free Hospital.

None of the prisoners who were apprehended for this dreadful outrage, were the real perpetrators; but a man named Barret, was the person who fired the fuse attached to the barrel of gunpowder, on the afternoon of the 13th of December. He was arrested, tried, found guilty, and hanged in London; before his execution he confessed that he was guilty of the diabolical deed.

CHAPTER XII.

SECOND ATTEMPTED FENIAN INVASION OF CANADA—MURDER OF LORD LEITRIM—WITH EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1868, TO THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1879.

THAT the spirit of Fenianism was deep-rooted amongst some of the inhabitants of Ireland, the great number of apprehensions for sedition, acts of violence, and crimes of various kinds which continually and regularly happened during the year 1868, prove most conclusively. There was occasionally a gleam of sunshine in that grief-stricken country; an outburst of loyalty to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, was displayed on the 10th of February in this year, when an address of loyalty to the Queen, prepared by Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., and signed by upwards of 20,000 Irishmen, was presented to the Home-Secretary, for presentation to our beloved Sovereign. On the 22nd of January, a martello tower in Waterford Harbour, was attacked by armed men. Some firing between the attacking party and the military took place, when two of the Fenians were wounded. They were carried away by their comrades, who retreated; the same night the premises of Mr. Casey at Newport, in Mayo country, were broken into, and 8 cwt. of gunpowder were stolen. Three arrests were made at Mitchelstown, Cork

country, and a clerk in the telegraph office at Belfast was also apprehended.

On the 3rd of March, an ironmonger's assistant was killed in Dublin by the Fenians, his name was Michael Brescoe. At Cork, an attempt was made to fire the powder magazine of the barracks, on the 26th of February. In the month of April, Ireland was visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, when the Prince was created Knight of St. Patrick, with great ceremony in the city of Dublin, on the 18th.

On the 14th of August Mr. William Scully, at Ballycohey, near Clonmel, in the county of Tipperary, prepared to evict 30 families upon one of his estates, and took a party of police with him for that purpose and to protect the bailiffs. A few of the tenants whom he purposed to evict, armed, and hid themselves in a barn, declaring they did not wish to injury any one, but they would not surrender; Mr. Scully determined to serve the notices, the result was that two of the police were shot dead:—Gorman and Morrough, and several of the party were wounded, including Mr. Scully. At the inquest the jury returned an open verdict. £500 was offered by the Lord Lieutenant for the apprehension of the persons who shot the police and Mr. Scully, but no one was arrested. The house of the Rev. Mr. Drew, at Youghal was attacked by a party of armed men, on the 16th of August, who demanded alms. Miss Drew fired upon the assailants, and they withdrew, without much harm being done.

At the latter end of April, 1869, The south of Ireland was visited by Prince Arthur, when a great deal of loyal feeling was display-

ed. On the 10th of October, a large meeting was held at Cabra, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, by what was called 'the amnesty association' of the Fenian movement, for the purpose of passing resolutions demanding the release of the Fenian prisoners. Tens of thousands of people met. The resolutions were spoken to by G. H. Moore, M.P., for Mayo, Mr. Hickey, the Rev. Mr. Leverett, Mr. G. Russell, and Hugh O'Donnell. The proceedings passed off peaceably. The first meeting of the Land Conference was held in Dublin, on, February 3rd, 1870, when the following resolutions were passed :—

'That the present relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland, whereby the tenant farmer is liable to capricious eviction and to the absorption, by the imposition of an increased rent, of property invested by him in improvements, are destructive of industry, detrimental to the peace of society, and injurious to the best interests as well of the landlord as of the tenant.

'That no measure will satisfy the Irish people which does not put an end at once and for ever to arbitrary eviction and permanently fix the Irish tenant in the Irish soil.

'That no measures will be satisfactory to the Irish people which will not recognise a continuous right of occupancy subject only to eviction for non-payment of rent, or sub-letting without the consent of the landlord.

'That the measure should recognise the tenant's right of the property in the continuous occupancy, so secured to him with all the improvements on the farm, whether made, purchased, or inherited; and that his assignment should be binding on the landlord on payment of all arrears of rent that may be due by him.

'That it is indispensable to any satisfactory measure that provision should be made for the fixing of rent by a valuation made by an independent and impartial tribunal in every case in which the landlord and tenant agree, and that careful provision should be made that such valuation should not include any value of the tenant's right of occupancy, or any value, the result of improvements, whenever made, purchased, or inherited by the tenant.

'To protect the interest and property of both landlord and tenant, the measure should provide some effective and simple machinery for the equitable adjustment of rents at stated intervals by reference to the altered value of the landlord's property (as distinct from that of the tenant) and tested by the average prices of the agricultural products in the district for a series of years.

'That in the case of such a removal of a tenant he should be entitled to realise, by sale or otherwise, the value of his right of occupancy and of all then existing improvements made, inherited, or purchased by him; while, on the other hand, the landlord should be entitled to deduct from such sums all arrears of rent due to him, and the amount of any reward made in his favour by the prescribed local tribunal for waste or dilapidation.

'That, on the expiration of any existing lease, should the landlord and the then lessee or assignee of the lease be unable to agree upon the rent to be payable for the future, such rent shall be determined by the Local Land Tribunal on the same principle as in case of other tenants (all improvements made by the tenant or his predecessors being excluded from consideration in calculating such rent,) and from the time of such determination the legal rights and liabilities of each party shall be the same as those of tenants at will.

'That the local tribunal shall, for purposes of the bona fide development of the land, by improving the condition of the labourer, be empowered to grant house sites and suitable lots of land for agricultural labourers, such tenancies to be held direct from the landlord, on payment of all equitable interest.'

On Sunday evening, March 23rd, several attempts of murder took place in different parts of the county of Meath. The following is the newspaper account of the whole of the outrages :—

A small farmer named Crawford, living at Killallen, a few miles from Kells, who farmed his own land, and acted as agent as well, was shot in the face and arm on Sunday evening, March 23rd, while seated with his family in his own chimney-corner, and was in the utmost danger. The second case was that of a farmer named Reilly, who rented over a couple of hundred acres and lived at Fartha, in the northern part of the county, less than a dozen Irish miles from Kells, received a heavy charge of buckshot

in his face and head through the window, while engaged in reading the newspaper on Saturday evening, March 22nd. The next case was that of a neighbour of Reilly, named Pat Brady, who had had his cabin entered and his gun carried off by three armed men the night previous; another was that of an agent to some Irish nobleman, the owner of considerable property in this particular district, who was stopped the same day, in broad daylight, while driving along the road to Mullagh, little more than a mile from Fartha, by four men armed with bludgeons, and only escaped by producing his revolver and preparing to take aim. On the same Friday evening, March 21st, an innkeeper of Virginia, four miles distant from Fartha, while riding home on a car in company with the parish priest, was surprised at a young man coolly jumping up beside him and informing him that if he did not let out and let a certain field belonging to him at so much per acre it would be worse for him. He was reminded that he had already received one warning—his grave had been significantly dug for him in the field in question; and was told that if he disregarded the warning now given him, 'Rory of the Hills' would have his life. A woman styling herself Rory's daughter had, it was said, called a few days before at the house of a small farmer, on the pretence that her papa and brothers were too much engaged on similar errands to come themselves, and required him to give up certain land which he had in grass; and the case of a steward was reported who quite recently escaped being shot through a hole cut for the purpose in a hedge, owing to his wife having accidentally fastened back the gate through which he had to pass, and which in consequence did not arrest his progress and allow aim to be taken, as had been calculated. The last case reported referred to a small farmer who had given £280 for the transfer of the right of occupying merely twelve acres of land, and was, the day after he had paid the money, received notice not to enter into possession or Rory would certainly pay him an early visit. The terrified farmer had, it seems, been into Kells that very day to consult a Dublin lawyer as to what he could do to get his money back again, as he was afraid to take possession after the warning he had received; but the answer he got was that he had no remedy.

'Rory of the Hills,' was captured a short time afterwards; he

was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

In consequence of a great number of evictions among farmer's tenants being carried out in the months of April, May, and June, a large number of attempts of murder by shooting at midnight and early morning took place, in the countries of Westmeath, Mayo, Tipperary and Sligo. About the 28th of April, in county Kildare, a young man named Riddex was shot in the head from behind a ditch, on his way home from Newtown, he died in a few hours afterwards. A farmer of the name of Hope was threatened by a party of five armed men. In Tipperary large parties of men with firearms were going about at night demanding weapons at various farm-houses.

In the month of May, the Fenians made another senseless attempt to get up an insurrection in Canada. It was the project of the Fenian executive of New York. The number of rowdies who took part in it was 2,000; they were divided into equal bands, one operated from St. Albans, under a person of the name of O'Neil, and the other from Malone, under a man of the name of Gleeson. Both these companies came into collision with the Canadian volunteers, and both the bands suffered a loss of three men killed, and about a dozen wounded. Their arms and ammunition fell into the hands of the Canadian and United States forces. In less than one week the rebels were a mob of destitute, starving men, hanging about Malone, unable to get back to their families. 'Generals' O'Neil and Gleeson were taken prisoners by the United States authorities and lodged in prison,

and the President, General Grant, had them punished for disturbing the peace of the country.

About the beginning of the year 1871, five of the released Fenians: O'Donovan Rossa, O'Connell, M'Clare, Shaw and Devoy, set sail for New York; on their arrival at Queenstown the Fenian Committees of Dublin and Cork, presented each prisoner with £20. The prisoners expressed themselves satisfied with the pardon granted by the government. On the 18th of January, Mr. Humphrey Davis, was shot at Foxford, in County Galway, and died soon afterwards. No clue of the murderers was discovered. A farmer of the name of Alexander Stewart was murdered on the 6th of March, at Ramelton, in county Donegal. Stewart had gone with his son to evict a person named M'Bride, who stabbed him, and he bled to death in four hours. On the 12th of July, a riot took place in New York, caused by the Irish inhabitants who attacked a procession of Orangemen. The soldiers of the United States fired into the mob, and stopped the rioting, killing 9 persons: and afterwards 165 rioters were captured and punished.

MURDER OF LORD LEITRIM, HIS CLERK AND HIS CAR-DRIVER.

As Lord Leitrim, his clerk, and the driver of the car on which they rode, were proceeding to his lordship's residence at Milford, in county Donegal, they were all shot dead on Tuesday morning, April 2nd., 1878, at Cratlaghwood, a plantation four or five miles from Milford. His Lordship was fired at from behind a number of trees or bushes, in front of which was a low stone wall. The assassins, it was supposed, well knew the road the deceased nobleman would take, laid in wait for him, and thus were enabled successfully to accomplish their bloodthirsty deed, and escape capture. The inquest was begun next day in the Court House of Milford. The only witness examined was William Kincaid, valet to the deceased nobleman, who said he heard shots while riding about

a quarter of a mile behind Lord Leitrim's car, and afterwards saw his lordship struggling with two men. When he came up his master was dead. He saw the two men crossing Mulroy Bay.

The inquest on Lord Leitrim's remains was resumed on the 4th of April, when the evidence in regard to the post-mortem showed that the murdered nobleman's skull had been fractured transversely, that the left side of the head was much shattered and contained leaden pellets, that the left arm was broken, and the elbow joint shattered by a ball. The chest and head of the car-driver were riddled with shots, and the clerk had two wounds in the head. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. A cordon was drawn by the police round the district where the crime was committed. Five arrests were made. A man with a shattered hand was captured by the constabulary. This was the most important arrest made. The new Earl offered a reward of 10,000*l.* for information leading to the arrest of the assassins. The Government reward was 500*l.*, and the county magistrates offered 1,000*l.*

The Right Hon. William Sydney Clements, Earl of Leitrim, Viscount Leitrim, and Baron Leitrim, of Manor Hamilton, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Clements, of Kilmacrenan, in the county of Donegal, in that of the United Kingdom, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, was murdered at Cratlaghwood, in the county of Donegal, on Tuesday morning, the 2nd. of April. His lordship was born in 1806, the second son of Nathaniel, second Earl of Leitrim, K.P., by Mary, his wife, eldest daughter and coheir of the late William Birmingham, Esq., of Ross Hill, in the county of Galway, and succeeded to the peerage at his father's death in 1854; his elder brother, Lord Clements, M.P., having died in 1839. He was a magistrate for the counties of Donegal, Galway, and Leitrim, and Colonel of the Leitrim Militia; and was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel 51st. Foot. From 1839 to 1847 he sat in the House of Commons for the county of Leitrim, and, after his succession, in the House of Lords as Lord Clements. The Earl was never married, and the family titles devolved on his nephew, Robert Birmingham, now fourth Earl of Leitrim, Lieutenant R.N., (son of the late Earl's brother, the Hon. and Rev. Francis Nathaniel Clements,) who was born in 1847, married, in 1873, Lady Winifred Coke, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, K.G., and has three daughters.

The late Earl lived a secluded life in

Donegal, avoiding and even repelling society. His thorough acquaintance with the smallest particulars relating to his property was extraordinary. The Donegal property was stated to yield 15,000*l.* a year, and was occupied by 8,000 tenants. The holdings were chiefly small, and are let at low rents; in some instances stated to be so low as an average of five shillings an acre. The farms from which tenants had been evicted are for the most part used for grazing, and occupied by herds or bailiffs. The day after the murder a man named M'Ilwain, who had been evicted, went into his old farm and told a bailiff named Dong that he and his grandfather had lived on it, and he would live on it again, adding, 'Lord Leitrim and his servants are shot, and there may be more of his servants shot too.' M'Ilwain denied using the words, but was brought before the magistrates and remanded for a week. Lord Leitrim's chief bailiff, a man named Wilson, was shot about fourteen years ago.

Lord Leitrim's funeral in Dublin was marked by most disgraceful scenes. For hours the neighbourhood of the cemetery was crowded by a howling mob, cursing, yelling, hissing, and threatening. They overpowered the police, drove back the mourners, surrounded the hearse, and endeavoured to drag the coffin from it. The police were, however, reinforced, and the service proceeded amid the shouts and execrations of those who had assembled.

During the last week in November, 1879, Messrs. Michael Davitt, Daly and Killen were brought before the magistrates at the county town of Sligo; the magistrates committed Killen to take his trial at the Leitrim Assizes; upon the charge of sedition. Davitt and Daly had been committed before, but were liberated on trial, in their own recognisances for £600 each, and two sureties of £250 each. Michael Davitt was a released Fenian convict, Daly was proprietor of a local newspaper, and Mr. James Bryce Killen was a barrister. They were charged with using language in their speeches at the 'Gurteen tenant-right meeting on the 2nd of November which would make a breach of a peace, and cause rebellion,

CHAPTER XIII.

FAMINE IN IRELAND—FORMATION OF BRANCHES OF THE LAND LEAGUE—MURDER OF LORD MOUNTMORRES—CAPTAIN BOYCOTT'S CASE, WITH THE OTHER EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1880.

Great distress from scarcity of food again afflicted Ireland early in the year 1880. Committees were formed to alleviate the distress which prevailed. On the 27th of January, the Duchess of Marlborough's relief fund, which amounted to £25,000 was collected and distributed by the emergency committee. At the mansion House, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, E. Dwyer Gray, M. P., set on foot a public subscription relief fund, which soon reached the sum of £31,000; but this had no connection with the Duchess of Marlborough's fund. About this time, Jan. 29, numerous isolated cases of violence, and outrages on property and the person occurred; but these were the only instances on the part of the people to break the law, except in the non-payment of their rents in the districts where the famine was most severe. Mr. Charles Parnell's trip to the United States was over; and he gave several graphic accounts of the reception that he received both in the public meetings and from members of the senate. The *New York Herald* which would have nothing to do with Mr. Parnell, opened a subscription list for the Irish poor, and raised 150,000 dollars; after the various subscriptions were distributed the poverty of the people began to diminish. Great praise was due to the Duchess of Marlborough and her son, Lord Churchill, for the part they personally took in alleviating the misery of the people.

On Saturday the 14th of Au-

gust, serious riots took place at Glasgow; the Home-rulers of that city had a large procession numbering 10,000 persons; they marched to hold their meeting in favour of Home-Rule, at Mafy-Hill. On their return to the city they passed an Orange lodge, where yellow banners were displayed. This raised the Irishmen's temper, and they commenced unlawful proceedings. A force of 70 policemen were almost overpowered and a detective and a policeman were seriously injured; the detective was stabbed with a spear in the head; about eight other policemen were seriously injured; after an hour's desperate fighting, about twenty arrests were made. The same night another fearful riot took place on Glasgow green.

ASSASSINATION OF MR. BOYD AND HIS SON.

The men charged on suspicion of having assassinated Mr. Charles Boyd, at New Ross, were brought up at Kilkenny on the 20th of August, 1880, and returned for trial at the next assizes. The examination of witnesses proceeded in the Grand Jury-room of the New Ross Sessions Court all the week. Up to the 18th of August there were two persons in gaol, whom the Messrs. Boyd state were among the assassins. On that day another man was arrested, and having been questioned by the authorities, was charged as being the third assassin, and sent to Kilkenny gaol. A man named Thomas Breen, who had been grazing his horse by the road-side on the evening of the outrage, was sent to Kilkenny gaol as a witness, to prevent his being overawed by the influence of others if kept in New Ross. This man was lying in a ditch and saw the attack from first to last. He was a carman, and being lame could give no assistance, but he states he saw the assassins fire on the Messrs. Boyd, and then they ran through the fields and threw themselves into a ditch, where they took off their garb and masks. The assassins gave him drink early in the evening, but in their masks, so that he could not see their faces. They chatted with him, but did not tell who they were waiting for. Mr. T. Boyd's wound progressed

favourably, but his recovery was retarded by his grief at the loss of his son Charles, who was killed.

FORMATION OF BRANCHES OF THE LAND LEAGUE.

THE Ballingarry meeting held on Sunday, August 22nd, passed over without Mr. Dillon. The place is that at which Smith O'Brien attempted to head an armed insurrection in 1848 and was captured in a cabbage-garden. As much importance was attributed by the Irish Executive to the expected speech of Mr. Dillon, M.P., the son of one of Smith O'Brien's colleagues, efforts were made to procure an authentic version of the speech with a view to eventualities, but it was impossible to get a reporter for the purpose, and for the future prosecutions for Irish seditious speeches cannot be based upon the notes of ordinary shorthand-writers. The meeting was convened by the Slievenamon branch of the Land League, and the Rev. J. Hickey presided at it. A letter was read from Mr. Dillon, dated 2, North Great George's-street, Dublin, August 20th, saying—"I regret very much I cannot be present at Ballingarry, as I am obliged to leave for London on Sunday. I need not say that I wish you every success, and I hope the people will be urged to press on the work of organization, without which meetings are useless. Should the question of the Land Commission be brought up at Sunday's meeting, I trust the people of Tipperary will express their opinion of it in no uncertain language. It is of great importance to make it clear that the Irish farmers refuse to submit their case to this Commission, because once that has been made clear the report and evidence of the Commission will be without weight or authority, and can be dealt with as simply a statement of the landlords' case." Mr. Parnell telegraphed as follows:—"Impossible to be present at the meeting. I trust the men of Tipperary will continue the good work of organising for self-help."—The Chairman said he did not see any of the aristocracy of the county present. He supposed they imagined they were not wanted; but intelligent men had come there to teach the people an important lesson, to teach them the best means of securing justice for themselves. The Land League contained among its members some of the best men, and foremost among these good men he should say was Mr. Parnell. In this year of famine he had crossed the Atlantic to plead their cause in the free States of America, and they knew how he had succeeded.

ed, and how he had brought home an abundance of money to the starving poor of this country. Mr. Parnell was himself a landlord: but he was a just landlord, who not only sympathised with his tenants, but who extended a helping hand to the afflicted and down-trodden of the country. Like Mr. Parnell, but not to the same extent, there were just and kind landlords in Ireland, but there were also unjust and bad landlords, and he feared that the bad landlords were greatly in excess of the good. Many of the tenants of Ballingarry had sad experience of this in seeing the fruit of 30 years' hard work swept away by the landlord. The present law worked great injustice, and it was to help the people in their honest, constitutional effort to obtain justice for themselves that good and true men had come to address them on this occasion. He asked them to do nothing that day that could bring discredit on the cause, the country, or themselves.

The first resolution moved was one demanding the abolition of landlordism and the substitution of such an occupier proprietary as will protect the agricultural and industrial classes, encourage thrift and economy, and secure to the tillers of the soil unfettered homes and the God-given fruits of their industry.—The mover, a Mr. Mullally, urged them to stand together and join the League. If there was a cowardly hound who would take a man's land behind his back, let them not speak to him, but shun him as if he were plague-stricken. Let them sooner grasp the murderer's hand, reeking red with blood, than touch his. Let them leave him alone in his glory; and, double-dyed, that fellow should go down in the dust from which he sprang—unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.—The next resolution was as follows:—‘That we repudiate with fitting scorn the insupportable, unquaker-like, and unstatesmanlike language applied to our worthy Member for Tipperary by Mr. Secretary Forster; that we treat with proper and deserved contempt the sensational reports, alarming rumours, and weak inventions of our lying and selfish enemies and their craven allies, and weak-kneed, half-hearted Whigs, who would induce the tenant-farmers of Ireland to present a mutilated case of their acknowledged grievances before a notoriously prejudicial tribunal of their known enemies; that we call upon our countrymen to abstain from giving evidence before this unnecessary Royal sham Land Commission, and to denounce all such insidious attempts to shelve or put off the only settlement of the land question the Irish

people will ever accept as final.’ It was moved and seconded by local speakers.—Mr. Michael Boyton, who attended from the National Land League, supported it. He said the present Government came into office largely on the strength of the promises they made to do something for the alleviation of the condition of the tillers of the soil. The moment the Government came into power, they followed in the footsteps of their predecessors, and appointed what they called a ‘Royal Land Commission.’ The other Commission appointed by the Tory Government was notoriously composed of landlords. It was made by landlords of landlords to fight the landlords' cause, and they went in sworn to give no justice whatever, not even a hearing, to the honest farmers of Ireland. The present Government, as soon as they came into power, commenced to collect evidence of that which required no evidence. The whole of England, even the most notorious Tory and landlord, acknowledged that the land question wanted some settlement. What was the nature and composition of the new Commission? It was ten times more in the interest of the landlord than was the Tory Commission. Two of its members were men whom the people ran out with a voice of indignation from their seats. They had pitched out Mr. Kavanagh, who had the best brains of any of them, and would be the leading spirit of the Commission. Therefore at its head was the worst enemy the Irish people ever had. The next man on the Commission, The O'Connor Don, was known to be the sworn enemy of justice to the Irish tenant-farmer. The other members of the Commission were perhaps less notorious, but they were known for their unswerving hostility to the Irish tiller of the soil. Mr. Shaw's good intentions were well known, but all he would be able to do would be of no avail in such a packed jury. The Government had sent to the tenant-farmers to try their case a jury composed of the very men whose existence as a body they wished to destroy. It might well be said that this was a case of going to law with the devil and holding the court in hell. In the name of God, was there ever a man so unintelligent, so ignorant, as to think that they would get justice in such an establishment? They wished to do as they had always done when brought to the pinch. They wished to delay, to shelve, to put off the demands of the Irish people. But thank God, they lived in a different day from the days of 32 years ago. Thirty-two years ago history had been created not far from where they stood. The

tide of progress had passed over them. People were now more enlightened. They would no longer lie down the spiritless slaves they were in 1848. The name of that village had for many a year been associated with a bitter sneer from those who had always been not only the enemies of the Irish, but the enemies of liberty all over the world. Let them sneer; but the day would come when they would blot out such memories. Wherever the flag of liberty had been raised, one selfish, villainous, infernal interest, born of the greed of hell itself, had been ready to put it down—the interest that was to-day upheld by British bayonets all the world over. He asked all who desired to be considered worthy of the name of Irishmen to join a Land League. If they had a quarter of a million of men on whom they could depend, this would settle the land question in twenty-four hours. Another resolution was then passed. 'That we recognise in the Irish National Land League the only true organization around which it is now the duty of all true Irishmen to rally: that we approve its objects and the means proposed for their accomplishment; and in to-day establishing the Ballingarry Branch of the Slievenamon Land League we hereby pledge ourselves never to bid for, take, or hold the farm from which our neighbour has been evicted for the non-payment of an unjust rent, and never to take hand, act, or part in sowing or saving the crops thereon, and we will hold the man who will do so as a public enemy.' Afterwards the Ballingarry Branch of the Land League was formed and its officers were appointed.

At Beldare, near Tuam, county Galway, on Monday, August 23rd, another meeting was held for the formation of a branch of the Land League. There was a force of the constabulary present, for the protection of a detective shorthand-writer. There were numerous banners, and some of the mottoes upon them were remarkable, such as 'Spread the light,' 'Down with landlordism,' 'Unite and organize,' 'Stick to your homesteads,'—but the most important of them all, and one which was worth more than all the speeches at the meeting, was a black flag posted on the platform, having on one side the words, 'Hold the Harvest,' on the other, 'Share the Pils,' with a rude drawing of a rifle. There was no priest present, and the chair was taken by Mr. Cunningham, a tenant-farmer. A resolution was passed condemning landlordism. A Mr. Walsh said if there were to be found one there that day base enough to occupy the homestead of an evicted ten-

ant, let them harm him not, but let him be shunned by every honest man as a traitor and one unworthy of the name of Irishman. (A voice, 'We will shoot him.') A resolution was then proposed for the establishment of a branch of the Land League, and a Mr. Fury, in seconding it, said there were a few good landlords whom he knew, and they were Mr. Joyce, Miss Ward, Mr. Kirwan, of Bannamore, and Lady Clifford. A resolution was also passed declaring any man to be a common enemy who should take a holding from which another had been evicted through inability to pay rent.

Another remarkable meeting was held at Dooneen, in the county of Roscommon, near the place where the sheriff and police were just before prevented by the resistance of the people from proceeding with an eviction. There were ten thousand men present, who had marched from various parts of the county in military order under the command of mounted leaders. There was a small force of police present under arms. They did not march to the meeting, but came upon cars hired in Boyle. There were no priests present. Mr. Jasper Tully, of the *Roscommon Herald* newspaper, moved the first resolution, protesting against evictions and pledging the meeting not to take any farm from which the tenant had been evicted, or which had been surrendered because of inability to pay rent. Mr. M. M. O'Sullivan, of the National Land League, said that the Compensation for Disturbance Bill had been rejected by 'the chamber of idlers and land thieves.' The Land Commission issued by the government was a Commission of land thieves that had its report at the moment in its pocket, and would ask no questions but such as would go to justify that report and damage the tenants. Mr. Dournick Conway said it was a calumny that they wanted to pay no rent and that they wanted to hold their lands forcibly. The *ne plus ultra* of what the Irish farmer wanted was fair and valued rents. He advised the landlords, while there was yet time, to make a virtue of a necessity, and call in the government as arbitrators. Mr. J. R. Cox (Kilmore) did not agree with the last speaker, and urged his hearers to stand firm and pay no rent to any man. Mr. P. J. Sheridan (Tubbercurry) proposed the following resolution:—'That we pledge ourselves to pay no rent pending a settlement of the land question, and we call upon our brother tenant farmers to act on the advice of Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, and the National Land League, and to hold the

harvest.' He said that before they handed over their harvests to the landlords they must see that they had ample means not only to give the necessities, but a fair share of the comforts of life to their families, to pay their shopkeepers' accounts, and to pay whatever they had borrowed from a generous neighbour, and if after that they had anything to spare let them give the landlord something to keep him from the workhouse. The resolution was adopted unanimously.

'At Kiltullagh, not far from Athenry, county Galway, a meeting was also held on Monday August 23rd, to establish a branch of the Land League. There were no priests present, and the following letter from the parish priest, declining to attend, was read:—'Leughrea, August 12th.—Sir.—I take leave to decline the honour of presiding at a meeting, organised principally by strangers, without any reference to me.—Yours truly, THOMAS PELL.' A tenant-farmer or labourer, named O'Halloran, presided. The first resolution was as follows:—'That we call upon the tenant-farmers of Ireland to keep a firm grip of their crops, and to reflect that it is a higher crime against all moral law to suffer their families to starve in the midst of plenty than to deprive their territorial masters of the means of wallowing in unrighteous luxury.'

'At a meeting held in Macroom, county Cork, August 23rd, to establish a local branch of the Land League there also appeared to have been no priests present, and a local farmer presided. Similar meetings were held in county Clare.

'At a place called Finagh, in county Sligo, a meeting was held to protest against recent evictions. The meeting was held in a field, a portion of land from which a man named Flynn, who has since died, was evicted by his landlord, Mr. Ruthven, who gave it to the occupier of an adjoining farm, named Dundas. A Mr. M'Donnell, who addressed the meeting, asked the people not to believe that the Royal Irish Constabulary were antagonistic to the land agitation. He knew that the great majority of the police in Ireland were sending a third of their earnings, to pay the rent and to keep a roof over the heads of their fathers and mothers. Mr. Quinn, who attended from the National Land League, referring to the eviction of Flynn, said Dundas had promised to give up the land, and he was present to tell that he was sorry for what he had done. Mr. Dundas then came forward and said, 'Fellow-countrymen,—When I took the farm I did

not know anything of the Land League, or I would not have interfered with it, and I will give up the land next November. My father always lived in unity with his neighbours, and I will do the same.' Resolutions of the usual character were passed.

From county Meath an account was received, August 22nd, that five armed men burst into the house of a landlord named Laurence O'Reilly, of Ballinlough Little, and threatened him with death if he evicted a tenant against whom he had issued a decree. After firing several shots they went away. Mr. O'Reilly said he would be able to identify three of the party, but no arrests were made.

Great excitement was caused at Cappanole, county Galway, with respect to the eviction of a man named John Molloy, a herd in the employment of Mr. Oliver Dolphin, of Turco, Cappanole. On the evening of the 19th of August the following address to the farmers of the district was issued:—'The wolf! the wolf! the wolf! Threatened evictions. Fellow-countrymen. A heartless eviction will take place on Friday at Cappanole. The victim is John Molloy, herd, and the tyrant is Oliver Dolphin of Turco. The flimsy pretext is the death of a cow of the landlord's. The real reason is the manifold hatred of injustice which is known to bless Molloy's nature. For his sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow-men he would be thrown upon the road-side, if you do not assemble in your thousands and protest against this oppression of which he is the victim. Yours it may be tomorrow to suffer the same burning wrong. Assemble in your thousands and drive away the ravenous wolf. 'God save Ireland.' At one o'clock on the following day hundreds of people assembled at the scene of the intended eviction, armed with spades, forks, scythes, and other implements. There was a large force of police present, under Sub-Inspector Hall, of Athenry. Mr. Dolphin, who was present, decided, when he saw the hostile attitude of the people, to abandon the eviction, and the police returned to Athenry. Late in the evening a meeting took place in front of Molloy's house.

MURDER OF LORD MOUNT-MORRES.

Lord Mountmorres was murdered on the 25th of September, on the road between the town of Clonbur and his residence at Ebor Hall. He was unattended at the time of the murder, driving alone in his own car. The murder took place about eight o'clock on the evening of the day named. The dis-

tance between his lordship's house and the town of Clonbur was only three miles, but the road lay between low hills and broken rocky ground. Irregular stone walls bounded the road on each side. On an elevation about a mile from Clonbur, the murderer or murderers seem to have been waiting, and as Lord Mountmorres drove past, it is believed within arms'-length of the wall, six shots from a revolver were discharged at him at once, all of them taking fatal effect. From the state of the corpse death appeared to have been instantaneous. The muzzle of the pistol must have been quite close to the unfortunate gentleman's head, for a large black ring was round the wound, as if it was from the muzzle of the weapon. It was thought from this fact that the first shot threw the deceased nobleman off the car, mortally wounded, and then the assassin advanced nearer, quite close to the fallen man, and discharged the six shots into his forehead, sending a bullet right through his skull. As the district was thinly peopled and covered with hills and valleys, the murderer had every opportunity to effect his escape, which he succeeded in doing. A quarter of a mile from the road on one side, a range of mountains rise, while on the other a stretch of rocky hills and deep hollows sweep down to the shores of the lake Corrib, about half a mile off, across which the assassin could escape.

When Lord Mountmorres fell from the car the animal went home alone and reached the lodge, where it stopped. The keeper opened the gate and let the horse and car enter, but found there was no driver. This did not cause much anxiety, as the inmates thought that his lordship had got off the car to walk, as was sometimes his custom, down the hill near his house; but when some minutes had passed without the gentleman's appearance, the servants went out in search of him with a lamp. When the domestics had gone about two miles they discovered the lifeless body completely riddled with bullets, in a large pool of blood on the road-side. The revolver which he always carried was in the breast pocket of his coat, the barrels of which were not discharged; so that it was plain he had not had an opportunity of defending himself.

Sir William Browne de Montmorency, Bart., Baron Mountmorres, of the Peerage of Ireland, was born April 21, 1832, and succeeded his father as the fifth peer and eleventh baronet, in January, 1871. He was educated in Dublin, at Trinity College, and took his degree. His father was a clergyman in a protes-

tant church, and dean of Achonry. His mother was Sarah, daughter of Mr. William Shaw, of Temple Hill. In a narrow strip of moorland that separates two large lakes, Lough Corrib and Lough Mask, forming a kind of natural bridge, to reach the westerly peninsula of Connemara, is situated the quaint village of Clonbur. Here lay the unprofitable lands of Lord Mountmorres, whose rent-roll numbered fifteen tenants, and these were of small holdings. His lordship's whole income from the land was 300*l.* a-year. His dwelling was a modest-looking house, with lawn and wood around it, on the slopes of a hill, overlooking the expanse of Lough Corrib and its beautiful islands. Here lived the poor, half-ruined, well-intentioned nobleman, who did his duty as a county magistrate, and tried to keep on friendly terms with all his neighbours. He left a widow and four children, two girls and two boys.

As a considerate and kindly-disposed landlord, his lordship bore an excellent character. He was never known to evict his tenants for the non-payment of their rent, though he was often pinched to meet his household expenses. It was thought that the authorities might possibly get some clue to the murderer, from the fact that a short time before his death Lord Mountmorres had a dispute with one of his tenants, a herdsman. He dismissed the man from his service, and ordered him at once to leave the cottage allotted to the herdsman. This man chanced to be an agricultural tenant, and to have a right to hold the bit of ground and the cottage. To be enabled to settle the question, Lord Mountmorres sued for a formal decree of eviction, which was granted upon sufficient evidence. But the action on the decree was never taken, and it was said his lordship never intended to take action upon it; the man was allowed to stay, owning himself a servant and not a tenant. The Land League party denounced Lord Mountmorres as a tyrant, it is thought, but he was one of the mildest owners of property in the county. It was believed at the time of the murder that he had been condemned by the officials of that body in Ireland, and that his assassination was planned in the tribunals of some of the secret societies which existed in the country, not very far from the place of his residence, by men who knew little of his affairs or his character.

The popular notion of justice at this time, under the tuition of loud-tongued demagogues, was such, that the people were taught to try to redress their grievances by actions like the one we

have just narrated. The people were more than once told that it was no crime to try to exterminate the whole of the landlords from the country, and can it be wondered at that the lives of landlords like Lord Mountmorres were taken.

Lady Mountmorres and the family were absent from home at the time of the murder. On the Sunday following the tragic event there was an open-air meeting of the Land League agitation in the neighbourhood of Clonbur. The speakers at this meeting told the audience that the Land League was not responsible for the murder. There was a great meeting on the same day at New Ross, which was addressed by Mr. Parnell, M.P., but he did not allude to the murder. At these meetings not the least expression of sympathy, or compassion was expressed for the victim, still less any censure or denouncing of the perpetrators of these cruel acts of murder, has come from this section of political adventurers, who did then and are still raising money on the disturbed social relations of Ireland. The Roman Catholic priests denounced these crimes, and one parish priest called upon his congregation, kneeling together in the chapel, to swear that they would have nothing to do with these murders.

The body of Lord Mountmorres was removed from Galway to Dublin, and was interred on Thursday, the 30th of September, in Monkstown churchyard, in the city. A force of policemen, and two brothers of his lordship, and the undertaker, were the only persons at the funeral, but at the grave a few friends joined, to whom the Rev. G. Mahaffy delivered an address. The *Dublin Gazette* offered a government reward of 1,000*l.* for such evidence as would lead to the arrest of the murderer or murderers of Lord Mountmorres, and the reward and a free pardon to any accomplice that would give such evidence. The herdsman before noticed, whose name was Sweeney, was apprehended, but there was no correct evidence against him. A young mason named Francis Gamon was also apprehended on suspicion. But all the country people did as they have done before, silently conspired to defeat the ends of justice, and to screen and cover the murderers from that impartial administration of the law which protects the beggar as well as the prince.

Some idea of the state of feeling of the peasantry in the neighbourhood may be gathered from the following fact. Hugh Flanagan and his family resided in a hut about two or three hundred yards from the place where

the fatal shots were fired. Two hours later, the servants having got the assistance of a policeman, Dr. Hogarty was called to look at the body, still lying on the road. He thought there might have been life in it, and fancied he detected a pulsation, and therefore directed that the body should be taken to the nearest house; and being taken to Flanagan's, it was refused admission. Flanagan gave as his reason of denial, that if he admitted it, nothing belonging to him would be alive that day twelve-month! The people in this house must have heard the shots fired, but the constable found them all in bed. When Flanagan opened the door, the constable asked him to get a light and make a fire, which he did. When he spoke about Lord Mountmorres, and made a request for admission, before Flanagan had time to say anything his wife and daughters rushed down stairs in their night-gowns and said that Lord Mountmorres' body should not be brought in. They blocked up the doorway so as to prevent it. They said nothing about an out-house or any other place of shelter. The constable suggested they might use the out-house, but the Flanagans refused even that shelter for the corpse. The body had to be left in the yard until a car could be got, on which it was removed to Ebor Hall.

The place where Lord Mountmorres was murdered has been a most notorious district, for murders, attempt murders, outrages, and deeds of violence of various kinds. In the year 1678 Lord Leitrim was murdered near the same place, and the following murders &c., took place all within four years, to the end of 1862. The place where Lord Mountmorres was murdered taken as a centre, the murder of Thomas Gibbons took place a mile distant, the murder of the Huddys five miles off; the Maamtrasna murders eleven miles off; the attempted murder of Mr. Hearne eleven miles; Captain Boycott's farm, the condition of which illustrated the state of the country, four miles off; the murder of Constable Kavanagh, twelve miles; the places at which collisions occurred between the people and police at Newbrook, the attempt to shoot Mr. Robinson, the place where Cloran's ear was cut off, the site of process-serving riot, and the malicious shearing by night of one hundred sheep.

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT'S CASE.

INTRODUCTION OF THE WORD 'BOYCOTTING' INTO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

About the end of October a very extraordinary state of affairs arose in the neighbourhood of Ballinrobe, county

Mayo, on the shores of Lough Mask, close to the place where Lord Mountmorres was murdered. Captain Boycott, who was the resident agent for the estates belonging to Lord Erne, was for many weeks living in continual danger of his life being taken by the tools employed by the Land League. He received repeated threats of violence both verbally and by letter. He was in a complete state of isolation. No workmen or labourers were permitted by the League to work for him, or do anything for him. Had any man ventured to act contrary to the mandate of this illegal League his property would have suffered, and his life have been in danger. His crops were suffered to rot for want of hands to gather them. The Irish Land League had proclaimed him, and ordered all *Irish patriots* (?) to have no dealings with him, and he suffered the greatest inconvenience in consequence. Food, clothing, and assistance of every kind was forbidden to be given or sold to him. In his dilemma the loyal Irishmen, the Orangemen of Ulster, went to his relief. It was proposed to send five hundred well-armed volunteers to perform the work required in the harvesting of his crops.

The men were soon ready, but the government in Dublin interfered, fearing that the presence of so many armed men might be the cause of a riot. The party was restricted to 50 men, from Cavan and Monaghan, led by Mr. Somerset Maxwell, Mr. Goddard, a Dublin solicitor, and Mr. Murray, a land agent, accompanied by a squadron of the 19th Hussars, and detachments of the 76th and 84th regiments were sent from Dublin, with some constabulary. The troops reached Ballinrobe on the 18th of November, and volunteer labourers on the 19th. reached Lough Mask House, Captain Boycott's Home. They were heartily welcomed by the Captain and Mrs. Boycott, who were in a state of siege in their residence. In about a week these 50 men gathered in the harvest which was worth from £500 to £600. Captain Boycott had invested £5,000 in the land, which he held on a lease for 31 years, and to lose it all would be paying rather too expensively for the whims of a most unjust, cruel, and outrageous society. Lord Erne, who lived at Crom Castle, Newtown Butler, in Fermanagh, was threatened with a visit from 50 Mayo tenants, with the parish priest at their head, the Rev. Mr. O'Malley, to demand Captain Boycott's dismissal from his post, but the Land League disapproved of this appeal to the legal proprietor of the Lough Mask estates. So long as the military force remained there, was no violence threatened to any person,

MURDER OF HENRY WHEELER.

ON the 12th of November, another dastardly murder was committed. Henry Wheeler, a rent-collector was the victim. He assisted his father in getting in small rents for one or two land-owners in the neighbourhood. On the night of the 12th he was quietly walking home when he was shot by some persons, who, after wounding him, ran after him and shot him twice, and then beat out his brains with a stone. A herdsman who was walking with him, was suspected of being an accomplice. The following is a more correct account, copied from an Irish newspaper:—

Henry Wheeler was murdered on the lands of Garrybeakin, on the bounds of the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, on the 12th of November. In the middle of the day, between half-past one and two o'clock, the murder was committed which filled the country with horror when the particulars were read in the newspapers. It was committed when the baleful influences of the Land League and boycotting were spreading through the country, and a few days before the murder was committed, a Land League meeting was held in the town of Tipperary, when, consequent upon the speeches thereat, over fifty outrages were committed within a few months in the Pallas district. It was committed in the breast of conspiracy—to overawe landlords by killing their agents.

Robert Wheeler, father of the murdered man, resided at Pallasbeg. He was a farmer, having two holdings, one at Pallasbeg, ninety Irish acres, and the other at Drominboy, containing between fifty and sixty acres. He was in the habit of dairying the land, and let the cows and dairy, but the land was unfenced by his herd. He was a land agent at the time of the outrage to Mr. Richard Lloyd, Mr. Wall, county Tipperary, and Mr. Stowell, county Limerick, and shortly before that time had some other agencies. The gross rental of the several estates amounted to near 1,600*l.* a year. The lands of Garrybeakin (Mr. Lloyd's property) were let for grazing. The herd, Thomas Moore, used to collect the rent. This man died in 1867, and left four sons alive at home, Michael, Thomas, Patrick, and Timothy,

were their names. After the old man's death the eldest acted as herd till after there was a quarrel between the brothers, when he went away. During his absence Michael, Patrick and Timothy acted in his place.

They disobeyed Mr. Wheeler's orders in removing cattle, would be late for fairs, and got stiff entirely, and he advised them to mind their business. The Land League agitation was prevalent in those counties then. There was a Land League meeting in Tipperary nine or ten days before the murder.

The people who had previously been friendly ceased to be so. A few days after the meeting Thomas Moore called on Mr. Robert Wheeler and said he was going to leave Garrybeakin, and told him to get security for the grass money, or he would be without it. It was on account of his saying so that Mr. Wheeler arranged with Mr. Lloyd to take up the books. He had arranged to meet Mr. Lloyd, but was called away to Dublin, and Henry went to Garrybeakin. When Mr. Wheeler came back from Dublin he found his son's corpse. He was on very good terms with the tenants on the other estates he was agent over. The only reason he could assign for the perpetration of the outrage was that at the Land League meeting they heard something, and thought that by killing the agent and terrifying the landlord they would get possession of the farm. This feeling was attributed to the instigation of the Land League.

The Moores owed above 48*l*. Mr. Wheeler was boycotted after the murder. He had two cows, which he attempted to sell, when a crowd of boys commenced to shout for the Land League. They had a bell and a drum, and the man who bought the cows said he would not take them—that he was boycotted. The buyer said he would take them at his house, and as they were going in at the gate a man came up on horseback and said something to the buyer, and the latter said he would not buy them. Mr. Wheeler was told at the fair of Pallas on the 1st of January, 1881, that he was again boycotted and could not sell some calves. The boycotting also followed him to Limerick, where he at first failed to sell some pigs. He was also interfered with in the management of his farms, and on account of boycotting he lost 2*l*. a cow. Notices were put up against him, and shortly after the murder his labourer's house was attacked, and subsequently burned, when he got 26*l*. compensation. He was offered police protection by the government, which he declined. He was about sixty-eight years of age, and his family

consisted of one son, Robert, aged nineteen, and seven daughters, the eldest of whom was thirty-four, and the youngest about eighteen. Henry was about twenty-eight, and assisted his father in business.

The outrages committed in New Pallas for eighteen months from May 1st, 1880, show the number regarded as agrarian to have been 55.

On the 18th of November, James M'Kenna was shot at Garranmore, near New Pallas, by some person or persons unknown, he was very seriously injured, and for some time he was unable to follow his employment, that of care-taker of one of the large fairs in the neighbourhood. He somewhat recovered from the injuries but is unfit for his usual duties.

Her Majesty's Government in the beginning of December, determined at the request of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, to ask parliament for increased powers to suppress the dangerous practices of the Land League in Ireland. Messrs. Parnell, Biggar and Dillon, were out on bail, and were to be tried at the winter assizes; and government were preparing a new bill for the acceptance and adoption of parliament, when it met on the 6th of January, 1881. On Sunday, the 5th of December, a proposed Land League meeting was stopped at Waterford, and one at Brookborough, in the Ulster county of Fermanagh, was stopped on the 7th. On the 11th of December a Land League meeting was held at Ballybrichen, near Waterford, at which Messrs. Parnell, Power and Leamy M.P.'s, and three Catholic priests were the speakers. Many murders took place at this time, and the Judges Fitzgerald, Barry and Dowse, all received threatening letters when they went to do duty at the winter assizes.

On the 19th of December, a man of the name of Boyle, with

his wife, were dragged out of their beds at midnight, pulled into the road, at Oory, on the property of Mr. H. O. Browne, of Balla. Both the man and his wife were beaten, and their hair cut off by a large number of men. The only cause for this outrage, was that Boyle had pointed out to Mr. Rutledge, the agent, the different holdings on the estate, after he had been threatened. On the 16th of December a riot took place at Irish-town, four miles from Claremorris, and seven from Tuam. A number of persons tried to enter a farm from which a tenant had been evicted, but were prevented by the police, who fired on them, and wounded four men, and two were captured. Two nights afterwards another armed party of men with faces blackened, visited the houses of several farmers on an estate near Kilmabogue, and threatened them with death if they paid more than Griffith's valuation. Outside these houses shots were fired. A Dublin merchant was summoned on December 20th, before the Clare Land League committee for an eviction which took place in September, 1879; failing to attend the summons he was informed that he and his farm would be 'boycotted.' At the winter assizes at Tuam, two men presented their claims for compensation for malicious injuries received at the instigation of the Land League, but were compelled to withdraw their claims owing to the great intimidation and terrorism that was prevalent, and the threats which they received. Justice Barry, at Waterford Assizes, delivered judgment, on the 14th of December, in the application made on behalf of the Crown that the New Ross murder case might be postponed, as it was believed that the Land League

influence had been brought to bear on the jury. His lordship granted a similar application at the Cork Assizes, where a number of men, charged with being concerned in the Morybella outrage, in Kerry county, were acquitted and discharged. It was alleged that the accused formed part of a band of armed men who attacked the house of two brothers named Horgan, and beat them, in consequence of an eviction having taken place. The defence was an *alibi*. The same men were charged with attempting to intimidate a farmer named Manning, near Bantry, to deliver up possession of his holding. Manning declared (but it was believed he was compelled to do so by threats from the Land League), that it was advice they gave him and not threats. The jury in consequence acquitted the prisoners. At the same assizes, William Riordan, a farmer, was convicted of taking forcible possession of a farm. His defence was that he was put into forcible possession of the farm by an armed party, who made him swear that he would not surrender it. At the Waterford Assizes nine persons were found guilty of assaulting a sub-sheriff of Tipperary while he was evicting a tenant, and sent to prison.

INFAMOUS CONDUCT OF THE LAND LEAGUE.

The case of Mr. W. Bence Jones, an English gentleman, was one that showed the injustice of the Land League proceedings. He owned up to December, large property in Lisselane, Cork county, and resided there part of each year. He was a large-hearted, liberal gentleman, and never had one dispute with his tenants; but he gave offence to the Land League by writing to one of the magis-

zines some articles on 'Boycotting.' The consequence of this action was that he was boycotted by the League. During the second week in December he sent to Cork, for shipment to Bristol, by the Cork Steam-Packet Co., thirty head of cattle and thirty sheep. When it was found that Mr. Jones's cattle were about to be taken on board, the other shippers waited on the directors of the company and said that if his cattle were taken by them they would withdraw theirs, and ship no more goods with their company. The directors in consequence refused to take Mr. Jones's cattle, which strayed out of the yard upon the quay, neither labourers or any one else being willing to take charge of them. None of the dealers would sell food for them to eat. They were driven by the police to Dublin in a half-famished state, where they were shipped for England by the Great Western and Great Southern Co's., through the efforts of Mr. Norris Goddard; the sheep were sent to Liverpool and the cattle to Holyhead.

On the 29th of December, the government prosecutions of the leaders of the Land League agitations, began. Justices Barry and Fitzgerald presided. Empanelling the jury and other preliminaries took up about two hours. The Attorney-General explained the law, and said that the traversers were charged with conspiring together to prevent persons paying rent, inciting tenants to resist the judgment of the court, and to reinstate evicted persons. He also explained the law of conspiracy, and said that it would be enough to show that the immediate object of the prisoners was mischievous. The day following the opening, December 30th, the attorney-gen-

eral quoted extracts from speeches delivered by Mr. C. Parnell, M.P., Mr. Dillon, M.P., Mr. Gorman, Mr. Brennan, and others, in order to show that more than once physical force was advocated. He hinted that the persons found agitation profitable, the Land League had plenty of money, and funds on both sides of the Atlantic. The trial lasted many weeks, but the leaders at the close of the trial were not imprisoned, a decision that disappointed many Englishmen.

On Christmas-day, in the city of Cork, two policemen were fired upon by men unknown, while trying to disperse a mob. One of them, named Manly, was wounded in the thigh, he returned the fire with his revolver, and wounded one of his assailants. On the 29th of December at Portadown, the house of a farmer named Berry, a tenant of Lord Lurgan, who had paid his rent in full, was burned to the ground, with a large quantity of hay and potatoes. Another tenant named White, in the same neighbourhood, who had also paid his rent, had his out-buildings burned, with a large quantity of hay. A man named Wortley, living in the same district, who had aided the police in their enquiries into agrarian outrages, was stabbed in the neck at the railway-station. On the 29th of December, as a man named Hill was going to his home from Claremorris, he was attacked by four men, who knocked him down and severely beat him with sticks about the body and head. On the 25th of December, as the Rev. B. M. Boylan, Catholic priest, was going home from Inneskillen, he was attacked by four men at Bromard, and his horse stabbed. As the Hon. Mrs. Dunlop was driving with her daughter

in her own avenue in the neighbourhood of Monasterboice, in Louth County, on the 24th of December, they were fired at. Miss Dunlop chased the would-be-murderer, who escaped, but she secured his gun. As the President Rector of Ballinakill, in the county of Galway, the Rev. Canon Fleming, was returning home on Sunday evening, December 25th, after service, and when within a quarter of a mile of his own home, two shots were fired directly at him, the first bullet grazed his face, the second passed between him and his servant. Many other outrages are also reported of a like character, but they are too numerous to record here. Lady Lisgar, of county Cavan, was 'Boycotted.' She was refused a car to carry her to Lord Headfast's house, where she was going to spend Christmas. Mr. Nicholas Butler, J.P., one of the first landlords to accept Griffith's valuation, has been boycotted by the Crusheen, County Clare, branch of the Land League. 671 of the rank and file, with the officers of the Scots Guards, left London for Ireland, on the 26th of December, to help to preserve order.

A serious outrage was perpetrated in the west of county Cork. On Friday night, December 31st, as four policemen were proceeding on an outside car, for the purpose of patrolling the district of Eyries, two shots were fired at them from behind a fence. The shots did not take effect, and the policemen, alighting from the car, fired seven rounds in the direction from which the shots came. It was dark at the time, and they did not see their assailants. They at once left the car, and searched the place, but could not find the least trace of the intended murderers.

A return of offences other than agrarian in Ireland in 1880, presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Forster, shows that the total number of such offences was 3,084. Of these 19 were murder and 44 manslaughter. In Ulster the total number of offences was 688; in Leinster, 682; in Munster, 895; and in Connaught, 821. The total number of cases in all Ireland in which offenders were convicted was 694; the number of cases in which offenders were made amenable but not convicted, 420; the number of offenders awaiting trial was 155; the number of cases in which offenders were neither convicted nor made amenable, 1,814.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUPPOSED FENIAN ATTEMPT TO 'BLOW-UP A MAN-OF-WAR—EXPLOSION AT SALFORD BARRACKS EXPULSION OF THE HOME-RULE AND LAND LEAGUE MEMBERS FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—ATTEMPTED MURDER OF MR. HEARN—FENIAN ATTEMPT TO BLOW-UP THE MANSION-HOUSE, LONDON, WITH OTHER EVENTS FROM JANUARY TO THE END OF JUNE, 1881.

Lord Stanley of Alderley, was boycotted on January 1st, 1881. Lord Stanley was not an Irish landlord, but in a letter to a London newspaper he had compared the Irish assassins to Thugs. For this he was denounced at a public indignation meeting; and at the meeting of the local branch of the Land League, and by the parish priest, Father Nevall. On the 2nd of January, what is supposed to have been a scheme to blow up the ironclad Lord Warden, the guardship of the Firth of Forth, was attempted at Queensbury. On that morning a live torpedo was found beneath the bows of the vessel, and the authorities attached a suspicious significance of the circumstance, inasmuch as they were quite at a loss to account for its presence there, except as the intended instrument of some nefarious design. In consequence of

the alarming nature of the discovery, measures were at once taken to place the ship in a proper state of defence. A large hawser and torpedo net was buoyed round the ship to keep boats and torpedoes off. The upper deck sentries carried rifles and ammunition, and if any boat approached the ship that did not answer after being hailed three times, the sentries had orders to fire. The fore-castle nine-inch pivot gun was prepared for action every night, and a nine-pounder was kept loaded. The steam launch stopped alongside all night, with steam up ready for immediate service, and the watches on board were doubled. Altogether the ship was on a thorough war footing, as it was not known whether the attempt would be repeated, particularly as it was thought the plot was of Fenian origin.

On the 14th of January, another mad act at the instigation of either the Fenians or the Land League party, was perpetrated at the Salford Infantry Barracks, close to the Armoury. About 6 o'clock the neighbourhood was startled by a loud explosion in the butcher's meatstore of the barracks, adjoining the Armoury, in which was stored, beside the arms of the regiment, a number of arms of the Manchester Volunteers, about 5,000 in all. The explosion was very violent, it destroyed the shed, and scattered the rubbish for hundreds of yards. A boy and a woman passing at the same instant were much hurt. The boy died of his injuries on the 16th of January. There was no doubt that the explosion was made by dynamite, fired either by Land League or Fenian agents. The armoury was not injured, but a great deal of damage was done to the buildings around the barracks.

No arrests were made for this outrage.

THE OBSTRUCTIONISTS were those Irish members of Parliament who were in favour of Home-rule. They practically and persistently for months, objected to any kind of business being done in the House, first, by talking one after the other, until they talked each resolution out of the House, secondly, they made one resolution or amendment after another, when there was not the least probability of any of them being passed. The English members bore their obstruction for many months, but on the 2nd of February they were expelled from the house. A Parliamentary reporter wrote of the affair as follows:—

Those who object to the conduct of the House must remember that it was not until the patience of the House had been taxed to its utmost limits—not till the Home-Rulers had abused every art of obstruction and prolonged a sitting for forty hours—that the Speaker lifted his voice, put down the imperturbable Mr. Biggar, and brought the matter to an issue. The practical testimony of figures may be quoted to show the smallness of the Home-Rule minority. Dr. Lyon's amendment favouring the passing of remedial before coercive measures for Ireland was negatived by 164 to 19 votes. Then occurred a theatrical scene. The Speaker was about to put the question whether leave should be given to bring in Mr. Forster's Bill for the Protection of Person and Property in Ireland. Mr. Justin M'Carthy (deputy Home-Rule leader in place of Mr. Parnell) rose to resume the debate, but the Speaker held his ground, amid a great din and uproar, the other Home-Rulers sprang to their feet in their places below the gangway on the Opposition side, and shouted 'Privilege!' 'Privilege!' They then filed out, following the lead of Mr. Justin M'Carthy, bowed low to the Chair, and vanished. Not till then was the Irish police measure read the first time. But not even on that remarkable sitting of Wednesday, February 2, were the obdurate followers of Mr. Parnell conquered.

Mr. Gladstone, the Premier, had a full House on the following evening, to hear him move the government proposal to accord larger powers to the

Speakers. But the Prime Minister reckoned without an extraordinary personage—Michael Davitt, the influential Irish agitator. The Home-Rulers, gathered in force on their accustomed benches, were incensed to learn from Sir William Harcourt that Mr. Davitt had been arrested that day in Dublin, and his ticket-of-leave suspended. On the other hand, members generally loudly cheered the announcement. Now, Mr. Davitt was prime mover of the Irish Land League. Without him, it was possible his colleagues imagined their occupation would be gone. At any rate, Mr. Parnell, in his iciest tone, demanded of the Home Secretary which of the conditions of his ticket-of-leave Mr. Davitt had broken. Sir William Harcourt's silence further enraged the Home-Rulers. 'Answer! answer!' they shouted. But Mr. Gladstone simply rose to make his motion. The right hon. gentleman, however, was not allowed to complete his first sentence. One of the most obstinate of the Land League members, Mr. Dillon, persisted in claiming a hearing, resolutely stood with folded arms, and absolutely refused to budge when bidden to resume his seat. The Speaker had no alternative but to 'name' Mr. Dillon, in accordance with the standing order of the previous spring; Mr. Gladstone quietly moved that the hon. member be suspended for the sitting; and Mr. Dillon was thereupon suspended by 395 to 38 votes. Mr. Dillon, however, would not leave until removed by 'superior force,' and kept his seat until the Serjeant-at-Arms, Captain Gossett, had summoned a few of the doorkeepers to his aid.

The Prime Minister again rose after Mr. A. M. Sullivan had relieved himself of some of the inflated rhetoric he had in stock; but again Mr. Gladstone was interrupted, this time by Mr. Parnell, with a demand that the right hon. gentleman be no longer heard. Mr. Parnell was in his turn 'named' and suspended; but he and his companions kept their seats, and declined to take part in the division. The numbers were 435 to 7, a majority of 398 in favour of Mr. Parnell's expulsion. But he, like Mr. Dillon, refused to stir unless removed by 'superior force'—which being forthcoming in the persons of Captain Gossett and his subordinates, Mr. Parnell readily accompanied the Serjeant-at-arms, bowed respectfully to the Speaker, and left the House, amid the indignant exclamations of his supporters. Posing or posturing was a passion with these impulsive Irish members. It is needless, therefore, to state how they gloried in posing as martyrs, and strained

the patience of the House until the last of them was removed by 'superior force.' The remainder, whom Lord R. Grosvenor had to name to the Speaker as having refused to vote, and the Home-Rulers previously withdrawn, are included in this list of Irish members suspended on Thursday, February 4:—

Mr. Dillon, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Barry, Mr. Biggar, Mr. Byrne, Mr. W. Corbett, Mr. Gray, Mr. Healy, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Finigan, Mr. Gill, Mr. Lalor, Mr. Leamy, Mr. Leahy, Mr. M'Carthy, Mr. M'Coan, Mr. Marum, Mr. Meigs, Mr. Nelson, Mr. A. O'Connor, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, The O'Donoghue, The O'Gorman Mahon, Mr. O'Sullivan, Mr. O'Connor Power, Mr. Redmond, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Smithwick, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. Molloy, Mr. It. Power, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Mr. O'Donnell, and Mr. O'Kelly.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF MR. HEARN.

The attempted murder of Mr. Hearn took place on the 28th February. The newspapers of that day gave the following account of the attempt:—

Mr. John Hearn, was Petty Sessions Clerk for the Ballinrobe district, County Mayo, and was agent for the estates of the Hon. Mr. De Montmorency in that neighbourhood; but this property was very small. In the month of May 1880, three of the tenants were evicted for non-payment of rent. Two of them paid up the arrears and continued in occupation, and the third was reinstated as caretaker; so that in reality there was no change in the tenantry. Mr. Hearn had received a threatening letter a few months before the attempt on his life; but he took no notice of it. He had been in the habit of proceeding home since that time at all hours, and alone. He was going home from the weekly Petty Sessions, on the 28th of February, at three o'clock in the afternoon; and when near his own house, a mile from the town, he stopped to look over a wall into a field. He was conscious of two persons passing behind him, but he did not notice who they were. Several shots were immediately fired, and he found he was wounded in the back. He turned round, grasping his stick, and faced his assailants, who were two young men. They were quite close to him, almost at arm's length. He struck at them several times with his stick, until another shot from a revolver disabled his right hand, the bullet passing through the flesh between

his thumb and his forefinger, while at the same moment he received a wound in the right side. Then his assailants fled, leaving Mr. Hearn with four wounds, two of which were serious, one bullet having lodged in the right kidney, and one having injured the liver. The revolver was put so close to him as to singe the cloth of his coat. He was able to walk to his own house, and to knock at the door. For some days his condition seemed very precarious, but he has since recovered. He gave some description of the assassins, who wore rough blue jackets, with fur caps drawn over their heads. Two young men, John and Richard Nally, relatives of the wife of Hessen, the tenant who had been evicted for non-payment of rent and afterwards received as caretaker, were arrested on the second day after the attempt to murder. A few days later they were brought, with some other young men, into Mr. Hearn's bedroom, when he singled them out as being very like the men who fired at him. A Mrs. James, who lived with her father in a cottage near the spot, has deposed that she saw John Nally, one of the prisoners, loitering about the roads, and also saw him jump into a field, before the outrage, quite close to where Mr. Hearn was shot. They were committed for trial.

SECOND EXPULSION OF SOME OF THE HOME RULE MEMBERS.

To be 'suspended' is not pleasant to any member of the House of Commons, no matter what arrogant self-sufficiency might provoke the suspension; it must have been very mortifying to Mr. Biggar and Mr. O'Donnell to be suspended a second time, as they were in Committee, on the 8th of March, when the member for Dungarvan had, by order of the House, to retire to cool his heels in the Lobby, where the urbane Serjeant-at-Arms, Captain Gossett, probably treated him with the courtesy it was his custom to show to Parliamentary exiles. Now, Mr. O'Donnell brought upon himself this punishment by taking up the cudgels on behalf of another Irish member, who had applied the O'Connell epithet 'beastly bellowing' to the ejaculations of members opposite him. The Hon. Member for Dungarvan on Monday the 21st of March, made amends for many exhibitions of bad taste, and substantially apologised for the heat of his language. His motion declaring Dr. Lyon Playfair 'under an erroneous impression' at the time could not be carried. But the moderation of his statement, couched in a manner which he

might well adopt for the future, was recognised by the Prime Minister, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Dr. Playfair himself; and there this personal incident ended.

THE FENIAN ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE MANSION HOUSE.

An exciting and alarming discovery was made on Wednesday night, the 18th of March, which perplexed the ingenuity of the London police authorities. A box containing nearly 40 lb. of gunpowder, with a fuse by which it was to have been exploded, wrapped in brown paper already ignited and smouldering, which would presently have set fire to the fuse, was found in a recess of the east wall of the Mansion House, about half an hour before midnight. The police-constable on night duty, Samuel Cowell, instantly extinguished the smouldering paper, and took the box to the police station in Bow-lane. It was a flat wooden box, like a common deal packing-case, strongly bound with iron hoops, but with a round hole in the middle, from which the fuse protruded; this box was made into a brown paper parcel, 21 in. square, and 5 in. deep, and was set up on end against the wall of the recess, which is in Church-passage, a narrow alley that leads from George-street, out of St. Swithin's-lane, to Walbrook, passing the garden wall at the back of Messrs. Rothschild's premises, and St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook. George-street makes an angle with Mansion-house-place, which separates the east end of the Mansion House from the banking-house of Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith. The only entrance to the Mansion House on that side is a gateway leading to the cells in which prisoners are confined during the daily sitting in the Justice-room, and from which door convicted or remanded prisoners are removed when the Court rises. The Mansion House was built in 1737, from the designs of Mr. George Dance, upon the site of the old Stocks or Dried-fish Market in Walbrook. The first stone was laid by Lord Mayor Perry in 1739, and the building was completed in 1752, the first Lord Mayor who resided there being Sir Crispe Gascoigne, an ancestor of Lord Salisbury. The windows of the State drawing-rooms extend along the greater part of the Mansion House on its eastern front, and below them to the south is the Egyptian Hall, the scene of many historical and important gatherings during more than a hundred years past. The Egyptian Hall was de-

signed by the Earl of Burlington, and is so called from its accordance with the 'Egyptian Hall' described by Vitruvius. The stained-glass windows of this hall are rendered conspicuous from the outside by the bulky apparatus fixed there to illuminate them on the occasions of the Lord Mayor's banquets, one of which would have been given on the night of the attempted outrage but for the Czar's death. These gas-fitting contrivances on the exterior would enable the conspirators to see the hall's exact position in the building. Beneath the east window, which depicts the incident of William Walworth quelling a mob of insurgents by stabbing their leader, Wat Tyler, is the recess, which was fenced in by an iron railing. It was formerly the opening of an old window that has been built up; and the ledge upon which the box was put had been the window-sill. The place is very lonely and deserted at night, but the police-constable went by it every quarter of an hour. The box, when opened at the police-station, was found to contain, besides the gunpowder, a quantity of stuffing, which consisted of part of an old carpet-bag, some brown paper, two American newspapers, one Glasgow and one Irish newspaper of recent date, and a linen bag, in which the powder had evidently been first kept. On one of the journals was an address in London to which it had been posted. But for the policeman's opportune discovery a very serious explosion would have occurred. The result would probably have been more disastrous to the surrounding dwelling-houses than to the Mansion House, where the walls are in some places as much as ten feet thick. The City police, of whom Colonel Fraser, C.B., and Major Bowinan were the chiefs, put themselves in communication on the subject with the Home Office authorities and the Criminal Investigation Department, and a reward of 100*l.* was offered by the Corporation of London for such information as would lead to the arrest of the criminal.

FENIAN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE LIVERPOOL-TOWNHALL.

About four o'clock in the morning on the 9th of June, a policeman whilst on duty discovered a lighted fuse close to the side door of the Townhall. Perceiving at the same time two men apparently watching, the policeman followed them, giving the alarm to a brother officer of what he had seen at the Townhall. The second officer proceeded to the Townhall, and saw a package having the appearance of a sailor's bag, with something making a fizzing noise

inside. He began to open the outside cover, but, finding it smoking and very heavy, he dragged it into the centre of the roadway, and, becoming alarmed, he left it. He had not got more than ten yards when it exploded with a loud report, breaking the windows of the Townhall and the windows opposite, and destroying a piece of the iron palisade, some pieces of the bomb passing over the buildings and breaking the windows in the adjoining streets. Pieces of iron picked up showed that the bomb was of the same material as was used in the attempt made lately on the police station. The first policeman followed the 450 men, and with assistance captured them. They were armed with loaded revolvers, both are Irishmen, and one has recently arrived from America.

The Mayor of Liverpool received an official intimation from the Treasury that the Government would undertake the prosecution of William McGrath and James McKevitt, the two men charged with the attempt to blow up the Townhall.

The return of the agrarian outrages committed in Ireland which were reported to the Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary during the month of May in the year 1881, showed the total number of outrages to have been 337. They are classified as follows:—Murder, 8; firing at the person, 5; assault on police, 7; aggravated assault, 14; assault endangering life, 2; assaults on bailiffs and process-servers, 6; cutting and maiming the person, 3; incendiary fire and arson, 24; burglary and robbery, 6; taking and holding forcible possession, 8; killing, cutting, or maiming cattle, 15; demand or robbery of arms, 1; riots and affrays, 10; administering unlawful oaths, 7; intimidation—by threatening letters or notices, 140; otherwise, 86; attacking houses, 11; resistance to legal process, 3; injury to property, 31; firing into dwellings, 5. The total number of outrages reported in the return for March was 146, and in that for April 295.

From King's County, and from other parts of Ireland, further reports were received of house-burnings, shootings, fence-breakings, and other outrages, the victims in most of the cases being farmers who had paid their rents.

Mr. Joyce, secretary to the Kilmallock Land League, was arrested in the second week in June and lodged in the County Limerick Gaol as a suspect, under the Coercion Act. The charge against Mr. Joyce was having written an alleged threatening notice in reference to the surrendering of a certain

farm. The total number of persons detained in prison without trial, under the Coercion Act, was 110, of which 49 were in Kilmaluhan Gaol, Dublin.

The *Dublin Gazette* of Monday evening, June 13th, contained proclamations by the Lord Lieutenant, declaring illegal and criminal such assemblages as might be held at Carlow, Kilkenny, county Louth, Conrath, county Meath, and Keadue, county Roscommon, on occasions of the carrying out of the process of the law. A meeting at Mills-street, county Cork, intended to be held on Tuesday the 14th, was also prohibited, and other meetings at Nenagh and Kildare.

Skibbereen, Skull, and Ballydehob, and the surrounding districts in county Cork, were proclaimed, and all assemblages were forbidden. No further disturbance took place in those districts. At a meeting of the executive of the Land League at Skibbereen resolutions were passed condemning the riots: but it was urged that the authorities by their action were greatly responsible for the disturbances that took place in the neighbourhood. The Bishop of Ross, in addressing his congregation at mass at Skibbereen, said by strong and vigorous constitutional action most, if not all, of what their fellow-countrymen were looking for would be sure to come; but by violence and the commission of outrages on persons and property most of what they had been striving for was in great danger of being withheld and lost.

The Archbishop of Cashel likewise attended a land demonstration at Tipperary, and said that only two things could now prevent the Irish people obtaining a maternal victory—namely, mismanagement or disunion on the part of the leaders; and indiscretion, or something worse, on the part of the people, whom he recommended to avoid coming into collision with the police or military.

Mr. Swanton, an old gentleman in his eightieth year, who had a small property at Ballydehob, near Skibbereen, was shot one evening in the last week in June as he was going home on a car and ascending a steep hill within two miles of Ballydehob. The shot took effect on the right side of the head, and he bled profusely. The driver escaped unhurt, although his hat was riddled by the charge, which was fired from behind a hedge. Mr. Swanton's family were unable to discover any reason for the attempt on his life, as he had not evicted any tenants or raised his rents. The outrage was committed as a number of people were returning from market. His recovery was suspended for a time.

His son, who was a magistrate, was also fired at.

Returns were issued of the evictions which had come to the knowledge of the police in Ireland for the two quarters ended March 31 and June 30, in the year 1881. In the first quarter the number of evictions was 850, affecting 1732 persons, of whom 32 families, consisting of 181 persons, were readmitted as tenants, and 139 families, consisting of 737 persons, as caretakers. In the second quarter the number of families evicted was 1065, consisting of 5262 persons. Of these 50 families, of 256 persons, were readmitted as tenants, and 542 families, of 2852 persons, as caretakers.

CHAPTER XV.

ARRESTS OF SUSPECTED PERSONS —SUPPRESSION OF THE LAND LEAGUE—RIOTS, OUTRAGES, MURDERS, AND OTHER INCIDENTS, FROM THE END OF JUNE TO THE END OF DECEMBER, 1881.

In the month of July, a party of the Royal Irish Constabulary, were out upon the moors at night, stopping and examining suspicious persons they met in that lonely place, and whom they thought were on their way to do some deed of mischief. The war between the forces of the Executive and the lawless agitators was still waged with great determination on both sides. It was becoming more evident, however, though the signs were but few and indistinct, that the power of the law was gradually and steadily gaining the upper hand. Evictions and sheriffs' sales for rent were not so frequent, and they were now peaceably conducted. In some districts, the labourers were suffering severely from the practice of 'Boycotting.' It was impossible for the persecuted landlords and tenants to obtain labourers to save their crops; and if the Emergency Committee and Property Defence Association had not come to the rescue they would have been reduced to ruin, and their crops allowed to rot in the ground. Arrangements, however, were afterwards made, and in very many instances carried out, for obtaining labourers from the counties of Cavan and Tyrone; and a sufficient supply of labourers was soon obtained to do the necessary work. The working classes in the disturbed localities, who were deprived of the opportunity of earning good wages at harvest work, had no reason to feel grateful to the Land

League for all it was doing for them. The labourers of the county of Limerick then issued a handbill threatening a demonstration against the Land League farmers at their meeting on Saturday, the 6th of July, in Limerick.

SUPPRESSION OF THE LAND LEAGUE.

The warning given by the Prime Minister, on the 7th of October, that the Land League would not be permitted to follow the illegal practices of which they had been guilty for some time, and conspire against the government of the United Kingdom, was followed up by energetic action. The League had too long set all constituted authority at defiance, and as it is 'the last straw that breaks the camel's back,' so when they repeatedly, after innumerable warnings, both in public meeting and through their abusive newspapers, had done their worst to vilify and throw contempt on the government, the time for clemency and inactive parleying came to an end.

Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P. for Cork city, President of the Land League, was arrested in a very quiet manner on Thursday, October 13th—a cabinet counsel having been held on the previous day. The Chief Secretary to the government of Ireland, Mr. Forster, travelled by the night train and Holyhead boat to Dublin. Immediately on his arrival there he signed warrants for the apprehension of Mr. Parnell and others, under the provisions of the act for the Protection of Life and Property in Ireland, sometimes called the Coercion Act, which was passed, as a temporary measure of emergency, in the Session of Parliament of 1881. This act gave to the Irish Government, until November of 1882, authority to arrest and imprison, without trial or formal indictment, persons reasonably suspected of certain seditious and treasonable practices, or of conspiring to injure or intimidate the Queen's subjects, or to prevent the due execution of the law. The warrants were addressed to Mr. John Mallon, Chief Superintendent of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, and his assistants, and to the Governor of Kilmainham Gaol, Dublin. It was ascer-

tained that Mr. Parnell had come to Dublin the evening before, from his country house, Avondale, Wicklow, and had stayed that night at Morrison's Hotel, in Dawson-street, intending to go to Naas in the forenoon of Thursday to preside at the Kildare Land League Convention. He was in his bed-room, and not yet dressed, at twenty minutes past nine, when Chief Superintendent Mallon, who had gone to the hotel with an inspector and four constables, went up stairs alone, knocked at the door, and was admitted by Mr. Parnell. The hotel servant had told Mr. Parnell that the police were come. Superintendent Mallon informed him of his business, and produced two warrants for Mr. Parnell's arrest. Mr. Parnell received the information quietly, and, having looked at the warrants, laid them aside, and proceeded to complete his toilet. Superintendent Mallon retired for a few minutes, informing Mr. Parnell that he would wait for him until he had breakfasted and packed his things. This did not occupy long, and Mr. Parnell was placed in a cab, along with two police officers, and driven to Kilmainham Gaol. A second cab followed, containing several detective police, and two outside-cars brought up the rear, with eight policemen on each. Outside the hotel nothing was known of the arrest for nearly an hour; but the news rapidly spread when once it got abroad, and the newspaper offices were besieged for information. The gaol was reached without any incident occurring, and Mr. Parnell was safely lodged in it. He preserved strict silence during the journey. On reaching the interior of the gaol he was enthusiastically welcomed by the Land Leaguers confined there, their cheers being heard some distance around the prison. The private room occupied by Mr. Parnell in Kilmainham Gaol was the same in which the Rev. Father Sheehy had been confined. It was a comfortable and cheerful apartment, being furnished and supplied with books, the gifts from the Ladies' Land League. Mr. Parnell was treated as a patient of the prison infirmary, and was allowed special diet and other comforts.

Several other important arrests were made by the government after Mr. Parnell was lodged in Kilmainham, including Mr. Sexton, M.P. for Sligo county, Mrs. J. O'Kelly, M.P. for Roscommon, Mr. Dillon, M.P. for Tipperary, Mr. Quinn, assistant secretary of the Land League, and Mr. William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*. Mr. John B. Hefferman, of the Cork Land League, and several other provincial Land

Leaguers, were also arrested. There were warrants out, likewise, to arrest Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P. for Queen's county, but he managed to evade the police, and arrive in England. A warrant had been issued for Mr. Healy, M.P. for Wexford borough, but he also was in England, having been met at Holyhead with a warning sent him by the Land League not to return to Ireland.

The Convention for the county of Kildare, which Mr. Parnell was to have attended, assembled at Naas under the presidency of Mr. Leahy, M.P. In expectation of Mr. Parnell's arrest being made there, the authorities had collected a force of military and police numbering 2,000 men. Large bodies of people turned out with bands and banners to meet Mr. Parnell, but instead of meeting the hon. gentleman, they saw in all directions lancers, hussars, and riflemen, under the command of General Frazer. The soldiers were furnished with ten rounds each of ammunition, and were perfectly prepared for action. Ambulance-waggons were at the station to be in readiness in the event of a field hospital being required. Colonel Forbes R.M., rode beside the General to carry out the orders of execution. At the Convention there held, a resolution was passed to the effect that 'We have heard with amazement and indignation of the arrest of Mr. Parnell under the Coercion Act, and we protest against the gross injustice and tyranny of the proceedings, and we tender to Mr. Parnell the expression of our confidence and sympathy.'

The government proclaimed the application of the Coercion Act to the counties of Longford, Kildare, Louth, Meath, Carlow, Wexford, and Wicklow, as well as to the southern and western counties of Ireland. A special proclamation was issued by the government against intimidation and other unlawful and criminal practices, and the Irish people were warned against engaging in any of these, or inciting thereto, as making persons liable to arrest and imprisonment. A meeting of the Privy Council was held at Dublin Castle on Saturday afternoon, October 15th. The Lord Chancellor, the Commander of the Forces, the Chief Secretary, and other members were present. Instructions were telegraphed to every military station in the country to preserve the most watchful vigilance, and to be prepared to meet any emergency which might arise. The flying columns were ready for any immediate movement. In Dublin the measures taken for the instant suppression of any breach of the peace were on

a formidable scale. There was in the city a division of more than 5,000 cavalry, artillery, and infantry, with 1,000 horses and 16 guns, and large reinforcements were ordered. A whole additional brigade of infantry was on its way to Ireland. Each sentry was provided with twenty rounds of ball ammunition, and a plentiful supply was available for instant distribution should occasion arise calling for the exercise of armed force. Two guns were placed in the court-yard of Dublin Castle, and two assigned to Kilmainham prison to augment the strength of the guard. A police escort attended Mr. Forster on his way to the Chief Secretary's office in the Castle.

There was much excitement in Dublin on the evenings of Saturday and Sunday, the 15th and 16th of October. It was believed that an attempt would be made by an organized mob to get possession of several parts of the city. Cavalry and police patrolled the streets, and the latter charged the mob in Sackville-street, in obedience to their orders, to prevent any massing of the people. The police were much exasperated by the cheers of the mob, who marched about cheering for the imprisoned Land Leaguers. On the following Monday the Corporation of Dublin had an interview with Mr. Forster, to endeavour to obtain an assurance that the ostentatious display of the police force, which took place in the city on the preceding Saturday and Sunday with such lamentable consequences, shall not be repeated. Mr. Forster replied that the information of the Executive convinced him that there was very great danger of a mob taking possession of parts of the city. The police acted according to their instructions in clearing the streets; and while he regretted that some persons were injured, it was the duty of law-abiding people to avoid being implicated in such disturbances. On the following Tuesday night the riotous assemblage in the streets of Dublin was renewed; in Sackville-street, North Great George-street, Parliament-street, and Capel-street, the windows of many houses were broken with showers of stones. The newspaper-offices, in the case of journals opposed to Home Rule and the Land League, were assailed with destructive violence by stone-throwing. Many of the police were severely hurt by the missiles with which they were pelted.

At Limerick there was an affray with the Land Leaguers, who called a meeting to protest against the arrests. The demonstration was suppressed, and on the Sunday evening a serious riot took

place. After the police had been stoned and the barrack windows broken, the Scots Greys charged the mob with drawn sabres and cleared the streets, but several persons were wounded.

The Land League weekly meetings in Dublin were suspended; but on Tuesday the 18th, a proclamation was published, which purported to be signed by Messrs. Parnell, A. J. Kettle, T. Brennan, J. Dillon, and T. Sexton, in Kilmainham Gaol; Michael Davitt, in Portland convict prison; and Patrick Egan, in Paris; as Executive of the Land League. This was read at the last weekly meeting in the Land League Offices, Upper Sackville-street, at which the Rev. Mr. Carroll, of Thurles, presided. The proclamation, which was addressed 'to the Irish People,' denounced the recent act of the Government as 'brutal tyranny, furor, and wanton despotism,' and declared that the Irish Land League, 'forced to abandon the policy of testing the Land Act, feels bound to advise the tenant farmers of Ireland from this time forth to pay no rents under any circumstances to their landlords until the Government relinquishes the existing system of terrorism and restores the constitutional rights of the people.'

The Medal or Badge, furnished to members of the Land League, on one side displayed the effigy of Mr. Parnell, while the other recorded the foundation of the Land League by Michael Davitt, the Fenian convict, and recited the motto, 'A Peasant Proprietary the Nation's Wealth,' surrounding the Irish Harp.

Meetings on behalf of the Land League were held by Mr. T. P. O'Connor and others at New York and Boston, and Mr. Parnell's mother, who resided in America, made a speech on the New York platform, declaring herself a Fenian, and threatening to come to Ireland to advocate the cause. Mr. F. H. O'Donnell and Dr. Communs addressed a meeting at Liverpool, to protest against the action of the government.

RIOTS AT DUBLIN AND LIMERICK.

On Saturday, October 22nd, and Sunday the 23rd, serious riots took place in the streets of Dublin, occasioned by the arrest of the principal Land Leaguers; about £3,000 worth of damage was done to the various public buildings. The Dublin ratepayers had their rates increased in con-

sequence of the great damage wantonly done to property.

The disgraceful scenes of mischief and violence shown by a lawless rabble in the streets of Dublin, on the Saturday, Sunday, and Tuesday nights following the arrest of the Land League leaders, were not afterwards renewed. There was little cause for alarm concerning the maintenance of peace and order in that city, as the mob of 'roughs' consisted in a great part of idle boys and dissolute youngsters, who sought amusement or excitement in throwing stones at the police or in breaking windows, had probably no serious intention of fighting. The scenes on the Saturday evening, in Sackville-street, showed the loose and disorderly character of those shameful disturbances. They would be ludicrous and contemptible, if it were not that many of the Metropolitan Police got severely hurt, and some 3000l worth of damage was done to houses and other property, besides frightening the quiet and respectable citizens. No one supposed, however, that the Land League, unscrupulous as it was, and capable of instigating much worse deeds of malice, could have set on foot this aimless disturbance in the streets of the capital; and it was most likely that the general commotion of the popular mind, occasioned by Mr. Parnell's arrest, and that of several other noted demagogues, a day or two before, was only the indirect cause of the outbreak of a wanton spirit. Misdirected romantic enthusiasm for an imaginary hero and martyr of Irish patriotic celebrity would naturally combine with mere Donnybrook Fair love of a row, in the excitable minds of this uneducated class of Irishmen.

The whole affair, with its grotesque and its lamentable features was intensely Irish, and seemed to most people very foolish and irrational, on the part of those who caused the disturbance. The rate-payers of Dublin had to pay for a large quantity of broken glass, and the twenty or thirty constables with broken heads had a brief respite, in their hospital, from daily tasks of troublesome duty. In the west and south of Ireland, where the agrarian conspiracy was a ferocious reality—the Dublin mob could have no interest in it—far worse conflicts with the guardians of social order may be conceived possible; and the riots of Limerick were of too desperate a character to be lightly regarded. The Scots Greys quartered in that town, on Sunday, the 16th of October, had to charge the mob with drawn sabres, and to use their weapons in sharp earnest, before they could get the

streets cleared, as the police barrack was in danger of being stormed by a formidable host of assailants. But the rioters were completely quelled.

The Land League manifesto, ordering the tenant farmers all over Ireland to pay no rent under any circumstances, was in the third week in October, sent to all the local branches of the League; and placards, inscribed 'I pay no Rent,' were everywhere displayed, but were in many instances removed by the police. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, at once published a letter solemnly protesting, 'with the utmost pain and absolute disavowal,' against the action of the Land League. A proclamation was issued by the Lord Lieutenant on Thursday, the 20th of October, declaring the Land League to be 'an unlawful and criminal association,' warning it to withdraw and abstain from connection with it, as all meetings to promote its designs would be forbidden or dispersed by force. The only remaining official of the 'Central Executive' in Dublin, Mr. W. Dorris, secretary of the legal department, was arrested at the Land League offices that day. Other arrests were made in several provincial towns. The prisoners in Kilmainham Jail, Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Brennan, and others, were not allowed to receive visitors, in the last week of October; and they were separated by removing some of them to county jails. The motion of Mr. E. D. Gray, in the Dublin Town Council, on Tuesday, the 24th of October, to bestow the freedom of the city on Mr. Parnell, was rejected by the Lord Mayor's casting vote.

THE LAND LEAGUE 'NO-RENT' MANIFESTOS.

The resolute and consistent action of Her Majesty's Government in Ireland, during the last three weeks of October, in the suppression of that treasonable and anti-social conspiracy styled 'the Land League,' was attended with uninterrupted success. While the leading members of the Central Executive Council, with one or two exceptions—Mr. Sexton, M.P., was released in consideration of his infirm health—were shut up in Kilmainham Gaol, scarcely a day passed without arresting, in different parts of the country, half a dozen or more local 'organizing agents' of the Land League, who were lodged in the county prisons. It was stated that Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon were not to be removed from Kilmainham, though some of the other prisoners there under the Coercion Act were sent elsewhere. The official authorities found fault with

the laxity of management in not applying the prison rules of Kilmainham to the Land Leaguers, who were formerly allowed much freedom of intercourse, not only with each other, but with their friends outside. The publication of more than one manifesto or address to their party, bearing the signatures of its captive chiefs, had been noticed with disapproval; and some changes were now made in the staff of prison officials. It seemed that Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Brennan, and Kettle were questioned by the members of the General Prisons Board as to whether they had signed the No-Rent Manifesto in prison. They all refused to answer, and were sentenced, by order of the Chief Secretary, to seven days' deprivation of all visits and communications. The new rules were attributed by the prisoners to direct intervention on the part of the Chief Secretary. The whole staff of officials in the gaol was doubled. The door of Mr. Parnell's room was guarded by two policemen; there were two more in the passage, and two on each window; while in the yard outside there was a police hut. All the gates were doubled and secured by iron gratings. A number of visitors waited daily at the outer gate of Kilmainham to see the prisoners. Just above this gate was a sort of balcony, upon which the gibbet used formerly to be fixed up for the execution of a sentence of capital punishment. There was a waiting-room for visitors outside the gate; but in fine weather they usually walk up and down, or stand in groups conversing, till they get their turn for admission. The rusty knocker on the iron gate summons the warder, who opens a little wicket of the massive oaken door, and puts his queries to the applicants, generally bidding them to wait. Ladies of the female Land League were frequently among them, and there was a good deal of animated discussion. One visitor only was admitted at a time; and when the turn came for letting anybody in, the warder swung open the great wooden door, which was fortified with iron bands and had strong bolts to fasten it when closed; he bore a large key with which he opened the outer gate of iron bars. The visitor passed into a small hall, where his or her name was written in a book; and a warder proceeded to conduct the visitor through several long corridors, to the grille or grating where the interview with the prisoner took place. It was strictly limited to a quarter of an hour, in the presence either of the Governor or Chief Warder, supported by one or more assistant warders, and only personal matters, or rather non-political, were allowed to be spoken of.

Mr Parnell's letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, part of which that paper declined to print on October 29th, was an intimation that the Land League would decline to assist tenants who availed themselves of the Land Court. Mr. Parnell said that 'the decision of the Court that evicted tenants might only sell, but not redeem, rendered any further action of the court on their behalf useless. For this and other reasons stated, Mr. M'Gough, solicitor to the League, retired from the conducting of those cases.

The New Land Court, established by Mr. Gladstone's Act of last Session, to adjudicate fair rents, and to bestow fixity of tenure with free right of sale, had sat a fortnight in Dublin, and by Saturday the 29th, had got 7500 applications to deal with, besides issuing some 30,000 forms of application.

A pastoral by Archbishop McCabe denouncing the 'No-Rent' manifesto was read on Sunday, October 30th, in all the Roman Catholic churches in the diocese of Dublin. The Archbishop said the manifesto was an attack upon the foundations on which society rests—the rights of property—by a handful of men, the bulk of whom have neither stake nor interest in the country. If, his Grace adds, the notice to pay no rents be not the teaching of communism, communism is yet to be defined. The pastoral concludes by exhorting the people to make use of the Land Act, to keep aloof from secret societies, and to set themselves against the tyranny established in many parts of the country by the abuses of a system which may be called a social excommunication inflicted by irresponsible and very often vindictive agents.

Meetings were held on Saturday the 29th, by the magistrates of King's County and of Cork, at which resolutions were carried in support of the policy of the Government in suppressing the Land League. Similar resolutions were also adopted by a meeting of tenant farmers at Stradbally held for the purpose of forming a defence association.

The house of a farmer named Casey, at Aughadown, near Skibbereen, was attacked on Friday night, the 28th of October, by a number of armed men. The furniture was broken, the house wrecked, and the inmates, after being roughly treated, were thrown out on the roadside. A few nights previously the farmer had been warned not to pay rent, but he paid the next day.

After the arrest of Mr. Parnell and the other Land Leaguers, on Thursday the 13th of October many threats of

murder were uttered against the Chief Secretary, who was not only the most humane and benevolent of men, but whose personal exertions to relieve Irish distress, beginning so far back as the famine of 1847, when he accompanied his father in the memorable Relief Mission to Donegal, Mayo, and Galway, should have entitled him to national gratitude. It is a deep national disgrace that, in the capital of Ireland, in the year 1881, such a man as Mr. Forster, residing there to perform the most difficult and laborious administrative duties ever undertaken by an English statesman of our day, should go in peril of his life at the hand of dastardly assassins. The police authorities insisted, however, upon the necessity of providing an escort of mounted constables for Mr. Forster's protection in his daily passage to and fro between the Lodge in Phoenix Park and Dublin Castle.

The trial of Peter Duff for murdering Constable Daly, in a street riot in Dublin, was concluded on Tuesday, November 1st. A verdict of guilty being returned, he was sentenced to death.

A FATAL AFFRAY AT GRAWKILL, COUNTY MAYO.

A deplorable affray took place on Friday, the 28th of October, at Grawkill, near Belmullet, in the county of Mayo, on the north-west coast of Ireland. The hamlet of Grawkill, perched on the side of a mountain overlooking the Atlantic, with the entrance to Broadhaven and Blind Harbour, the bold cliffs of Erris Head, and the distant islands, consists of about a dozen houses of the meanest and poorest class. It appears that the police, about sixty in number, were accompanying a process-server who was about to serve summonses for the rates. The people of the neighbourhood, seeing the police approaching, gathered to the number of about three hundred. When the police were ascending the mountain path that led to the village, they were assailed by the crowd, from the heights above, with showers of stones. The police charged them up the hill several times, but they returned to the assault. The sub-inspector in command at length gave the order to fire, which was obeyed, and some of the shots took effect, but even after some of the rioters were wounded, they did not retire. Twenty-four shots were fired. An elderly woman who received a wound in the throat and a charge of buckshot in the chest, died, and a young woman who received a bullet in the left side. Many others were less seriously wounded. Several

of the police were injured. More than twenty persons were arrested and sent to Castlebar Jail.

In the meantime, Mr. Parnell and his associates, the chiefs of the Land League, remained secure from personal mischief in Kilmainham Jail. In the centre of the prison buildings was a large oblong space, inclosed by the ranges of cells which rose, tier above tier, all round it, with balconies that communicated with the cells. The doors of the cells were of oak, studded with bolts and fortified with iron bands. In the centre of the open space, forming the exercise ground, were two large wooden tables and a number of chairs of the simplest pattern; on the tables were the daily newspapers. The majority of the prisoners promenaded in twos and threes, following each other round the place, chatting and amusing themselves as best they could, like a troop of schoolboys out for a walk. Occasionally a few dropped out of the ranks to read the newspapers at the tables. Here and there was a warder with a ponderous key in his hand. The floor was paved with stone flags, and the place had ample light from the top. The warders were dressed in black, with a row of brass buttons down the front of the tunic, and a black leather belt. The prisoners looked like any people one meets in the street; some fashionably dressed, others in tweed suits, and some as country men. Nearly all the principal leaders of the Land League were here, including Mr. Parnell. A special supplement to the *Dublin Gazette* sent out a list of names, place of imprisonment, and ground, of all the persons detained in custody under the Person and Property Protection Act up to the evening of the 4th of November. There were then 244 persons incarcerated under the Act, and they were distributed over the gaols as follows:—Limerick, 61; Kilmainham, 47; Naas, 62; Galway, 40; Dundalk, 23; and Carrick-on-Shannon, 29.

The houses and tenants on the estate of Mr. J. W. Kelly, near Westport, were on the 4th of Nov., surrounded by a body of armed men, who fired several shots into the windows. At the same time one of the gang visited each house and warned the inmates to pay no rent on the following day. Notwithstanding this intimidation, several tenants paid their rents. Great excitement prevailed in the district.

A serious disturbance took place in Waterford on Saturday evening, the 5th of November, between a party of the 33rd regiment and a crowd of civilians. The soldiers being attacked drew their bayonets and charged the civilians, a

large body of Police turning out. While the police were defending the soldiers a volley of stones was hurled at them. Sub-constable Griffiths was rendered insensible by a blow on the head, and about a dozen other police were more or less injured. The police charged the mob and cleared the streets, but not before two o'clock in the morning. A civilian named Grace was seriously injured.

The sub-commission under the Land Act which had been sitting during the last week in Oct., in Belfast, gave their decision in fifteen cases in which the tenantry on the estate of Archdeacon Crawford made applications for reductions of rent. In all except one case the rents were reduced. The reductions were as follows:—£9 4s. 4d. to £6 8s. 9d., £50 to £46 10s. 4d., £38 9s. 6d. to £26 13s. 11d., £22 17s. 8d. to £16 11s. 2d., £60 to £48 3s. 5d., £32 15s. 4d. to £24 16s. 5d., £65 6s. 4d. to £50 2s. 11d., £17 17s. to £12 5s. 6d., £67 3s. 8d. to £52 16s. 11d., £29 14s. to £20 16s. 10d., £71 5s. to £48 3s., £16 16s. 8d. to £11 18s. 10d., £122 18s. 10d. to £89 17s. 6d., and £32 6s. 6d. to £23 4s. 6d. It being market day there was a large attendance of farmers at Belfast, and the decisions were received with great expressions of delight. In the evening the sub-commission gave their decision in four additional cases, a reduction being made in each case of about 28 per cent.

The New Land Court received an overwhelming number of applications, and some additional Sub-Commissioners were appointed to deal with the immense amount of business under the Land Act.

DICTATION BY THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE.

On the 8th of November the Western Sub-Commission of the Land Court for Connaught, was opened in the town of Claremorris, county Mayo.

The Sub-Commission consisted of Mr. J. G. McCarthy, solicitor, ex-M.P. for Mallow; Mr. O'Shaughnessy, gentleman farmer; and Mr. Houghton, landed proprietor. The Chairman, Mr. McCarthy, wore a robe of black cloth, with fur border. The court-house, which was a moderate-sized building, was crowded to excess by tenants of the ordinary class, and they showed the liveliest interest in what was going on. They listened with marked attention and increasing approval while Mr. McCarthy explained the object and scope of the Act, and stated the spirit

in which the Commission proposed to administer it. There were a number of priests present from different parts of the country, who attended on behalf of the people in their several districts for the purpose of reporting on their return how things were likely to go with them. They seemed to be much pleased with what they heard, and when the Commissioners rose the tenants could be seen gathered around their respective spiritual guides, and in a short time there was scarcely a tenant in town who was not in possession of a form of notice to fix a fair rent. The tilling up of the form was a matter of some difficulty, and the work was continued at the hotels and public-houses until a late hour in the evening. A number of landlords also attended at the opening of the Court, amongst whom were Mr. Walter Burke, of Curraghleagh. The audience also included Miss Gardiner, whose courageous conduct in keeping at bay a furious mob by which she was attacked attracted a good deal of attention some time previous. There were two policemen in the body of the court, who appeared to be an escort for her protection; she was accompanied by another lady, as her land-agent.

The Chief Commissioners in Dublin, — namely, Mr. Justice O'Hagan, Mr. Little, Q.C., and Mr. Vernon — held three separate Courts on Monday Nov. 7th, and were occupied in the reception of proof of service of originating notices in cases of application to fix judicial rents. About forty-seven thousand applications to fix judicial rents were received at the offices of the Land Commission.

A new Land League manifesto was secretly circulated in Ireland. It was signed 'By order of the Executive of the Irish National Land League,' and went on to say, 'If any tenant on an estate pay his rent none of the other tenants on the estate will receive any support from the League. The utmost exertion is to be used to influence tenants from applying to the Land Court. We urge on the farmers of Ireland uniform compliance with the 'No Rent' manifesto, as a measure of passive resistance which must ultimately obtain for them much more than they could ever expect from applying to the Land Commissioners.'

On Monday night, the 7th of November, an incendiary outrage was perpetrated at Banagher, near Shannon Harbour. The dwelling-house, out-offices, and stockyard, belonging to a farmer, were fired, and totally consumed. Some cows and horses in the out-offices were badly burned; a number of pigs were

destroyed. The family narrowly escaped with their lives. Several additional arrests of Land Leaguers was effected by the government in different parts of the country. On the same day the magistrates of the county of Dublin met under the presidency of Viscount Monck, Lord Lieutenant of the county, and passed resolutions approving of the action of the government and the measures taken to preserve the peace of the country. An influential meeting of magistrates and landowners in the county of Leitrim passed a series of resolutions expressing a desire to assist the government in their efforts to restore law and order in Ireland, but disapproving of the operations of the new Land Court.

EXCITING ARRESTS OF THE LAND LEAGUERS.

One of the newspaper reporters, when on his duties in Ireland, during the latter part of November, wrote of an exciting scene as follows:—

I was fast asleep in a carriage, near the Roscommon railway station, when I was suddenly awakened by the screaming and yelling of a crowd on the platform. Above their din rose the frequent cry of 'Hurrah for Parnell!' The night was dark, and I could see nothing till I put my head out of the railway carriage. Then I was astonished to find the platform lined with soldiers, two deep, behind whom was the screaming mob. The people were standing on the benches and window-sills, and hanging on wherever they could get a footing. They were shouting, gesticulating, and waving hats to several men who had been arrested, and who were being put into the train to be sent to Galway prison. Around the carriage door, a few privileged friends of the prisoners—who had been allowed to bid them good-bye—were pushing and struggling to get a farewell shake of the hands before the train started. Standing near them was the escort of police, ready to get into the compartment with the prisoners. It appeared that these men were the leading Land Leaguers of the town of Roscommon, who had been arrested during the day, and had been lodged in the police barracks of the town. There had been reason to suppose that unless the assistance of the military was obtained there would be an attempt to rescue the prisoners on their way to the railway station. The soldiers therefore, by previous arrangement, marched

into the town at night, just in time to conduct the prisoners to the station. No one was aware that the soldiers were coming, so that the people were taken by surprise, and their little plan for a rescue was a failure. These scenes had been frequent for some time past, as every morning's paper brought the news of fresh arrests, and I have no doubt they will continue to occur for some time.

Several arrests under the Coercion Act were made during the last week in October; among them was that of Mr. J. B. Killen, a barrister and writer in the *Irishman*, who was arrested once before; another was Mr. Alexander Philips, latterly acting as paymaster of the Land League. Mr. Michael Boyton was liberated on account of ill-health. Other outrages were perpetrated in Kerry and other counties, by attacking and firing shots into the houses of farmers who chose to pay their rents; in one instance a child was wounded by a shot fired at the farmer's wife. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Cowper, visited Belfast about the end of November, and there met with a friendly and loyal reception.

THE LAND LEAGUE CONFLICT IN IRELAND.

There was scarcely any apparent decrease of the frequency of agrarian outrages, in the month of December, and some of them were so ferocious and dastardly as to justify the sternest indignation—not only against their perpetrators, who legally deserved the gallows or penal servitude, but against the Land League agitators, whose moral guilt was scarcely less.

A young man, named Martin J. Rogers, who had been for some years a solicitor's clerk in Maryborough, Queen's county, was murdered, about two miles from Rathdowny, on Friday evening, December 2nd. Rogers had gone down from Dublin for the purpose of serving three writs for rent on the property of Mr. Whiteley, and when asked if he required police protection he said he would prefer doing the work alone. He started from Rathdowny for the purpose, and in the evening a man came to the police barracks and reported that the dead body of a man was lying in a pool of blood in a 'boreen,' or lane way by the side of the road. The police hastened to the spot, and found the body of the unfortunate young man with his skull battered in, apparently with stones. The deceased had only one arm, and therefore was not so well able to defend himself. On an examination of the body the originals of two of the writs (without the copies) were found,

showing that in those cases services had been made. The body was very much disfigured. Some arrests were made on suspicion.

William Stewart was found dead in the yard of his dwelling-house in New Lodge-road, Belfast, on Saturday, December 3rd, his skull being smashed in. His wife and two daughters were in the house. One of the daughters saw her father before she went out to work at six in the morning, and he was found dead two hours later. His head was over the ashpit, a large hole being in the top of the skull, and by his side were a large hammer and hatchet.

At Borris, in county Carlow, shots were fired into the sitting-room window of Mr. Hogan, steward to Mrs. Hegarty, a lady owning property there. An attempt was made to blow up with gunpowder the gate lodge of Derk House, near Limerick, the residence of Mr. Heffernan Considine; and that gentleman and his family were pelted with stones ingoing to their place of worship on Sunday morning, Dec. 4th. A farmer named Hubert Rooney, near Athlone, who had chosen to pay his rent, was waylaid on the Sunday night, December 4th, by two men, who beat and kicked him so that his life was in danger. Another farmer, Martin Hogan, near Tipperary, was shot at and wounded, one night in the first week in December, for the same cause. In the neighbourhood of Killarney, on Tuesday, November 29th, the houses of Michael Cronin and John Keefe were broken into by a gang of seven armed men, who were disguised. They were asked if they had paid their rents, and, the answer being unsatisfactory, shots were fired into the house and two persons were wounded. Incendiary fires took place in the county of Meath and other parts of Ireland, to destroy the property of farmers who disobeyed the orders of the Land League; and cattle were mutilated. The service of legal notices of eviction, by the sheriffs and sub-sheriffs was obstructed by riotous mobs; and two members of the Dublin Ladies' Land League, Miss Reyholds and another, took a conspicuous part on these occasions, exhorting the tenants not to pay their rents.

Some volunteer gentlemen potato-diggers, members of the Property Defence Association, laboured to save the produce of a field belonging to a 'boycotted' agriculturist; while the Land Leaguers put up some wooden huts for the accommodation of twenty-one families evicted from their farms at Hacketstown, the property of Mr. C. D. Guinness. These wooden houses were constructed in Dublin, by order of the La-

dies' Land League, and sent down by railway, wherever required, with a couple of carpenters to see to their erection.

The Coroner's jury at the inquest concerning the death of the two women shot in the conflict with the armed constabulary at Belmullet, county Mayo, returned a verdict of wilful murder against the constables; but application was made to the Court in Dublin to set aside this verdict.

The Judges of Assize, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald and others, again took notice, in their charges, of the alarming condition of affairs. New local branches of the Property Defence Association were organized. The new Land Court, meanwhile, continued to investigate suits of yearly tenants for the reduction of rents, but declined to interfere with existing leases.

The benevolent subscription in England for the relief of ladies in distress through the non-payment of rents in Ireland, was taken up by Countess Fitzwilliam, who presided over a meeting at Sheffield on the 5th of December; the Lord Mayor of London consented to receive subscriptions to this fund.

Several fresh arrests of Land Leaguers were made by the government, including the cashier and other persons in the office of the newspaper, *United Ireland*. The *Dublin Gazette* contained a list of the persons confined as suspects under the Coercion Act on December 1st. The number was 334, and they were detained in seven gaols, as follows:—Naas, 71; Galway, 68; Limerick, 55; Kilmainham, 50; Dundalk, 48; Clonmel, 30; and Armagh, 12.

THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE ADVOCACY.

DURING the second week of December three very important events took place, namely:—the suppression of the Ladies' Land League, meetings of men—labourers, farm-servants and farmers for the purpose of stopping fox-hunting, all of whom were believed to belong to the Land League; and the surprise of a secret meeting of the Land Leaguers, with the famous 'Captain Moonlight' at their head, who were out on an expedition of mischief and other violence, or murder. We give the report of the three events

as it appeared in the newspapers at that time:—

A circular was issued by Colonel Hillier, Inspector-General of Constabulary, addressed to the force generally. It set forth that he had been advised that the proclamation of suppression of the Land League applied to females as well as to males, and he called the attention of the force to the fact that where any females were assembled under the name of the Land League, or any other name, provided the meeting be held for furthering the aims of the Land League, such meeting was illegal. The police were to warn persons in whose houses such meetings had been held, or were about to be held, of the unlawful nature of such meetings; also to warn those who might attend such meetings. Where the police found females assembled with such objects, doing the work of the Land League, they were to enter immediately the place of meeting, and to arrest any persons so assembled for pursuing criminal conduct, and to bring them before a magistrate.

It had been observed that, during some weeks past, while the Land League ladies, Miss Parnell and others, had been permitted to hold their meetings at the Central Office in Dublin, the branch ladies' committees in different country towns were subject to frequent police visitations. They usually sought to evade the charge of holding a Land League meeting, by the pretext that their object was to carry on the work of a Political Prisoners' Aid Society, receiving subscriptions to supply food and other comforts to the gentlemen in Kilmainham Jail and elsewhere arrested under the Coercion Act. In many such instances, the police inspector or head constable had been obliged to do no more than take a note of the names of all the ladies present, and report them to their official superiors. The meetings were sometimes held at rooms hired by the Land League, sometimes in a private house or milliner's shop, and sometimes at the Townhall, or in a school-room belonging to the Roman Catholic church, the priest often taking part with the ladies in their business.

The manners and temper of Irish country people must have become changed from the times of which we have read in Charles Lever's entertaining stories, when fox-hunting squires and other sporting gentry were idolized by the peasantry, and to jump over a stone wall on horseback was accounted the noblest performance of the lords of the land. This season was remark-

able for a widespread combination of the farmers in the hunting districts to prevent anyone riding after the hounds over their land, in order to punish the upper classes for the act of the Government in arresting Mr. Harnell and other Land Leaguers. In some instances, where a hunt was attempted on forbidden land, several hundred people came on the ground, beat the hounds cruelly with sticks, and threw stones at the huntsmen. This took place December 4th, in Tippitry, near Nenagh; at Glynwood, near Athlone; at Castle-comer, with the Kilkenny Hunt; and with the Duhallow pack, at Ballynock-en, near Mallow, where the master of the pack, Mr. T. Hare, was wounded in the arm by a thrust with a three-pronged fork. At Middleton Park, near Mullingar, when the Westmeath hounds turned out for the appointed hunt, and ranged over a bog, several of them presently dropped dead, having eaten of poisoned meat which was laid for them. The Wexford Hunt met with interruption five days out of seven. In consequence of these annoyances, it was proposed by several masters of hounds, or, local hunt committees, to break up their establishments, and steeplechasing also was discontinued.

On Sunday, December 18th, there was a considerable seizure of arms and ammunition in Dublin. Twenty-four breech-loading rifles, four revolvers, two single-barrelled pistols, and twenty-two bayonets were among the articles seized, as well as some thousands of ball-cartridges. Four prisoners were arrested—one of them a boy of thirteen. The Dublin police also seized the Land League paper, *United Ireland*, and carried off the printed copies. The sub-editor and a clerk were arrested, all the male staff, except two who escaped to England.

CHAPTER XVI.

MURDER OF THE HUDDYS—MURDER IN WATERFORD—LAND LEAGUE HUNTS—ATTACKS BY MOONLIGHTERS—SEIZURE OF ARMS IN LIMERICK—TWO PROCESS-SERVERS NEARLY BEATEN TO DEATH, WITH OTHER OUTRAGES IN THE MONTHS OF JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1882.

THE true friends of Ireland will have great cause to weep from deep grief and sorrow when they review the history of that coun-

try for the year 1882. From beginning to end the year is one record of cowardly assaults, vile outrages, and unwarrantable attacks upon the person; as well as merciless and wanton cruelty to cattle, dastardly attacks upon old people and defenceless women; lagoon-like attempts upon the lives of innocent men, mischievous incendiary actions upon property, wilful destruction of farm produce, secret purloining of firearms, midnight attacks upon lone, helpless, old, and poor people, all kinds of bloodthirsty deeds, murders in cold blood, and every species of crime that can disgrace humanity.

The Irish-Americans who had crossed the Atlantic to Erin's Isle were greatly to blame for most of the troubles under which that country groaned at that time; but a great many of the natives who have never left its shores were so much tainted with disaffection that if they were not actually the guilty parties, they connived at those deeds of blood which have made the name of that island a bye-word amongst the civilized nations of the earth.

The Land League advocates have been, and still are, much to blame for the foul crimes to the committal of which they have incited the lawless portion of the people. They are responsible for the blood-besmeared history of that unfortunate land; and when we consider that some of the leaders are men of intelligence, it makes their guiltiness all the greater. How much nobler would it have been for these men to have acted upon their knowledge of the past history of other nations who have struggled and successfully contended for reforms. They and other reformers know that moral

improvements and the redress of political grievances are only to be won by peaceable moral means ; and every other attempt, for that object, especially those which savour of physical force, instead of advancing the object they seek, to attain, only drives back the day of reform, sometimes for centuries, and at all times for an indefinite period.

The policy of the Land League was one that every statesman and patriot, if he judges impartially, must condemn. It was both absurd and ridiculous. Property is as much an article to be paid for as any other commodity in the market. If a man invests his money in land and houses, and lets them to tenants, he has just as much right to receive a fair equivalent for his outlay as has the merchant for his dry goods or perishable articles ; whether they be in the shape of furniture or food. With this view of the case the advice of the Land League to the tenants of Ireland to pay no rent, to the impartial judge appears at once, what it really is, a ridiculous, absurd, unfair, and unjust line of policy. The same kind of practice put into force in other things would put an end to all law and order, and revolutionize the whole fabric of society. Communism in its worst form would then reign from one end of Great Britain to the other, and might would become the standard of right, without any regard to that law of justice and equity which is both the bulwark of our safety and the pride of our constitutional organization.

Is it not strange that if the same kind of crimes were committed in Great Britain as those which have blackened the history of Ireland for many years, the perpetrators would be sure to be

speedily found out ; this has not been the case in the sister isle ; in broad daylight some of the murders in cold blood have been committed by bands of ruffians who would only have been tolerated and allowed to carry on their practices in barbarous and uncivilized countries ; and yet they have repeatedly and contiguously been screened, hidden, and sheltered, in many cases, very near the places where their victims have been left weltering in their gore.

What is the inference ? that a great number of the people, if not actually guilty of the commission of the crimes themselves, have connived at, and sanctioned, the foul work, by their withholding from the officers of justice that information which would bring the offenders to account, and vindicate the cause of the weak and innocent sufferers who were laid low by the blood-stained hand of the dastardly assassin.

It is as true to-day as ever it was, that ' Righteousness exalteth a nation.' If this is correct, and it most assuredly is, then Unrighteousness debaseth a nation, and Ireland is debased because of the numerous foul crimes that have a degrading and depressing effect upon its people. So long as the inhabitants are the dupes of unscrupulous, money-grabbing agitators, who live upon their credulity and gullability, just so long will the country be dissatisfied, and easily led to follow after that course of conduct which leads to anarchy and confusion, and makes the land poverty-stricken and lawless.

The offences against all law and order which we record in these pages, were committed in many cases, against those persons who wished to do what was right and lawful, and it was quite a mis-

taken notion for those men to entertain the idea that they would attain any advancement of the object they had at heart by the deeds of violence and blood with which they afflict the country. By these actions they put back the day of reform more than by any other policy they could adopt. No good government in the world would ever grant reforms to rebels until they laid down their arms, and showed by their good conduct that they were worthy of the blessings they sought to bring about. It would be madness in the extreme to seek to help, and bless the lawless and cruel, who take the law of physical force into their hands, and with firebrand, torch, bludgeon, dagger, and pistol, strive to mercilessly waylay, torture, and slay those who differ from them in opinion and practice.

CONSPIRACY TO MURDER AND COMMIT OTHER CRIMES.

On the 2nd of October, 1882, at Armagh, an investigation into the charge against Denis Nugent, Michael Watters, James Hanratty, Patrick Finnigan, Patrick Ceoghegan, Thomas Kelly, John Donnelly, Peter Devlin, John M'Bride, and Joseph Daly was made before Major Traill, R. M. The charge was for having, on the 1st of January, 1882, and at other times, conspired to commit murder and other crimes in the counties of Armagh and Monaghan.

Dr. Boyd, Q. C. prosecuted.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy appeared for some of the prisoners.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy argued that the portion of the book identified by the witness Duffy on Sep. 30th., was evidence, and he asked leave to examine it.

Dr. Boyd said, as regarded the handwriting, he had no objection to meet Mr. O'Shaughnessy in any fair way.

Major Traill ruled against Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

Constable Gartland of Crossmaglen, was examined. He swore—I have been stationed at Crossmaglen since July, '79. I know Thomas Kelly, Denis Nugent, James Hanratty, Joseph Daly, Michael Watters, and Patrick Finnigan. I made a search with sub-inspector Begley on the 26th of July in a house in the townland of Carnally, which was unoccupied.

The house was on Mr. M'Geough's property; the tenant was evicted from this house. Nine other policemen assisted in the search. I discovered a book [produced] a loaded revolver, an old pistol, and some ammunition tied up in a handkerchief. I found another book [produced], which I identify. I found also scraps of paper [produced]. They were built up in the wall and I searched nearly three-quarters of an hour before I found them. None of the four men mentioned lived near the house. On Aug. 1st. '82, I made a search of an empty house on the Ball estate, in the townland of Kiltybane, in the Cullyhanna district. I found under a flagstone in the kitchen a book [produced] which I identify. When I found it there was a newspaper round it. None of the four men lived near this house. I made a search in the Crossmaglen district, accompanied Begley and six policemen, and found the book [produced] in a newspaper. I discovered it in an empty house, in the townland of Clanagar. It was formerly known by the name of Miltown House. I found the book hid between the boards and the ceiling. In the book found at Crossmaglen I see the name of Michael Watters, teacher at the Clonahg school, and I believe it is the same man who wrote it and the other name in the other book. In the school book identified by the witness Duffy on the 30th of September, I believe the handwriting to be the same.

Dr. Boyd read this notice: 'Notice. —Take warning that if you go on behalf of that Protestant pup of a policeman you may first of all make your coffin, and if you prove to one of the ejectments that you served you will not prove any more. You are spared a little too long, and have nothing more to do with Orange Brooks. Let him do his own business while he gets leave—that will not be long. Death is your doom if you disobey, and death to Brooks without any delay. Pat Duffy, traitor to justice and assister of tyrants.' I have seen this notice before, and found it posted on a bridge at Cullaville, between County Monaghan and Armagh. I discovered this notice on the 13th of October, 1881. It was half-past eight o'clock when I discovered this notice. I know Dr. Palmer, who is the dispensary doctor in Crossmaglen. The notice, which Dr. Boyd read, runs as follows: —'Notice. Take notice henceforth that all endeavours are to be used to avoid going into the dispensary, and any people who will go in unregarding and heedless of the orders herein given will get reason to go to Orange Palmer, foreby telling him stories about the clergy with

their scandalous lying tongues. There are people going into the barracks giving information, and are well known, so let them be banished to hell.' The writing in the book is, to the best of my opinion, the same as the writing of the name Michael Watters. I have known Michael Watters for over two years, and from information I received I kept a watch upon his movements. On Aug. 18th, 1881, I was standing in the day-room of the Crossmaglen barracks, from the window of which I could see the post-office, and about 4.15 in the evening I saw Watters leaving it. The post leaves for Castleblayney at about 3.45 or 3.50 in the afternoon. I did not see him do anything at the post-office, and I remember the burning of M'Cullagh's Mill, and I was examined before the grand jury on behalf of the ratepayers, who opposed the presentment, and the grand jury threw it out. I have known Duffy, the witness examined on Sep. 30th., during the last two years. I recollect the day before I searched the house near Mullabane, and I heard it stated that Duffy was in the locality the day previous. He lives five miles from the place. On the morning the mill was burned I got information that M'Cullagh suspected two men, and I went to their houses and found them at home.

Sub-Constable Phelan, of the Silverbridge Station, swore that he was aware that threatening letters had been sent to the neighbourhood, and in consequence saw Michael Watters, one of the prisoners, on the 19th September, 1882, when he wrote a document [produced] for him in his presence. He had a notion of joining the police before that. He printed his name for him in a corn field, remarking that he was not in the habit of printing much. I had a pen and ink and paper with me, and requested him to print or to write for me, and he did both.

Sub-Constable Dempsey, of Crossmaglen, was examined, and he stated he had been stationed at Crossmaglen during the last four years. He knew Denis Nugent, James Kelly, Patrick Finnigan, Joseph Darby, Michael Watters, and James Hanratty. Thomas Kelly is a tailor, Nugent is a farmer, Finnigan is a labourer, and Joseph Darby is a farmer. He assisted Constable Garland in making the searches at the time the documents were discovered. He had received information about the existence of the Patriotic Brotherhood. I watched the movements of the men named, and I met them several times in company. I used to meet Nugent leaving Crossmaglen at 12 and 2 o'clock at night. He lived a half a mile from

Crossmaglen. I was on duty on the night of the 24th of July, 1881, at Crossmaglen. I was watching for Mr. Brooke passing in the direction of Castleblayney, and he passed up and down going to Shotstone. We had instructions to be particular in taking care of Mr. Brooke, I don't know Murray's field.

Constable Martin, of Silverbridge, I have known Denis Nugent and Thomas Kelly for sixteen years; Nugent does not reside in my district. From information received I kept a watch on his movements. He frequently visited my sub-district, and I met him one night alone near Silverbridge, about 11 o'clock. I was examined before the grand jury with regard to the burning of M'Cullagh's mill on behalf of the ratepayers, for the purpose of showing that the fire was accidental. My evidence was that the burning was not malicious. The presentment was thrown out by the grand jury, and two petty juries disagreed.

Dr. Boyd—Do you know that at that time money was subscribed by the Patriotic Brotherhood to burn the mill? No.

Dr. Boyd—Do you know that Donnelly got £7 for burning it? No.

Dr. Boyd—Do you know that Donnelly left for America at the time the mill was burned? No.

Henry Gustavus Brooke, J.P., of Glenburne, Rockcorry, was the next witness examined. He deposed—I am an agent, and have been since 1867, of the Ball estate. I know Denis Nugent and Thomas Kelly well, and I know the appearance of some of the other prisoners. Denis Nugent is a tenant, and Kelly lives on the property.

Dr. Boyd—Have you had to take proceedings with the tenants on the Ball estate? Oh, yes, every year, to recover the rent since I became agent. The ordinary civil bill process used to be enough, but latterly it was useless, and I had to take ejectment proceedings. I received threatening letters, one of which I have here [produced]. I resided in Castleblayney on the 19th August, '81 and received that letter produced at the time. It bears the postmark 19th August, Crossmaglen. I had it on the morning of the 20th.

Dr. Boyd read the letter as follows:—'To Orange Harry Brooke, take notice if you do not repair the damage you have done, and that at once, you will not get much more time to consider the matter. You may choose the best, to your pleasure—to be a Christian, or choose the model picture below, and after [Here followed the drawing of a coffin, with the word 'hell,' and also 'so repent in time, tyrant Brooke, Blaney']

On the 24th July, 1881, I left my home at Castleblayney for Shotstone, and returned the same evening. I know the place where Murray's field is spoken of, and I don't remember which road I returned by on the day mentioned.

Robert John McGeough, of Silverbridge, deposed—I received threatening letters, and since the establishment of the Land League in that district I had disputes with my tenants. I received the following threatening letter:—

'February, 1881, Ireland. (Here followed the figure of a death's head and crossbones, with a coffin, on the lid of which were the words, 'Your last coat,') Here followed the letter—'Take notice McGeough, by G— take notice, you b— tyrant, that you may order your coffin in time, for your life will be taken any time by dead of night. By J— we will get rid of such cattle like you before long. The pills are ready for you, you b— b—. Parnell for ever. The land for the people. Ireland for the Irish. God save Davitt. A murder.'

Dr. Palmer, of Crossmaglen, examined.—I have received threatening letters, and I kept one till May last, and burned it then, and I burned the others when I received them. I don't know the handwriting, but some of the characters were in print, and some not in print.

To Mr. O'Shaughnessy.—The first letter I received annoyed me, but the others did not. I know Duffy, the witness examined on Sep. 30th, and I would place no trust in him.

The case for the Crown closed at five o'clock, and Mr. O'Shaughnessy addressed the Court for the prisoners, asking the Bench to refuse to take informations against them. He said the ground on which he asked that informations should not be taken was that the evidence of Duffy, the 'informer,' was utterly untrustworthy. It was known that Duffy, on a former occasion, had been disbelieved on his oath by a County Court Judge.

Dr. Boyd.—He was not disbelieved, but the police who gave evidence in the case you refer to were disbelieved, and they were removed. It was in consequence of the treatment Duffy had received from the Patriotic Brotherhood, of which he had been a member, that he gave information against the prisoners. He contended that his evidence had been fully corroborated, and he asked that the case should be sent forward for trial; which advice was followed.

MURDER OF JOSEPH AND JOHN HUDDY,

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDSON.

EARLY IN JANUARY, 1882, one of the most

atrocious murders that ever afflicted Ireland was committed at Lough Mask, upon two Bailiffs in the employ of Lord Ardilaun, (Sir F. Guinness.) The following is a detailed account:—

On Jan. 8rd., an elderly man named Joe Huddy, a bailiff on Lord Ardilaun's property in Galway, left home accompanied by his grandson, John Huddy. They left early in the morning for the purpose of serving a number of processes. There was a boreen or lane-way near the house of Patrick Higgins, and there were a number of houses there. Until the prisoners, Patrick Higgins (Long) Thomas Higgins, (Tom) and Michael Flynn, were apprehended the details of what happened were not known. All traces of the murdered men was lost at the corner of the boreen. The family of the Huddys made anxious inquiries, and informed the police. The disappearance of the two men in broad daylight, engaged in the work upon which they were employed in a country such as that, left no doubt that there had been foul play. Every exertion was made to recover their bodies. A steam launch was brought across the country from one of Her Majesty's ships to search Lough Mask, which is beside the scene of the murder; and 23 days after the crime was committed the bodies of the men were found in the lough near some of the small islands. Both men had been assassinated with pistols or guns. One of them was found tied up in a sack. Both had stones tied to them to prevent their rising. It was not until August, 1882, that more definite knowledge was acquired regarding their fate. On the body of the old man was found a number of the processes, but the process intended for the prisoners was missing. The inference was that he had served the process on Higgins, and that he was proceeding down the boreen to serve the persons living down it. He had a process for Matthew Kenyon, who lived within forty yards of Higgins. Kerrigan, who turned informer, was at first arrested, and he was produced as an eye-witness of the terrible crime. At the corner of Kerrigan's house the three prisoners came behind the Huddys. Patrick Higgins felled the old man to the ground with a stone. The other two men then fired at the old man with pistols. The young lad fled for his life. He was pursued down the boreen and overtaken, knocked down by Flynn, and then Flynn and Thomas Higgins despatched him, as they had despatched his grandfather. All this happened about breakfast-time. The deed was witnessed by Kerrigan, his wife, and his two sons, aged 12 and 16 years. The

body of Joe Huddy was placed in a cleave or basket, used for carrying turf, and was taken by Patrick Higgins on his back in the direction of the lake. Two persons named Halloran, also saw the prisoner, and saw what was going on. Higgins having gone on with his ghastly burden, the body of young Huddy was placed in a sack, and then a transaction occurred which indicated that the assassins were anxious that as many persons as possible should be concerned in the bloody deed. The elder of the young Kerrigans was seized, and was compelled to carry the body of young Huddy on his back until another lad, named Kerrigan, came along and was stopped. The sack was taken from young Kerrigan and placed upon his back, and he was compelled to carry it some distance along the lake until he fainted under it. It was then placed on the back of another person, named Pat Higgins, and by him was removed in the direction of the lake. That was the last that was known definitely of the horrible transaction. Boats could easily be obtained to convey the bodies to the centre of the lake, where they were found.

THE TRIAL OF PATRICK HIGGINS.

The trial of Patrick Higgins (Long), who was seventy years old, took place on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of December, 1882. The following was the evidence for the prosecution, which was the same in the cases of Thomas Higgins, (Tom), and Michael Flynn.

EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Mr. J. H. Ryan, C.E., of Dublin, had made a series of maps on different scales, and under whose supervision an admirable model of the scene of the murders was made, and examined as to the accuracy of the maps and model, and as to the distances between the several places mentioned in the evidence.

Mr. D. H. Good, of the office of Messrs Burke and Darley, land agents of Lord Ardilaun, was examined by the Solicitor-General, and testified as to the deceased Huddy being a bailiff on the estate of Lord Ardilaun, and as to his (witness') knowledge of the Kerrigans, Hallorans, Macken, and the Kynes as being tenants of his lordship. The witness gave Huddy a number of ejectment processes for service. The witness was handed a number of processes—originals and copies—which he identified as being among those which he had given to Huddy, prior to the date of the murders. The witness swore that he gave an original copy of process for service on Patrick Higgins.

Thomas Huddy, of Crevva, son of the deceased Joseph Huddy, and uncle of

the murdered boy, gave evidence as to the departure from home of his father and nephew on the morning of the murders, and that was the last time he ever heard their voices. Witness next saw their dead bodies in the courthouse of Clonbur.

Mary Walsh, whose mother was a tenant of Lord Ardilaun, deposed to Joseph Huddy having come on a day in January to her mother's house and served an ejectment. She saw a boy with old Huddy.

Matthias Kerrigan, a man 35 years of age, was examined. He gave his evidence in Irish, and appeared to be an intelligent farmer in comfortable circumstances. He deposed that on the 3rd January he saw Huddy and the boy. Witness' son Matthias had gone for a load of turf. Witness saw Huddy and the boy at the back of his house. He saw three persons follow the Huddys. They were Pat Higgins, the prisoner at the bar, Thomas Higgins, and Michael Flynn. The prisoner struck him on the back of the head with a stone, and he gave him two kicks when he was down. The other men came up at once and put shots into old Huddy. The boy ran away down the boreen when old Huddy was knocked down. Michael Flynn ran after the boy, caught him by the collar and knocked him down on his face. Then Thomas Higgins came up and put two shots into him. The body of the old man was put into a turf basket. The prisoner went into his house and brought a sack, into which young Huddy was put. Then the prisoner lifted the basket with old Huddy on his back, and went off with it. Witness' wife came to the door and saw what was taking place. Matthias came back just as the boy was being killed, Thomas Higgins caught him, and called upon him to carry the bag with young Huddy's body. The son was standing in the yard, and was not inclined to go, whereupon Thomas Higgins said, 'Stand out here, and I will make you afraid.' Witness did not see the men any more. His son went away with the sack on his back. He was not three-quarters of an hour away. A man named Higgins came down the boreen as the bodies were being carried away. He had only four pounds' worth of land to live on. He got the clothes he wore when he was in Galway Gaol. He did not know who sent them to him. He was nine months in Galway Gaol because it was beside his house the job was done. The sack was his, but the prisoner took it out of his house. He owed rent, and he was to be served with a process. He knew it was coming, and that it would have come only that the man was murdered.

It was ten weeks since he gave information to the police. He did not know in whose clothes old Huddy's body was taken away. He had nothing to say to the murderer, nor had his sons, nor his wife.

Bridget Kerrigan, wife of the last witness, corroborated the evidence of her husband. When asked how many shots were fired, she replied 'That she was in another state besides counting shots.' When Michael Flynn ran after the boy, he knocked him down, saying, 'What the devil brings you here? Shots—she thought two—were then fired into the boy, and witness ran into her house shaking. She swore that Huddy spoke to no one in her house, and served no process—that he was not let beyond the street.' She was cooking the breakfast, and throwing the potato water out at the door when this work commenced, and she had little trouble about the breakfast after that.

Martin Kerrigan, a boy 12 years of age, son of the last witness, swore that he saw 'Patsy,' the prisoner, whom he knew well, take a stone off the wall and hit the old man on the head. He knew the prisoner well; he used to come into their house on odd times. Thomas Higgins and Flynn then put shots into him. Witness did not know how many shots, but they fired a revolver. He (witness) then repeated his previous testimony as to the murder of the boy, but said that 'on his soul he wasn't sure' whether it was Thomas Higgins put the first shot into him. His mother went to clean the blood after the bodies were taken away.

The witness was cross-examined as to his present testimony and that given by him in a deposition he made before the magistrate in Galway. Though from the latter it did not appear that he saw the blow struck with the stone or the shots fired, he now swore that he told the same story before the magistrate in Galway as he told now, and that he saw the whole transaction from first to last.

Matthias Kerrigan, a brother of the last witness, next gave evidence of what he saw of the murder of the boy—the old man having been killed before the witness came on the scene. Thomas Higgins told him to take the sack on him, but he refused. He saw Higgins and Flynn put the boy in the sack. The old man was carried off by the prisoner and Michael Flynn in a basket. Details of the removal of the boy's body—in the course of which the forced assistance of Maimion, and others was secured—were then given by the witness.

Patrick Maimion, a man of between 60 and 70 years of age, described how he met after leaving James Corbett's

house, Tom Higgins, young Matthias Kerrigan, and Pat Higgins (Sarah) coming on the road from the direction of Kerrigan's house. Tom Higgins said to witness, 'Come out here,' and he replied that he would not, whereupon Tom Higgins pulled him over a piece of the road, took the bag off Kerrigan, and placed it on witness' back, at the same time supporting the sack on his back, and hastening on witness along the road, until he fell while Higgins was in the act of giving it, as it was falling off, another hoist on witness' back.

Mr. Ellis, of H.M.S. Valourous, and Constable Dowd were examined as to the searching for and finding of the bodies respectively, and the two stones attached to them were produced in court. The stones were of great size, one, it was stated (that attached to the old man) weighing two cwt., and the other (that placed in the sack with the boy) weighing between three and four stone. The case for the Crown was then concluded.

EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

Mr. Teeling, on behalf of the prisoner, on December 12th, addressed the court, and dwelt on the presumption that Kerrigan was the murderer. If they found that Kerrigan was committing perjury on an important point, they should disbelieve his evidence. He would show that Kerrigan was guilty of perjury when he said that he had not been served with the ejectment. Unless Kerrigan could destroy the evidence of the service of the process, he would in sixteen days be liable to eviction. There was no way of destroying that evidence save by destroying the bailiff who had served it. If he was evicted, there was nothing for him but the workhouse, or declension to the position of a farm labourer—a declension to which the tenant-farmers of Ireland were opposed. Considering the influences that were then at work, considering the acts of outrage and acts of murder prevalent amongst the tenantry of Ireland, was it not very likely—was he pushing the case too far against Matthias Kerrigan when he said that Matthias Kerrigan had the strongest motive for the commission of this murder? This man Kerrigan, whom the police arrested on the very night of the murder—this man Kerrigan had remained nine months in gaol. Kerrigan remained under suspicion of this crime when at any moment he might have dispelled it. But at the end of nine months he came forward and charged another with the commission of this offence. Why if these were times other than they were—times when murders were committed at noonday—were these other and calmer and differ-

ent times, he should like to know what would be thought of the evidence of such a man as Kerrigan? Would it not be scouted out of court? Now if the Higgins family had been one day before Kerrigan, their relative positions would have been reversed—Kerrigan would have been the prisoner in the dock, and the Higgins family would have been the witnesses. If that was so, was there a jury that would not be satisfied of Kerrigan's guilt, and it would have gone hard with him to escape the gallows himself.

Kate Higgins, daughter of the prisoner, was the first witness examined. She said her father was thrashing on the day of the murder, and a girl named Mary Conroy was bringing corn to him in the barn from the haggard. She heard shots, and went out in a hullo and saw Matthew Kerrigan, his wife, and three children standing round two men, who were lying on the ground. Mary Conroy was with her at the time. They ran in and told the prisoner, and he rushed out, and on seeing the men murdered, he blessed himself and went back to his work again. She afterwards went out to drive some geese, and on coming to Kerrigan's house he told her to go away, or he would do the same to her as he had done to the dead men. Kerrigan and his son were engaged in putting one of the corpses into a bag. She ran home and continued her work during the remainder of the day. The Kerrigans were gathered round the bodies. Old Kerrigan was putting the body into the bag, and his son was holding the sack open. When she went into the barn before going out into the lane, she said to her father that she heard shots, and he said nothing, but continued his work as before. He did not stop his work, nor even ask where the shots came from, but they all suspected that some bad work had been going on. She did not see Kerrigan's son carry the bag past her house, nor did she recollect swearing so at the last trial.

Mary Conroy was examined, and said she went on the day of the offence to the prisoner's house to get his wife to help the witness' mother to card wool. Mrs. Higgins was not ready when witness arrived at the place, and so she went to help Kate in bringing in the oats out of the haggard. When they were some time at work they heard shots, and on going out saw Kerrigan and his family standing round two dead men in the breen near the house. They ran to the house and told the prisoner, and he went out, and, seeing the corpses, he blessed himself. Kerrigan told them to mind their own business

and not to mind him, and they all went back to their house. She swore that Higgins did nothing to the two men, alive or dead.

Cross-examined.—Kate and witness were talking about the evidence they had given on Friday. On going into the barn and telling the accused they had heard shots, he told them to stand out on the lane and see what it was. After they had all come in the prisoner was talking about where the Kerrigans would put the bodies, and seemed anxious for fear they would bury them in his land, and bring trouble on them. He did not go out to see what they were doing with the corpses, but told the rest of the family not to mind it, and it was no business of theirs. He said several times that he wondered who were the two men the Kerrigans had killed. She told a policeman that she did not see the prisoners on the day of the murders. That was not true, but her father and mother had told her to say so, and tell nothing at all to the police. At that time Kerrigan was in gaol charged with the murder.

This closed the evidence for the defence. The court adjourned to the next day, the 13th of December, at ten o'clock, being the third day of the trial, when the judge summed up the evidence.

SUMMING UP OF THE JUDGE.

Mr. Justice O'Brien, in summing up, said the question was whether this heinous crime into which they were inquiring was committed by the prisoner at the bar, or was committed by the principal witnesses for the prosecution. Counsel for the defence said he could not understand why Matthias Kerrigan if he was innocent of the crime, remained so long in gaol on the charge when he could easily have cleared himself; but his Lordship could well understand reasons of the strangest character why Matthias Kerrigan, with the conviction of an innocent man, would remain in custody without giving information. They knew sufficient of the state of the country and the state of the times to know that Kerrigan was a safer man in gaol, than he would be out of gaol accusing others of it. If he bought his release by giving information, his life would have been marked; so that no charge could in any way be suggested against him for so long withholding his information and making this accusation against the prisoner at the bar, and the other man in custody. Now, another great crime was committed shortly before Kerrigan gave this information, with which this charge they were investigating might or might not be connected; but the details of another great crime, which was committed in the

neighbourhood at this time, had been disclosed, and the persons charged were confined in the gaol with Kerrigan. The circumstances of that crime, and the manner in which the perpetrators of it had been discovered, and the fact that many persons were in custody charged with it were matter of ordinary information which was almost certain to have reached the ears of Matthias Kerrigan. Kerrigan was released from Galway Gaol on the 21st of September, in consequence of giving information; and it was not considered prudent in the interests of justice, or having regard to the safety of Kerrigan, to allow him to go to his own home; but he resided in Galway with his family; and there it could not be denied they had an opportunity of communicating about the evidences they would give; but equally undoubted was the fact that they could not have communicated before, because at the interviews in the prison, warders used to be present. Referring to the question of the document found on the prisoner, his Lordship said it was incredible of belief that Huddy went out that day without being provided with all the documents necessary for the performance of his duties, and the assumption that he left some of the copies and some of the originals of processes behind was untenable. It was certain that he was provided with all the necessary papers for his mission on that day, and yet only six papers were found on his body when it was recovered from the waters of Lough Mask. Three of these were originals of processes, and three were copies. The evidence of some of the witnesses showed that word had gone round that Huddy was to be round that day, and showed the wide area of sympathy with the crime, and showed complicity of a great number of persons in the crime. The traces of Huddy's visit to the persons whom he had served had been obliterated by taking the originals of the processes he had from his pockets and destroying them. Neither originals nor copies were found on Huddy in the cases of persons he had served undoubtedly that day, such as Mary Walsh and Patrick Higgins, the prisoner at the bar, and the whole track had been taken up behind them. By whomsoever the spoliation of those documents was committed, whoever had the control of Huddy's murdered remains, had an eye to the interests of many persons in that locality, and so destroyed all traces of Huddy's service of processes upon them. The original of the process to be served upon Kerrigan was found upon the body of Huddy, so that the counsel for the defence contended that Kerri-

gan had been served, and had sworn falsely when he stated he had not. But it should be recollected that the murder was committed, according not only to the witnesses for the prosecution but to those examined for the defence, before the victim had reached Kerrigan's house, so that the time for service had not arrived. He considered that the original of Kerrigan's process being found on Huddy's body tended to show that he took no part in the commission of the crime, nor made any suggestion about the destruction of the documents which were taken from him before his body was committed to the lake, and tended to show that the persons committing the outrage were indifferent to the interests of Kerrigan, or else they would have destroyed both the original and the copy of the process for him. It was not pressing matters too far to say that they might have left the original of Kerrigan's process upon the body, to fix the place of the murder, and leave it at Kerrigan's door. It was unavoidable to believe—and a mountain of evidence would not remove the impression from his mind—that Patrick Higgins (Long), the prisoner at the bar was served with a process that day by Huddy. Kerrigan, if he committed the murder, would have done it when Huddy went into his house, for there he would have been far more secure from observation than on the road. The suggestion of the defence was that Kerrigan committed the murder unaided; but surely if he had intended to perpetrate the murders, he could easily have found out confederates far more able and willing to help him than the members of his family. It appeared to him (his Lordship) to be that Kerrigan could have committed the crime unaided by any person except the members of his own family. All the evidence tended to show that Matthias Kerrigan gave no help in the removal of the bodies to the lake; and even Kate Higgins, who had at the last trial said she saw Matthias Kerrigan and his son removing the body, now denied the statement. Therefore Matthias Kerrigan, on whose shoulders lay the chief burden of this crime, if he had committed it, took no part in removing the traces of it. The cardinal point in the case was, to his mind, as follows:—The girl Conroy, one of the witnesses for the defence, said there were no persons on the scene of the murder when she saw it but the Kerrigans. If that was true, and the Kerrigans alone committed the crime, what account could be given as to who brought away the body of the elder Huddy, and how was it disposed of? and except the jury believed the Kerri-

gans' statement that it was brought away by the prisoner at the bar, what other solution could be given of the matter? The part the younger Kerrigan took in the removal of the body of Huddy's grandson formed an argument for the counsel for the defence to allege that he had taken some part in the crime, and an attempt was made to fasten some of the guilt upon him. But who carried the body of the elder Huddy? No member of the Kerrigan family accompanied it, and when the jury were considering and reviewing the facts of the case, they should see whether they could reconcile the removal of that corpse with any account given of the transaction. The witnesses for the defence. His Lordship proceeded to analyse the evidence as given in the case. Many persons on hearing the shots on that day knew well that there was something wrong going on, and there was a widely pervading conviction in the district, and even an anticipation that some foul work was about to take place that day. If the jury were to believe the evidence given by a number of witnesses, it was a fact worthy of notice that all the witnesses were anxious to return to their homes as soon as possible after they had witnessed the slightest detail of this crime. If Kerrigan had falsely accused persons of the crime to save himself from the gallows, was it likely that he would have picked out as one of the objects of his false accusation the prisoner at the bar, who was his kinsman; and was it not strange that if his statement was untrue that it could be corroborated by independent witnesses such as the Mannions? His Lordship, in referring to the examination of Kate Higgins, said it was clear that she had made several false statements. She said that her deposition was untrue, and the evidence she gave at the last trial she contradicted. She never before saw Mr. Brandy or Mr. Bolton. She did not kiss the book when making the deposition before them, because it had not a cross on it; and she did not tell the truth, because her evidence was not given in court. She also varied her statement regarding the position of the bodies. As to the deposition, there were two explanations—either it was true and that she was not at home at all on the morning of the murder, or that if she were at her father's house she was in possession of some guilty secret she did not wish to tell. The boy Martin Kerrigan, an innocent youth, describing with accuracy of observation what he saw, in answer to the jury, said his mother was not out upon the street that day except at the time she was clearing away the blood.

If the jury were to draw any conclusion against the family from that circumstance, they would be bound to bear in mind that that story came from one of the family. Why did she remove the blood? It was suggested that she knew her husband Matthias Kerrigan was guilty, and she wanted to remove it. It was capable of the explanation that blood having been spilled by other wicked persons at her door, the crime would be laid at her own door, and that circumstances would give rise to an unjust accusation. Another explanation was that actuated by religious and moral feeling she desired to remove the blood from the public road, no matter who she did it. By desire of the jury, Mrs. Kerrigan was called, and when the question was put by the intelligent interpreter, who was a police-officer—'Why did you remove the blood?' she answered, 'For fear you should come, or some one like you, and take me and all that were in the house.' Now, with great decision she gave that answer. In conclusion, the Judge said—'Now, gentlemen, if you have a reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt, give him the benefit of it; but the doubt must be a reasonable doubt, meeting men honestly and fairly, inquiring into the facts of this crime by the same kind of intelligence and the same faculty of understanding that is given for the performance of your duties, not a doubt arising from the infirmity of the human mind; but the serious doubt that a man will act upon in his own affairs upon an occasion and at a time when it was necessary for him to act, and at no time is it more necessary for him to act than in the discovery of crime, in the duty that devolves on a jury of taking the first precaution for the maintenance of civil society, and all the comforts and all the advantages that attend it. You will ask yourselves the all-important question—'Can you reconcile all this evidence with any reasonable hypothesis but the hypothesis presented by the evidence of the Kerrigan family that the crime was committed by Patrick Higgins, assisted by some other person?' If you come to the conclusion by such evidence as the nature of the case affords, and bearing in mind the state of things that existed at that time, the necessary difficulty of finding evidence that Patrick Higgins is guilty, it will be your duty to find him guilty. You are confined to the proof given here before you; nor are you bound to find him guilty, nor should your judgment be swayed by what may be supposed to be the necessity of the times. The true necessity of the times is the necessity of law and justice. His individual life

is as sacred upon this trial as the life of a whole nation together, and by no such considerations should you be swayed. If you find him guilty, not the jury, not even the law, but his own crime condemns him; and to that crime the law attaches the consequences, and with which you have nothing whatever to do. The jury retired at a quarter-past two o'clock, and after an hour's deliberation, they returned into court with a verdict of 'Guilty of the murder of Joseph Huddy.'

The interpreter then informed the prisoner (who only spoke Irish) of the result, and inquired if he had anything to say. Higgins became much agitated, turned pale, and after a few seconds replied, his arms above his head, exclaimed in Irish, 'I want to say a few words now all is over.' The interpreter translated his statement to this effect, 'that he now leaves it to God and the Virgin that he never lifted hand or foot on the man, and you may do with him now what you like.'

Judge O'Brien said—As the prisoner does not understand the English language, and as there are other persons to be tried on the same charge, I forbear at present, for necessary and obvious reasons, from making any observations in passing sentence upon you. Concurring as I do entirely and completely in the justice and necessity of the verdict of guilty as found by the jury, I consider it my duty at the same time to state that in my opinion the prisoner is the least guilty of the prisoners concerned in this murder, and that the evidence has produced in my mind a firm belief that the design of this murder did not originate with him. Another observation I make, because an opportunity may not arise for making it again. I understand that the rent of this man, on account of the non-payment of which this crime was committed, has since been paid, that the only result of the crime, so far as his life is concerned, is that he will never see his land or his home again. It is not permitted to me to hold out to him any hope in this world, and I can only offer my exhortation that for the brief interval of time he is separated from eternity he will pray for that mercy which cannot be conceded to him here. The sentence of the Court upon you Pat. Higgins 'Long,' otherwise Patrick Higgins, is, and I do order and adjudge, that you be taken from the bar of this court to the prison where you were last confined, and that you be taken thence to the county prison of Galway; and that on the 15th of January, 1883, you be taken to the place of execution within the walls of the gaol in which you

will be then confined, and that you be then and there hanged by the neck until you are dead, and your body buried within the precincts of the gaol, and may the Almighty God have mercy on your soul.

The learned Judge did not assume the black cap. When the interpreter had communicated the sentence, the prisoner stretched out his hands, and going on his knees, said, in Irish, 'Welcome the will of God.' He was then removed, and the Court adjourned to next day.

TRIAL OF THOMAS HIGGINS, (TOM).

This trial began on the 14th of December and lasted three days. It took place at Dublin Commission Court. The prisoner, Thomas Higgins, was about thirty years of age, and was the person said to have used the revolvers on the Huddys, and compelled young Kerrigan to carry one of the dead bodies in a sack towards the lake. The same witnesses gave similar evidence to that given on the trial of Patrick Higgins, with this difference, that the prisoner fired shots into both the victims of this foul murder. On Dec. 16th, the judge, on taking his seat on the bench at 11 o'clock, addressed the jury.

The jury retired at three minutes to one o'clock. At thirty-five minutes past two the jury came into their box, and handed down the issue paper, with a verdict of 'guilty.' Mr. Geale stated the result of the trial to the prisoner, in the usual form, and added, 'What have you to say why judgment of death should not be passed on you in the usual form?'

The prisoner said: 'I have a few words to say. On my oath I never fired a shot at John Huddy, nor Joseph Huddy, nor any other man in the world, since the day I was born. Yet Kerrigan and his family have sworn falsely. That is all I have to say, gentlemen.'

Mr. Justice O'Brien.—Thomas Higgins, you have been convicted of this dreadful crime on evidence so clear and certain that in the mind of any person who heard it no trace or manner of doubt can remain. Another person still remains to be tried on the same charge, and I wish to avoid any observations that might prejudice the result of that trial. But it is clear, at all events, what the extent of your criminality was. You bore a chief, and cruel, and bloody part in this bloody business of the murder of the Huddys. You are proved to have been a person who fired shots into the bodies of those two men, the aged man and the offending youth, neither of whom had done you any wrong; and to whom you had no reason for animosity,

killing them as they lay on the ground without pity or mercy. Your unhappy fate affords a terrible lesson and example to all those who engage in these secret crimes. The confederacies out of which this crime has arisen have but one issue—crime, and crime has but one issue—misery and death. All the conspiracies will come to an end. The law will be vindicated. Sooner or later, but certainly and finally, the whole web of crime will be unravelled at last, and those who commit crime will find themselves involved in punishment. But a little space of time remains to you—your days are nearly ended—and that short space of time I implore you to use in preparing for the eternity into which shortly you must pass. (His lordship assumed the black cap.) The sentence of the court is, and I do order and adjudge, that you, Thomas Higgins (Tom), be taken from the bar of this court to the prison where you were last confined, and from thence that you be taken to the gaol of the county of Galway, and that on the 17th of January, in the year 1883, you be taken to the common place of execution within the walls of the prison in which you shall then be confined, and there hanged by the neck until you are dead, and your body be buried within the precincts of the gaol, and may Almighty God have mercy on your soul.' The prisoner was then removed.

TRIAL OF MICHAEL FLYNN.

The trial of the third man implicated in the murder of the Huddys began on the 17th of December, lasted three days, and ended on the 20th of December. The informers and other witnesses repeated evidence which proved that Flynn was one of the persons who fired shots into the victims after they were knocked down, and also assisted in carrying the bodies to the Lough. An attempt was made to prove an *alibi*, by showing that the prisoner was attending a funeral at or soon after the time of the occurrence of the murder, and therefore was not one of the persons who took part in the foul deed. The defence failed entirely.

The Court sat at ten o'clock on the 20th, and his Lordship concluded his charge at twelve. He said with regard to the relations of the prisoner with the Land League, (of which a card of membership had been found in his possession), the Land League was at the time of the date of the prisoner's card not an illegal organisation, and whatever might be their opinion as to the tendency of such an organisation to lead to the commission of crime, they should not on that ground come to any conclusion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.

The jury, after an hour's absence, returned into court with a verdict of guilty. The prisoner's eyes remained fixed upon the jury until his attention was disturbed by the Clerk of the Crown addressing him by name, to which he replied, 'Yes, sir.'

The Clerk of the Crown stated to him the result of the trial, and asked if he had anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon him.

In a vehement manner, though in language incoherent, the prisoner replied that he had to say, fair and honest, that he was as innocent of that crime as any man of the jury or of the court; that he never took in his hand an instrument to look at it for the purpose of examining it with a view to fire a shot with it, any more than a child unborn; nor was he in any bazaar, or road, or street, to commit that crime, any more than any one who swore against him; and he hoped they would beg the Lord's pardon, before whom he was going, for the sentence they were getting passed upon him. He could solemnly swear, as he was to go before his God, that he was as innocent as any man in that court, and that he was not there that day, nor could he be in it, for he was at the funeral, four miles from his own locality, by fair measure of the way he went that day. He was as innocent as a child unborn, and he would say that if he was to be sent before his God that day. He hoped to God Ireland was listening to him, and that Ireland would look to see that his wife and children would not die of hunger, because he was innocent; but he was just as glad to go before his God as to another place. He hoped Ireland would keep his wife and children from hunger for it was a hard thing, that he should be brought out from them, when his mother, at the age of fourscore and some odd years, was without a son living who could prepare a dinner for them. In his thoughts, those people brought there (to the dock) were brought for slaughter. It was like bringing one to a market and selling one that he might be slaughtered. It was like selling one at a market-house. He was as innocent of that crime as the child unborn; yet he was not ashamed or afraid of going before God. That was all he had to say. The prisoner then subsided into apparent indifference, and leaned upon the rail of the dock, looking at the Judge.

His Lordship.—Michael Flynn, you have been found guilty by the jury of this crime upon such evidence as, notwithstanding your protestations and the aggravated means adopted by you to conceal the effects of the crime, can leave no doubt in the minds of any ra-

tional person of your guilt. [Prisoner (in an undertone); Thank you.] It was a most cruel and piteous crime; Two unoffending persons who had done you no wrong, towards whom you had no cause for animosity, left their houses upon this 3rd of January—(here the prisoner slowly surveyed the audience, and with great callousness turned to see those who were sitting in the gallery)—for the purpose of doing their duty in the ordinary employment by which they got their livelihood, engaged in a service as innocent as that of the humble servant of the Crown who delivered the letters from the post, and upon that occasion they were surprised, unthinking of harm, and cruelly and foully murdered by you and others; and notwithstanding all the means taken by you, by the mode in which the bodies of the victims were disposed of, by this false defence that you prepared beforehand for your designed absence at another place, your plot and crime now stand revealed as clearly as the light that descended upon you. I do not wish to aggravate the painful position in which you are now placed standing there. Notwithstanding all the influences that led you to this crime you now stand alone and unfriended, but I cannot avoid saying that you were the principal person in this wicked and murderous plot, and I have no doubt upon my own mind that the aged man Patrick Higgins, who might have been disposed himself to live on terms of peace with his neighbours, and to be honest and quiet, and to live in God's peace and God's law, was persuaded by you to engage with you in this criminal enterprise. No person can have listened to all these dreadful trials during so many days—no person can see you, can have heard you, even your own account of your position and your family's—can see you, and others like you, torn from house and home and wife, and doomed to a violent and ignominious death, who will not wish that the state of things which exists in this unhappy country shall cease, and that there shall be an end of all this wickedness which has caused so much misery and bloodshed, and has brought you and unfortunate men like you to ruin. The world and its concerns are for you, Michael Flynn, no more; and I exhort you during the short interval of time that will be allowed to you, to prepare for another world, and to beg of God forgiveness of this great crime of which you have been guilty.—His Lordship here assumed the black cap, and sentenced the prisoner to be hanged in Galway Gaol on the 17th of January, 1883, adding, 'and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.'

The Condemned Man.—'I am as willing to go there as I would be to go home, thanks be to that heavenly Lord that is going to judge us all.' The condemned man then turned to leave the dock, and as he was descending from it looked up towards the gallery and said, 'I wish you all good day.' He was then removed.

EXECUTION OF PATRICK HIGGINS.

Patrick Higgins, who was convicted in December, 1882, of the murder of Joseph Huddy and John Huddy at Cloughbrack, was executed on the morning of January 15th, 1883, in Galway gaol. After the removal of the convicts to Galway gaol they were constantly attended by the Rev. John Greaven, P.P., and the Rev. R. Newell, C.C.; the man who was executed on the above-named day was very devout. All three ate well during their confinement, but Patrick Higgins lost a good deal in weight. He was reticent on the subject of his guilt. Even at the last moment he made no statement, neither a confession of guilt nor a declaration of innocence. He slept indifferently during the last few nights. He was called at six o'clock on the morning of his execution. He and the two other men—Thomas Higgins and Michael Flynn, who were executed on the 17th of January—had during their confinement in Galway gaol, occupied separate cells: and out of consideration for the feelings of the other men it was determined that Patrick Higgins should not return to the hospital after hearing mass, but should be taken from the chapel to another portion of the building to be hanged. After mass the prisoner was taken in charge of two warders to a cell in one of the wards of the main building, where Marwood, the executioner, was introduced and the process of pining gone through. Preceded by the sub-sheriff and head-warder, and accompanied by Marwood and a warder who walked close to him, Higgins emerged into the courtyard, and bowed to the dozen people who had been admitted to witness the execution. He walked with steady step, any hesitancy there might have been was due not so much to nervousness as to the fact that his step had to be guided by Marwood round the avenues leading to the yard where the scaffold had been erected. The prisoner repeated, in an audible tone, in broken English, the responses to the prayers read by Father Greaven. As he was about to ascend the steps leading to the scaffold, he looked up for a moment, but did not seem to falter. Marwood strapped his legs, pulled the white cap over his face, and having ad-

justed the rope, grasped the lever and Higgins fell. There was not the slightest struggle, and the evidence given by the prison surgeon at the inquest was to the effect that death must have been instantaneous.

EXECUTION OF THOMAS HIGGINS AND MICHAEL FLYNN.

Within the walls of Galway gaol, on Jan. 17th, 1888, the execution was carried out of Thomas Higgins (Long) and Michael Flynn, convicted in Dec. 1882, of the murder of the two Huddys. The men slept badly the preceding night. They rose at six in the morning, and at seven they attended mass in the prison chapel. At the close of the service they saw each other for the first time since their removal to Galway gaol, the seats in the chapel being so arranged that while they were present at mass they were concealed from each other. They were conducted from the chapel to the pinioning cells, adjoining the exit to the yard, which they had to traverse on their way to the scaffold. A few minutes after eight, the procession to the scaffold began. The sub-sheriff and the chief warder led the way, and were followed by Thomas Higgins, a man of twenty-six years, who walked all the way firmly. Flynn also walked without assistance. Marwood walked between the two prisoners, about two paces behind the one and about an equal distance in front of the other. Both men ascended the steps leading to the scaffold with steadiness, Higgins displaying what almost might be called agility in his movements. Marwood lost no time in uncovering the ropes, over each of which a rug had been thrown until the arrival of the men on the platform. Higgins was strapped round the legs, the white cap was drawn over his face, and he was left standing in this position for the three or four minutes during which the like operation was being performed on Flynn. The latter, on his arrival on the platform, had been placed under a clamp, to which no rope was attached, and it was not until Marwood's attention was called to it by a warder that the mistake was observed. Flynn was then moved to the proper spot, and the rope having been adjusted, Marwood turned to Higgins and placed the rope upon him also. Two or three seconds only elapsed until the bolt was drawn, and the two men dropped out of view. There was a little vibration or rebound of the rope, particularly in the case of Flynn.

The bodies were placed in coffins, in which they were viewed by the Coroner's jury. The features were in no way distorted, and the face wore a pallid ex-

pression. Neither of the men made any statement as to their guilt or innocence, nor was it expected they would do so. Both men understood and spoke English tolerably well, and they responded in that language to the prayers recited by Father Greaven on the way to the scaffold. At the inquest it was stated that both men were married, and that both their wives were alive, and had visited them in gaol.

On January 3rd a bailiff named Quinn was fired at near Ballyglass, Galway, but escaped unwounded. Mr. Mooney, of the Doone, Athlone, was fired at while drying home on the same day. John Cullinane, a farmer, also on the same day was robbed and murdered near Kill, Waterford. On January 4th a seizure of Fenian arms and ammunition was effected at Ennis. An extensive military search for arms in Limerick county took place on the 5th of January. On the 6th of the same month the houses of two farmers at Aughabalogue, county Cork, was visited by Moonlighters, and the inmates warned to pay no rent; and on the same day a Land League hunt was dispersed by the military at Castledermot. On the 7th of January a 'people's hunt' took place near Maryborough, and a large quantity of game was destroyed. Also on the same day a large quantity of arms and ammunition was seized by the police at Limerick and Kerry railway stations, and at the North Wall, Dublin. On the 8th the house of a farmer named Gilmore, at Lurgan, near Ballinasloe, was fired into. Moonlighters attacked the house of a farmer named McCarthy, at Baltimore, county Cork, on the 9th, and maltreated him, because he had paid his rent. Moonlighters also fired into the house of a man named Bourke, at Feenagh, county Limerick, on the same day; while fifteen persons were arrested at Mill-street, on the information of 'Captain Moonlight.' On the 10th an important seizure of arms, ammunition and dynamite was effected by the police in Cork. A serious assault on a process-server near Waterford took place on the 11th; whilst on the 13th four Lady Land Leaguers were sent to gaol at Newcastle, county Limerick, in default of giving bail. On the 14th a process-server named Crawley was nearly beaten to death at Skibbereen; and a similar outrage was committed on a man named Henry Johnson, also a process-server, at Dromiskin, county Louth, on the same day. On the 16th fifteen members of the Ladies' Land League were summoned at Roscommon for 'furthering the illegal purposes of the Land League.' A bailiff named

Conner, in the employment of Mr. Martin M'Donnell, Dunmore, on his Boyanagh property, three miles from Dunmore, died on January 21st of the effects of bullet wounds which were inflicted on him on January 17th. The bullets were fired into the room in which he slept. Another part of the house was fired into, and the bullets lodged in a bed, and though Connor's son was asleep there at the time he escaped unhurt. It is rumoured that Connor accompanied by Mr. M'Donnell's son, had served ejectments, and that this was the cause of the outrage. On the same day the police seized at the North Wall ten thousand copies of 'United Ireland.' They were enclosed in a strong timber case, and purported to come from 'Kearney Station, Liverpool.' They were addressed 'Kavanagh and Co., wholesale paper merchants, Merchants' quay.' No such persons reside on that quay. The papers were made up in packages of various sizes, and were addressed to news-agents in the country.

On Friday, January 19th, as Mr. Robert Butterill, of New Garden, near Castlehackett, was returning from Galway, he was fired at when within three quarters of a mile of his own residence. Two shots from a revolver were fired from a bush on the roadside. Mr. Butterill, who was at the time driving his own car, and accompanied by his two daughters and son exhibited the utmost coolness and bravery. As soon as the first shot was fired Mr. Butterill pulled up his horse, directed his son, a young gentleman of 16 years, who was carrying a loaded breech-loader, to return the fire. He did so, and both coming off the car rushed in the direction from whence the shots were fired, the younger gentleman firing two shots in the direction of retreating footsteps, which both plainly heard, Miss Butterill still holding the reins with the greatest coolness and bravery. The night was dark, and Mr. Butterill could not identify any person, but immediately on his arrival at home he proceeded to the constabulary and gave such information as led to the arrest of a young man named William Nolan, son of one of his tenants. Mr. Butterill had processed 12 of his tenants who owed two and three years' rent.

ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A HOUSE.

On the 21st of January an outrage was committed on the house of a lady, in the suburbs of Londonderry, by which the windows of the parlour and shutters were destroyed, and the furniture considerably damaged. Claremont House, the scene of the occurrence, is situated in a thickly-populated suburb,

and occupied by a widow lady, Mrs. Graham, and her two daughters. They had just left the room about ten minutes before the explosion took place, and the servants were in the kitchen. It appears that a bottle of dynamite or gun-cotton was placed near the hall-door, where portions of the article were found. The sound of the explosion alarmed the people in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Graham had some tenants against whom she had taken proceedings for four years' arrears. A dog belonging to her had been poisoned, and she had been subjected to other annoyances. The police found no clue to the perpetrators of the outrage. On the night of the occurrence, shortly before 11 o'clock, a report was heard, and soon after it was made known that an explosion had taken place in front of the residence of Mrs. Graham. The circumstances are that the lady and her family were together in a sitting-room on the basement floor, and having engaged in family worship, they retired to their sleeping apartments. Immediately a crash was heard, and as soon as the alarm naturally created by it had subsided it was found that the window of the room the family had just left had been almost wholly demolished, together with a general wreckage of vases, glass shades, pictures, &c., within. The servants' dinner bell was then rung to give the alarm, and the police were promptly on the spot. No person was discovered about the grounds, nor was there any trace of how or where any person had entered. The shock was of extreme violence. Facing the avenue there was a large portico, with sandstone pillars and a basement of broad steps. The window of the sitting-room was also in the front, several feet from the portico. On the step, within a few inches of the pillar nearest the window, there was a stain as of burning, but it was not extensive, nor was the pillar charred nor apparently injured in any way. Between this point and the window there was no mark visible. The freestone window-sill was also intact. The frame was fitted with heavy plate-glass, divided by three cross-bars. The bottom pane and that immediately above it were destroyed. Number three pane was not broken, but the uppermost division, like the two lower ones, was completely smashed. The fragments were driven into the room, and the demolition of ornaments, pictures, &c., was considerable. There was not sufficient reason to assign the occurrence to agrarian origin, nor did any fact transpire which pointed conclusively to any particular cause available to furnish a motive for such an

act. Diligent investigation was made of the grounds around the house the morning after the occurrence, with a view to tracing footsteps, but none were discovered. The servant states that when closing the outer gate two men were observed on the road, but this was not considered extraordinary. The police found four of the public lamps extinguished in the immediate vicinity. They found near the steps a coil of tarred packing cord, and in the neck of a wine bottle attached to this was a fuse partly exhausted and some brown paper. The occurrence caused a great sensation.

Two men named Harlon, father and son, were shot on the 22nd of January near Ballinlough, through the window of their house. The cause assigned for the outrage is that they paid their rents. One of them is badly wounded. Only one shot was fired. No arrests were made. A shooting outrage took place at West Cork, the same day. The Rev. Mr. Bruton, Principal of the College at Roscarberry, was on Sunday returning home from the Union Hall, where he had been engaged in celebrating Divine service, when he was fired at three times by a man who was armed with a revolver. Mr. Bruton and his sister-in-law, who accompanied him, escaped unhurt. The occurrence is ascribed to the fact of the rev. gentleman dealing with Mr. Bateman, a boycotted shot-keeper, at Roscarberry.

On the morning of the 23rd January placards were found in Tulla and the surrounding districts, offering a large reward to any person that would shoot Mr. Clifford Lloyd, Resident Magistrate for Clare and Limerick. The placards were written in a style imitating the Lord Lieutenant's proclamations when rewards are offered for the apprehension of culprits.

At Armagh, Jan. 23rd, the Land League seized upon the opening day of the Land Commission for the purpose of posting a 'No-rent' placard on the front of the courthouse. The placard was found that morning by two policemen, who took it down. It was neatly printed, but at the time it was found portions of it had been torn. It began as follows:—'To the people of Ireland. The Government of England has declared war against the Irish people. Pay no rent! Avoid the Land Court. Such is the programme before the country. Adopt it, and it will lead you to free land and happy homes. Reject it, and slavery and degradation will be your portion. Pay no rent. The person who does so should be visited with the severest sentence of social ostracism. Avoid the Land Court. Cast out the per-

son who enters it as a renegade to his country and the cause of his fellow-men.'

EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY OF DYNAMITE.

A most daring larceny was committed at Dooradoyle, near Ballinacurra, in Limerick county, on the 23rd. It appeared that 220lbs. weight of dynamite, valued at over £600, was stolen from the explosives magazine at Dooradoyle, a townland near the Cross of Gouldavohar, and within a few hundred yards of Ballinacurra Constabulary Station, which accommodated four sub-constables and a constable. These sub-constables inspected the magazine at twelve o'clock the night before, when they found it in its usual condition; but on Mr. Thomas Hogan, the local inspector under the Explosives Act, and on whose lands it was erected at the manufacturers' expense by the firm of J. P. Evans and Co., in 1878, went to inspect it on the morning of the 23rd at day-break, he found the door burst open, and on making a further inspection discovered that the dynamite had been abstracted. He reported the matter to the constabulary, who made a fruitless search with the view of discovering some clue as to its whereabouts. A large police force visited the place with the view of making an investigation, but the local caretaker, Mr. Hogan, could throw no light on the occurrence. The magazine was built on the corner of the townland, three sides of it being surrounded by water, was situated 200 yards from the public road, and approached by a bridge. It was built of stone, with brick corners, and lined with pine. It was only ten or twelve feet high, about ten feet long, and three feet in width, with an opening of about six feet by four feet for a door. The interior was capable of containing three or four tons of the explosive material, but since its erection the largest quantity stored did not exceed one thousand pounds. On the outer portion of the door was a notice under the provisions of the Explosives Act, cautioning persons against loitering near it. This notice was not touched, but nine inches lower down the exterior portion of the door, which was composed of timber, was broken away, and the lock forced from its place. In the door frame, where the lockbolt entered, there were two auger holes, and outside these the timber work was demolished. The dynamite was tied up in five pound packages. Each package was valued at 12s. 6d. These packages were made up in boxes containing thirty pounds, and four of these were abstracted. The

magazine, which was built by Messrs. Evans, was not licensed till 1879, the license having been refused the year it was first built. The license was dated 17th December, 1881. There was no gun or blasting powder in it, and the only things it contained were a pair of old slippers, required to be worn when performing any act in the removal of explosives, and some orders for the sale of quantities of dynamite signed by Major Blood Smyth, J.P., Fedamore. There were also three empty boxes. The utmost reticence was observed by the police as to the affair. An extensive search was made in houses in the neighbourhood, as papers were also taken, the discovery of the possession of which will give some clue to important facts.

CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURES.

At the Munster Winter Assizes held on January 23rd, Jeremiah and James Twohey were indicted for that they, on 7th December, 1881, at Mushera, in the County Cork, with others armed and disguised with firearms, did assemble to the alarm of her Majesty's subjects; on a second count, that they did attack the dwellinghouse of one Catherine Fitzgerald, and on a third count that they did break into the said dwellinghouse of Catherine Fitzgerald.

The prisoners pleaded not guilty.

Mr. O'Brien, Q.C., in stating the case for the Crown, said at the foot of Mushera Mountain, which lies between Macroom and Millstreet, somewhat to the north-east of Macroom, stands the humble homestead of a Mrs. Fitzgerald. About 1 o'clock on December 8th, the house was invaded by a band of armed men. The door was broken in and the details of the outrage will be proved upon the table by witnesses. An attempt was made, he believed, to cut off the hair on the head of one of Mrs. Fitzgerald's daughters. She herself was struck on the head, and bled from the wound, and the moustache of a man named M'Carthy, the servant boy, was cut off. This was one of the series of outrages which have caused a reign of terror in several of the districts in the South of Ireland. They would produce a man named Andrew M'Carthy, the man who was in the house on this night. It appeared that nearly all the attacking party, with the exception of the two men in the dock, were disguised, and M'Carthy will tell them that the two prisoners took an active part in the attack. Mrs. Fitzgerald, who is an old woman, naturally became terrified by the appalling scene, her daughters too were terrified, and could

not identify any of the marauders. The jury could well understand how they were deprived by this midnight band of marauders of the power of observation. Mrs. Fitzgerald is an old woman, and a widow, and her husband died some months ago after a previous outrage. In addition to M'Carthy, the Crown would produce a man named Daniel Connell. He is an accomplice of the people who attacked the house that night. They would have him on the witness table before them, and the fact of his production there, coming forward as an approver to fix guilt upon his comrades in crime ought to be a pregnant lesson to the people of this country who confederate for the purpose of crime and for evil enterprise. Connell would tell them that on the night of the 7th December it was arranged that a party should meet at the house of the Twoheys which was some miles distant from Fitzgerald's residence. A party of eleven men met there, and of these Connell was one. They prepared themselves for the outrages. They disguised themselves. Now, Connell, of course, would be subject to every observation. He was a comrade in guilt of the prisoners, and he now comes forward as the accuser of his companions in crime. It would be the duty of the jury to rigidly scrutinise what the man says. The practice of the judge is this—the judges advise the jury to see that a man like Connell should be corroborated in his evidence, but in this case the Crown would give abundance of corroboration and substantive evidence—that of M'Carthy. After the raiders left Fitzgerald's house it was found that a strange dog was locked in the place, and this dog they would prove was the property of James Twohey. Connell would tell them that the dog followed them to the house on this night, and that it was accidentally left behind by them. The dog remained for some time in the police station at Millstreet, but no one claimed it. Afterwards Connell made a statement to Mr. Starkie, Sub-Inspector, and the police were determined to test the truth of this statement and ascertain the ownership of the dog. The dog was put into a bag and taken near to the house of the Twoheys. Captain Plunkett and Mr. Starkie watched outside the house, and when the dog was enlarged it ran straight into the house of the Twoheys. The old woman would not recognise the dog neither would James her son, and they both made informations. When the dog saw Pat Twohey the dog put back its ears in an affectionate manner, and wagged his tail. When the police tried to remove him from Twohey's he

would not leave. He thought there was 'No place like home.' (Laughter.) There were found in the premises so many rounds of ammunition concealed in the wall of a stable. Were these there for any innocent purpose? No; they were there as part of the machinery of these midnight marauders who have paralyzed the country. In addition, 13 hats which were found in Twohey's would be produced, and they would see in the top of them holes in which a feather or a fox's brush was placed. Let them treat Connell with suspicion, that was their duty, but they should rely on his evidence if it were corroborated. Connell himself was arrested in the house of a man named Shea on the 27th of December, and very incriminating documents were found on him. Of course these circumstances will be brought out against Connell, but how often in this distracted and divided land have approvers come forward on the table to expose a confederacy in which they themselves were steeped to the very lips, and how often have men been convicted on the evidence of such men. Oh, the evidence of such people ought to speak with trumpet tone to those unhappy people who form those criminal confederacies. Such was the nature of the confederacies that there was no security for those criminals, for the man who is a criminal to-day may be an approver to-morrow. He (Mr. O'Brien) did not ask them to strain any point against the prisoners in the dock, but he asked them to bring their good intelligence to the consideration of the case, and arrive at a righteous verdict.

Evidence was then called for the prosecution.

Andrew McCarthy deposed, in reply to Mr. Ronan, I am a servant in the employment of Mrs. Fitzgerald. On the 7th of December last I went to bed about eight o'clock. Mrs. Fitzgerald and her three daughters and son and myself slept in the house. I slept in the same bed with the son. About one o'clock the outer door of the kitchen was broken in by a party of 'Moonlighters.' I then saw the room full of persons. They asked for a light when they came into the room. Margaret Fitzgerald gave them a lamp. When the lamp was lighted I saw the men, and they were all disguised but two. They had handkerchiefs and soot over their faces. The two men who did not wear disguises came into the room. On the 16th of Jan. I was taken up to the gaol, and about twelve persons were put before me. I picked out of that number the two men in the dock now, and I have no doubt that they were the two men

who came to Mrs. Fitzgerald's on this night. When the party came into the house, they clipped the moustache off me. They left me then, and I heard Connell call out, 'Hold here the light until we give one of the girls a clip.' Afterwards I saw old Mrs. Fitzgerald bleeding from the forehead. The man who operated on my forehead had an old 'Caroline' hat on him. At the time we went to bed, at eight o'clock, there was not a brown sheep-dog named 'Sam' in the place. After the party had gone about ten minutes I found the dog in the house. I subsequently, about an hour after their going, gave him up to Mr. Starkie.

Daniel Connell, alias Captain Moonlight, was examined, and deposed.—I am nearly twenty years of age. I have been in the army. I was in the 22nd regiment. I deserted and enlisted in the 109th regiment. I was tried by a court-martial about the end of 1872. I got 412 days' imprisonment and was sent home to Mill-street. On the night of the outrage at Mrs. Fitzgerald's we met at James Twoheys about 8.30 and left at eleven o'clock. There were seven of us there, amongst whom were the prisoners James and Jeremiah Twohey. There were a dozen old hats there, plumes and feathers and false whiskers, and we disguised ourselves. Five or six only were disguised, the prisoners were not. They had handkerchiefs tied around their heads. We came to Mrs. Fitzgerald's house. We thought we heard the police, and skirmished out on the side of the hill. One half of the party lined the bank of the ditch in skirmishing order, the other half were with the main body to keep up reinforcements. We surrounded Fitzgerald's house. We searched about the place for fear of the police being there. The party then, except two, went to the house and burst in the door. The men in the dock went into the house, and I kept sentry to watch for the police. I was in twenty raids of that kind. I was discharged with ignominy from the army. As lieutenant in the 'Moonlights,' I had jurisdiction over the district from the Rathmore railway station, beyond Mill-street, to Banteer station, at Kanturk, and from near Macroom as far as the Blackwater Bridge. I did not expect the police to come to Fitzgerald's house that night, but I expected they were watching the house. I was not in communication with the police or magistrates before this, nor had I sold my party at this time. I had not arranged with Constable Cahill or with any other policeman that he should come to arrest me on the morning of the 28th of December, nor that I should be

handing over the waistcoat which contained the important document to Shea's daughter when the policeman came to arrest me. Did not give a written order for any of the midnight raids, but it was my duty to copy them out of the head order book.

His Lordship—This seems the most desperate game I ever saw. Was your arrest preconcerted, or had you made any arrangement with any one at all?—No, my lord; I was more against the police than any other Moonlighter then.

To Mr. Riordan—I informed because when I was arrested I thought the police could not know all about me unless some sworn man had told all. I was to keep the secrets of the Moonlighters. I swore in between six and twelve. They were sworn on the Bible by the following oath:—‘I swear to be true and faithful to the Irish Republic, to obey my superiors, and to take up arms when required. Death to the traitor. So help me, God.’ This oath was in writing. I swore the oath myself. I have gone about the country, but I did not invite any one or press them to take this oath. They were brought to be sworn by the rest of the party. I was unanimously appointed lieutenant at the general meeting. I went about the country taking charge of the arms, as I had the position of armourer, and I repaired the guns and revolvers when broken.

To Mr. O'Brien—Before I gave the information after my arrest I had no communication of any kind with the sub-inspector, with Captain Plunkett, or with any magistrate or policeman. The following note was found in the pocket of my waistcoat and handed to Shea's daughter when arrested—‘To Pat Twohey, Horsement, and Bartholomew King—Have four men and self in person to appear under all arms at an early hour at Twohey's, night of 24th of December. Bring heavy shears and Bayonet out; stock false whiskers for one of the Riordans also.’ That is in my handwriting. I copied it out of the Head's book. I got £12 on two occasions from Dublin. I could not say from what place there, as there was no address on the letter. There were rewards given for bravery at those outrages in money, and a Parnell medal was sometimes given.

The following document, also found in the waistcoat, was produced:—

‘Regimental order of Capt. Moonlight for appointed raids, 30, 12, '81.

‘Thomas Sullivan, shot in the legs, mother and daughters' hair clipped for dealing with Hegarty, of Mill-street.

‘John Lehane, story telling to Father Twohey, clipped also.

‘John Murphy, shot in the legs for paying his rent.

(Signed and confirmed)

‘CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT.’

I wrote this, or copied it, out of the Captain's book. I was offered a Parnell medal for bravery, but I took money instead. Jeremiah Riordan, of Mill-street, got a medal. All the money came from Dublin. I don't want money for giving this information to the public. All I want is my pardon, and I expect it. I did not arrange with the authorities to plead guilty and then give the information. I don't know where the Head's book is, that I copied the documents from. I saw it at the top of the street in Mill-street. John Riordan, a baker's son, in Mill-street, was the captain. There are captains also in other districts, but I don't know them.

His Lordship—Had you anything to do with drilling?

Witness—I had, my lord.

The mother of the prisoner deposed that the dog found in Fitzgerald's house after the outrage belonged to her.

Constable Nash gave evidence of finding a quantity of revolver cartridges in Twohey's house.

Constable Carroll, who arrested Connell, stated that when he was going to Shea's house to make the arrest of a man connected with the Moonlight outrages he did not know who it was.

The Hon. Captain Plunkett, R.M., said he was superintendent resident magistrate, and he had no collusion as to his arrest or information.

His Lordship said the theory of the collusion with the authorities was one of the wildest things he ever heard. All went to show that the arrest of Connell was genuine.

Mr. Moriarty—It is remarkable the police would not tell who gave the information.

His Lordship—I would not permit them to do so, and it is for the public good I prevent it. There would be no protection if I allowed such a thing.

His Lordship, in charging the jury, said it appeared to him that the theory put forward by the counsel for the defence, that this was a conspiracy got up against the two prisoners, was as wild as could be imagined, and if the jury agreed with him that it was a desperate defence, it would only recoil on the prisoners themselves, and on those outside who might be defending the case. They had the oath which Connell told them he had sworn to himself, and which he had administered to others, and it was one of the grounds on which they were asked not to believe him, and, no doubt, it was one which went to shake the case,

if it rested on his evidence alone, to its foundation. He was sworn to be true to the Irish Republic. Now let them pause on each of these terms—he was sworn to be true to the Irish Republic, to take up arms when required, to fly to arms when required, to be faithful to his superiors, and ‘death to the traitor,’ and who the traitors might be was left to the determination of men who were so sworn. Now that was the old Fenian oath—he recollected it quite as well—with the difference that formerly it was not ‘the Irish Republic,’ but ‘The Irish Republic now virtually established.’ Why, the sound of sixteen years ago was ringing in his lordship’s ears when he swore this oath. It was the same unsupportable Fenian conspiracy. The working beneath the surface was replete with danger to the public. That was the danger they had to try. It was not one of those trifling cases of beating a man because he had paid his rent, but they now had disclosed, if Connell was telling the truth, that the Fenian conspiracy, very likely using the Land League for its own purposes, was rife as ever. This was one of the features of the case which it was his lordship’s duty to observe on in the public interest, but they might put it aside for the present, and consider what the issue was on which they had to decide.

The jury found the prisoners guilty, and they were each sentenced to seven years’ penal servitude.

On the 24th, John Lennane, 79 years of age, was shot dead in his cabin. He was herdsman to Mrs. Morony, Milltown House, and was shot for remaining in her employment after he had been warned to quit it. A desperate attempt was made, near Ballina, Mayo, to assassinate a farmer named Willis on 25th. On the 26th, Moonlighters attacked two farmhouses at Aherlam, Tipperary, and forced the farmers on pain of death to swear they would pay no rent. Moonlighters attacked two houses near Mallow, warned the inmates not to pay any more than Griffiths’ valuation, and stole a gun. Forty thousand copies of *United Ireland* were seized at Folkestone on the same day. On the 28th, John Law was shot and badly wounded at Moate. John Brennan was fired at twice in the streets of Tipperary. A house near Boyle attacked by Moonlighters. Thirty farmers arrested in Limerick County for joining in a Land League hunt. On the 30th, a tenant living near Keadue was attacked by Moonlighters, and roasted before the fire in his own house for having paid rent. Motion for attachment of Mr. E. D.

Gray, of the *Freeman’s Journal*, granted by Irish Land Commissioners for contempt of court by commenting on the Blackpool lease cases while they were *sub judice*. Total number of agrarian outrages committed during this month reported by constabulary as 479.

ATTEMPT TO INJURE MR. W. E. FORSTER.

A wicked attempt was made on February 1st, to do bodily harm to the Chief Secretary for Ireland. A postal packet was received at the secretary’s office addressed to Mr. Forster, bearing in letters outside the envelope ‘O.H.M.S.’ The envelope looked dirty, and had suspicious stains, proceeding from a substance within. The letter bore such questionable shape and colour that it was placed in safe custody, and on being subjected to chemical examination was found to contain a compound of a dangerous kind, quick to ignite at the least friction, and of destructive explosive properties. Chemists know the secret of fulminates which they dare not make; there are others less powerful which can only be manufactured at the peril of the operator; and probably the letter sent to Mr. Forster contained some combination of the latter class. But here was the proof of the ignorance of the contrivers of the foul plot; the Chief Secretary has a staff of secretaries, and they have a staff of clerks, who receive, examine, and classify the correspondence. Mr. Forster had left for London at the time the letter was sent; and the secretaries, were absent likewise. Here was the wickedness of the conspiracy. But for a little caution, or perhaps good eyesight, the innocent clerks, Irishmen would have been victims. The danger to inoffensive people, against whom the Fenians can have no grudge, began before. It began in the Post Office. The sorting clerks and the postman, or the messenger who carried the packet to the castle, might have been maimed or blinded. The ‘dark coloured substance’ sent in the letter was iodine of nitrogen, which is the most dangerous explosive known to chemistry. The calculation that it would be dry and explosive by the time it reached its destination . . . a weak point in the scheme.

On Feb. 1st. a party of ruffians, armed with revolvers, and disguised with masks and faces blackened, made domiciliary visits to the tenants’ houses at Ballinraun, part of the estate of Mr. Foster Vesey Fitzgerald, D.L., Moyriesk, and made them swear as to whether they had paid their rent, and the affirmation being deemed satisfactory

another oath was administered to each of them not to pay rent until all the 'suspects' were released. Shots were fired in departing from each house.

In consequence of the non-appearance of Mr. John Phelan, of John Street, Cashel, on Feb. 2nd., the Hon. Mr. Ffrench, Resident Magistrate, caused an entrance to be forced into his house by the constabulary. The unfortunate man was found in his bed murdered. Deceased, who was lying on his back, was fully dressed. His head was split open. In the room the police found some sticks with marks of blood upon them. Mr. Phelan was in the habit of lending money on bills, and was at times compelled to sue his debtors. The key of his safe was missing. £20 was found in the room near the body. On the evening of the same day while Mr. M'Gowan's man was nearing Keadue, from the country, with a load of turf for the police, the horse he was leading was shot dead, the man narrowly escaping. The cause of this outrage is attributable to the fact of Mr. M'Gowan being contractor to the police for turf.

On the morning of Feb. 2nd., threatening notices, signed 'Captain Moonlight, the Blood-spiller,' were found posted on the doors of tenants of property near Cork. Three of them were on the doors of Roman Catholics, and headed 'R.I.P.,' and the other on the door of a Protestant rent-warmer, headed 'Your soul to the devil.' All were in different handwritings, though to the same effect, namely—'Pay your rent, and, by Heaven, you'll die; or else your bones did at my hands.' The rent-warmer was informed he would have been murdered last night but they wished to give him the opportunity of giving up his employment. William Madden, a bailiff, was waylaid near Westport and almost beaten to death, on the same day.

On the 4th of February a party of Moonlighters attacked several farmhouses at Ballinrua, in Clare county, and made the occupants swear to pay no rent. Moonlighters also attacked, near Savinford, Feb. 5th, the houses of two farmers named Harkan and White, whom they brutally assaulted for having paid rent. A similar attack was made on another house in the district.

An agrarian outrage on the estate of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven, near Adare, county Limerick, was committed on the 11th of February. It appears that the farmer was working in a field when two men approached and fired at him, wounding him, it was supposed, fatally. It was alleged that the man had paid his rent. About two years ago a man named Lynch instituted proceedings against his nephew, James

Lynch, for the recovery of money lent by him for the purpose of enabling the latter to work his farm, which is situate at Kiltinny, four and a half miles off Adare, on the Ballingarry road. Subsequently a writ of *habere* was obtained, and James Lynch was evicted. The farm was in the possession of Lynch, senior, who, during his occupancy, had been the recipient of several threatening letters, and four months before a valuable horse of his was killed, for which he received compensation. This action intensified the ill-feeling which the community fostered against him. For some time he could get no one to work for him. A few weeks before a man named John O'Seth was induced to work for him in the capacity of farm servant. On the date referred to he was engaged in ploughing a field, when two men, unknown to the authorities, fired two shots from behind a ditch. The contents lodged in the legs, arms, and back of the head and neck. The charges consisted of No. 5 shot, several grains of which lodged in the man's back and sides. The matter was reported to the constabulary, who arrested two men. Several grains of the shot which penetrated the legs and arms were extracted by Dr. Worrell Adare, but a large quantity remained in the man's body. The ploughman was a very inoffensive, and respectable person, condemned the perpetrators of the outrage.

An attempt was made to assassinate Mr. Wilford Boyd, R.M., on the 12th of February, but was not successful, the party wounding sub-constable Thomas Willis, who was on protection duty with the above-named gentleman. Willis was shot across the breast, the bullet passing through the fleshy part of his left arm.

MURDER OF CONSTABLE KAVANAGH.

Constable Kavanagh was shot dead at Letterfrack on Feb. 15th. We give an account of this murder from the trial of Michael Walsh, which took place in Dublin on 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of August, 1882. On the first named date Mr. Justice Lawson sat in the Court House, Green street, and commenced the trial of Michael Walsh.

The prisoner was a young man about 18 years of age. He has rather a soft, good-looking expression, of low stature and stout muscular build.

The Attorney-General stated the case for the prosecution. He was glad the prisoner had the able defence of counsel of his own selection, and though tried far away from the county where the offence was committed, the Crown had taken proper measures to bring the

witnesses prisoner considered necessary for his defence to Dublin. The occasion on which the murder was committed were selected, with deliberate purpose. The night was so dark that the assassin was able to approach close to his victim without being perceived. The occasion was one on which the constabulary party in the barracks at Letterfrack had been absent for reasons he would afterwards mention, with the exception of the deceased and another constable named Nash. Constable Kavanagh had been a policeman of energy. His activity had brought upon him the enmity of the family of which the prisoner was a member. In April, 1881, a murder of two persons named Lyden had been committed at Letterfrack. Constable Kavanagh, on April 25th, appeared at Letterfrack, he having been stationed in another part of the County Galway—at Spiddal—to prosecute the investigation of the case. On the following day he arrested and charged with the murder, the prisoner's brother, Patrick Walsh, who was prosecuted for the crime. Towards the close of '81, or on the commencement of the present year, he had prosecuted to conviction another brother of the prisoners, John Walsh, on a charge of loitering with intent to commit a felony. The prisoner shortly after the last transaction, in conversation with a witness on seeing Constable Kavanagh approaching on duty, remarked—'Kavanagh won't be here long.' 'Who, is he going to be removed?' said the other person. 'Oh, no,' said the prisoner, 'but boys that won't be suspected will gather round him.' That was the commencement of the month in the middle of which Kavanagh was a murdered man. On the night of the 15th Feb., the constabulary stationed at Letterfrack consisted of Constable Kavanagh, the murdered man, Constable Mulholland, and four sub-constables—Blessing, Magee, M'Fadden, and Nash—so that it was a party of six in number. Mulholland was to be married on the 16th to a girl who lived a distance from Letterfrack. To that wedding Blessing and Magee went as guests. They returned at 11 o'clock that night, and the murder was effected before they came to the assistance of the party. Mulholland and the other two men had gone away, and that left three men behind. At half-past 7 Constable Kavanagh went to a publichouse owned by a Mrs. Noon. Her daughter, Mrs. Bolton, appeared to be with some children in the house. When Kavanagh entered the house he found a person there named Stephen Coyne; and they commenced chatting at the counter, and had some whiskey.

The construction that he, the Attorney-General, placed on these facts was, that whoever was waiting to commit the murder found they could not safely do so unless Kavanagh left the publichouse before 10 o'clock, because the return of the absent policemen might render it perilous to do so. While in the house, footsteps were heard around the house outside. The latch of the door was raised, but whoever was there was unable to get in, as the door was bolted. Empty barrels were rolled about outside, and knocks were given at the door which showed that artifice was practised to get the constable out, so that the crime might be committed. There was no doubt from what had happened but that the assassin was lying close to the premises. About 20 minutes past 10 Coyne and Kavanagh were ushered out of the house by Mrs. Bolton, by the back door. The night was so dark that the object of the corpse lying on the road could only be discovered after a search. It was easy for the assassin to approach close to his victim, while the darkness of the night shrouded him from identification. The circumstances under which he lost his life could best be gathered from the statement that the woman had not gone four yards back from the door when she heard four shots in succession, followed by a scream. So close was the assassin to his victim that the clothes of the murdered man were burned. Coyne's conduct on the occasion was extraordinary. Kavanagh had preceded him out of the house smoking a pipe, on which were some letters, which was afterwards found near his body. Coyne's account of the transaction was that he saw a flash, and ran back to Mrs. Noon's, and called on them to let him in, stating who he was. They, having heard the shots, were afraid to do so. Coyne said he understood Kavanagh to say, 'Mr. Coyne, I am murdered!' Coyne waited at the door for a minute, and when he found he would not be let in, he went to his own house, without making any report to the police of what had occurred. That was the companion that but a few minutes before had been chatting with the man who was murdered on the road. Another person went to the barracks where the single constable remained. The constable had heard the shots, but knew nothing of what had taken place, and did not leave the barracks. When the alarm was raised he took down his rifle, went out, and searched about, and found the murdered man lying on his face with the palm of his hand turned up. Four shots had been fired at him—one at him and three into him—one grazed him and two en-

tered him. These were the shots that were delivered in rapid succession. The fourth and fatal shot was described by the doctor as having been fired in a direction which showed that the assassin was pursuing him as relentlessly as death, and fired down on him with such effect that death was instantaneous. At this time the other constables had not returned from the wedding, but on intelligence being sent to them they returned. Report of the murder was sent to Clifden and another to Mayo, a station nearer than Clifden. From the latter place Constable Butler, who appeared to show a vigour and sagacity which satisfied him (the Attorney-General) that he possessed not only power but the skill to discharge the duties of a policeman with efficiency, came with two of his men. On being shown the spot where the crime was committed he left two men in charge of the place, so as to ensure its remaining in the same condition it was in when the murder was committed. The body had been found lying across the road with the feet at the muddy spot in the ditch. When daylight came a track was traced from the spot to the prisoner's house. This track was made by the prisoner's boots, which were taken off him, and the soil through which the track was made was found to correspond with the soil on the boots, and the prisoner's stockings inside were stained by the same soil. Another circumstance occurred of significance. On the morning following the murder a hat was found close to where the body was, and was that hat was the prisoner's. It appeared that about the preceding Christmas a mason and the prisoner were working at a house in the neighbourhood, and a gale of wind blew off Flaherty's hat. The prisoner made what was known in the country as a 'sweep' of a cap for the hat with him, and from that time out the prisoner wore that hat. If the person who committed the crime had gone along the road instead of crossing the field as he did he might think he would meet Blessing and Magee, and that would account for the devious course taken. The track led over to Mrs. Walsh's house, and on round to the back. The house had a yard and a wall around it, and there was a back door as well as a front, and the back door was secured with a fork. After the murder was committed a knock was heard at the back door, and a voice cried out, 'Open quickly and let me in.' Whose voice that was the evidence did not precisely describe. On the following morning the prisoner was arrested. The motive for the murder was clear—revenge, or apprehension that further investiga-

tion by Kavanagh might be dangerous, supplied the motive. The prisoner had, if it was necessary, established that by his conversation. The circumstance of the murder followed within six weeks of the threat which was used by the prisoner. The fact that the revolver with which the shots were fired had not been found was nothing remarkable considering the time the person who committed the murder had to conceal it. But they had what was stronger than any pistol. They had the hat of the prisoner found near the murdered man, and the prisoner's boots found corresponding with the tracks from the corpse, and the clay on them corresponding with the soil, and they had the prisoner's threat—that boys who would not be suspected would gather around him. All these things showed how carefully the plot was laid and carried into execution. From instructions he had received he believed efforts would be made to make it appear that this was not the prisoner's hat. He had told them the circumstances under which the prisoner had got the hat, and that he had worn it from Christmas time, and of the identification of it by the former owner. The constables searched the house of Mrs. Walsh. In their search they came to a hen-roost, a likely place for such an article to be hid, but there was nothing there then. After these searches were made Mrs. Walsh, the prisoner's mother, produced for the constables from this hen-roost, which had previously been found to contain nothing, a hat which she asserted was her son's. This was a new hat, and on another occasion this new felt hat was produced from a bed previously searched, and nothing discovered. He had stated the case briefly, and he hoped distinctly for them. Upon the evidence he would now produce he would not insult either themselves or their intelligence by asking them to do their duty. He asked them to do nothing more than he asked his colleagues, when he asked them to do their duty by the Crown, by their country, and by the prisoner.

Mr. Richard Somerville, C.E., examined by the Solicitor-General, proved a model of the village of Lettertrack, made to his order, and on the scale of ten feet to an inch, and a series of maps. The prisoner's house is at the furthest end of the village from Mrs. Noon's publichouse. The road from Clifden to Leenane passes the door. From where the body of Constable Kavanagh was found to the door of Walsh's house is 122 yards.

John Corbett, examined by Mr. Murphy, Q.C., deposed that on a night

schoolmaster at Roscreagh, County Galway, 8 miles from Letterfrack. I know Michael Walsh, and recollect speaking to him one evening near Coyne's house in Letterfrack. It was about Christmas of last year. I met the prisoner at Stephen Coyne's, on the road in front of the house, between 7 and 8 at night. While we were together Constable Kavanagh passed by. He was going into Stephen Coyne's.

Did Michael Walsh say anything to you in reference to Constable Kavanagh? He did. As the officer was coming towards us he said 'Here is Kavanagh, he won't be long here.' I asked was he going to leave, and he said, 'He's not going to go at all.' 'Is he not going to go at all sure he's not going to leave.'

What did he say then? 'That young fellows that would not be suspected would get around him.' I travelled with Kavanagh to Galway on the 25th of January. I met Kavanagh's wife on the 26th—the day after, and had some speech with her too.

Stephen Coyne, examined by Mr. O'Brien—I remember on the evening of the 15th of last Feb. being in Mrs. Noon's publichouse in Letterfrack. Kavanagh came in after me about half-past 8. I had known him for some years. I asked to have 'a half one,' and we took a drink together. We remained there until after 10 o'clock. Leaving, Constable Kavanagh was before me. The night was dark. Just coming round the corner of the house on the public road I heard the first shot and then two more. I ran back to the door I had just left.

After the first shot did you hear a cry? No; but after seeing the flashes I heard Kavanagh cry from the road, 'Mr. Coyne, I am murdered.' I ran to Mrs. Noon's and said, 'Let in Mr. Coyne.' They did not open the door, and I remained there over a quarter of an hour.

What did you do then? I went home and got to bed.

Mrs. Lucy Bolton, deposed—I am the daughter of Mrs. Noon, and reside in the publichouse in Letterfrack. I knew Constable Kavanagh. He came to the village shortly after the murder of the Lydens. On the 15th February last Kavanagh came to our house about half-past 7, Stephen Coyne was there, and they chatted until about a quarter past 10 o'clock. While Kavanagh and Coyne were taking their drink at the counter I heard footsteps outside, and a knocking at the shop door. Then I heard a noise as if a kick was given to an empty barrel. When the constable and Mr. Coyne were leaving I let them out by the back door. It was a dark night.

Kavanagh went first, and Coyne after. I closed the door and bolted it, turning back into the house. When six or eight steps from the door, I heard five or six shots fired in succession. At that time my mother and two children were all that were in the house with me. The front door was only closed to, not bolted.

Sub-Constable Jeremiah Nash, examined by the Solicitor-General.—In February last I was stationed in Letterfrack. I was barrack orderly there on the 15th Feb. The force in Letterfrack consisted of Constables Kavanagh, Constable Mulholland, Sub-Constables Blessing, Magee, M'Fadden, and myself. On the 15th of February Constable Mulholland was married at a place three miles from Letterfrack. Sub-Constables Blessing and Magee were at the wedding, and Sub-Constable M'Fadden was on leave. Constable Kavanagh and I were alone in the village. Kavanagh was there hunting up evidence in the case of the Lydens who were murdered. He left the barracks at a quarter past eight o'clock, and I never saw him alive again. About half-past 10, I heard four shots fired in succession, and heard screams. In a minute after Johny Coyne came to the barrack door where I was and gave me some information. He is a son of Stephen Coyne who is a first cousin of Walsh's mother. In consequence of the information I received I went in the direction of Mrs. Noon's publichouse. It was a very dark night, and we had no light with us. As we went I saw a black shadow in the dyke, a little round the corner from the turn into the barrack. I went towards it and found a body there.

Did you recognise it? Yes, I recognised it by the cap. It was that of Constable Kavanagh. The body was warm, I called out his name, but received no answer. With the assistance of Patrick Murray and Peter Conroy I removed the body to the barracks and sent for Dr. Gorham, who arrived in a quarter of an hour after, but the Constable was dead. I found bullet wounds on the right side of his breast. Sub-Constables Blessing and Magee arrived shortly after 11 o'clock, and I sent for Constable Mulholland to where the wedding was held. When I found Kavanagh he was lying on his face, with his feet towards the dyke and his head to the road.

Constable Robert Mulholland, examined by Mr. Murphy, Q.C.—In February last I was constable in charge of the police station at Letterfrack. On the 15th of the month I got married at a place three miles from Letterfrack. Sub-Constables Blessing and Magee were at

the wedding. They came there about twelve o'clock noon, and in going and coming they passed Walsh's house. In consequences of something that I heard I returned to Letterfrack about two o'clock on the morning of the 16th. I saw the body of Constable Kavanagh lying in the garden of the barrack. I was told where the body had been found and was at the place in the morning—about six o'clock. Two constables were duty there—Acting-Constable Fox and Sub-Constable Scales. At the place where the body was found Constable Scales picked up an old hat and a pipe in two portions. I did not know that the pipe had belonged to Constable Kavanagh. The hat was nearer where the body had been found, and the pipe was three yards nearer Walsh's house. Michael Walsh, the prisoner, was arrested about a quarter to eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th. I entered his house with constable Butler. He had a cap on then, and laced boots. I took these into my possession, and kept them till the 15th of March, when I was transferred from Letterfrack.

Did you make any search that morning in Walsh's house?—Yes, after leaving Michael Walsh in the barrack I returned with the sub-inspector and two or three of the men. We all searched the place. I did not find a hat in any part of the house. The hat and boots produced are those which we took off the accused. The sole of one of the boots was irregular. In the centre a piece of leather is turned up forming an elevation, where, under the instep, there should be a hollow. Portions of the soles of both boots are gone, and in one there is a row of nails running along the side irregularly. While in the barracks some mention was made about his hat not being found on the road, and Michael Walsh said 'No,' that his hat was at home. I went to his house and asked Mrs. Walsh for the hat, and she took down one from a shelf.

Mr. James Gorham, J.E., examined by Mr. O'Brien, Q.C.—I was in Letterfrack on the 16th of February, the day after the murder. The place where the constable was murdered was pointed out to me. I saw the boots produced that day by the last witness. They presented the same peculiarities then as now. I saw two footprints, left and right, near where the body was found. I compared them with the boots then produced and they corresponded.

Constable Michael Butler, examined by the Attorney-General, deposed—I knew the late constable Kavanagh, and had known him for eighteen months. He came to Letterfrack about April, 1881, after the murder of the Lydens.

I was present with constable Kavanagh when he arrested Patrick Walsh for that murder. At the time constable Kavanagh was murdered I was stationed at Myord, three miles away, between Letterfrack and Clifden. I received intelligence of the murder on the morning of the 16th, and proceeded with constables Scales and Fox to Letterfrack. On arriving there I placed constable Scales on duty at the place where it was pointed out to me the body of constable Kavanagh was found. The prisoner was arrested about eight o'clock in the morning. About eleven o'clock in the morning Constable Moylan handed me one of these boots—the left one. Before that I had traced the footprints from the body up 36 B—, where they ceased on the road and entered the field. After getting the boot I took up the track and compared the footprints with the impressions in the track. I did not put the boot into the indentations, but placed the side of the boot at the side of the impression, and compared them. I followed the track all the way across the fields to the back of Walsh's house. The foot-tracks of the foot corresponded. I retraced the track with the right boot, and the peculiarities of the indentations exactly agree with the peculiarities of the boot. On the boots found on the prisoner was found clay corresponding with the clay in which the footprints were indented. The track was clean and fresh. On one of the stockings taken from off the prisoner was found blackish mud agreeing in character with one of the places traversed by the person leaving the foot-tracks—the boot of the same foot was broken and open. I made a search in Mrs. Walsh's house for a hat the day after the murder, and after the prisoner's arrest I searched the room upstairs, the kitchen, and the room off the kitchen to the left. I did not search in the bed-room, but sub-constable Mulholland was sent to search it. I did not find a hat in my search.

Do you know the hen-roost over the door?—Yes.

Did you make a careful search there in the morning?—I did, and there was no hat there—noting but a few pieces of stick and wool.

In cross-examination by Mr. Bodkin, the witness said he did not know what space the track he traced covered, as he did not measure it. At this stage the proceedings were formally adjourned.

On Sep. 29th. at 10 o'clock, the Right Hon. Mr. Justice Lawson sat in the Courthouse, Green street, and resumed the trial of Michael Walsh. The prisoner was defended by Mr. Charles O'Malley and Mr. Bodkin.

Mr. Matthew Bodkin addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner. He was sure that the jury were impressed with the duty they had to perform, and before evening they would have decided whether the boy at the bar would return to his home in the western hills, there to live out the space of life or in the awful words of the law 'he should be taken' from the place in which he now stood, and be hanged by the neck until he was dead.' Mr. Bodkin referred to the Habron case, as one which ought to make the jury careful with regard to convicting on evidence of a circumstantial character. Referring to evidence in the case, counsel said he defied the jury to find the evidence of Butler with regard to the shoes—on the evidence with regard to minute details given by a man who did not know whether the distance between one place and another at the scene of the murder was 20 or 150 yards. With regard to the hat, he called attention to the fact that it was before the search by the constable the hat was first produced, and what was the use of bringing up a policeman to prove that there was no hat in the house late in the month of April? It was no wonder that the mother of the prisoner was not positive where the hat lay; but, it was immaterial for what motive could there be for hiding the hat? The only other evidence which required to be alluded to was the confused evidence of the woman with reference to hearing the voice at the door asking for admission. This evidence was inconsistent with the theory of the Crown, for she said that she heard people running along the road in front of the house, and footprints of the prisoner were found in the field at the back of the house. So far as the suggestion of a threat was concerned, counsel thought it was clear that the prisoner's observation about Kavanagh not being long there was not meant as a threat, or it would not have been followed by the observation which the schoolmaster made. The case against the prisoner was weak—a stronger one could have been made by the Crown against Coyne, who was there at the time, and who instead of going to inform the police, ran away, and went to bed. Counsel referred to the pipe, and wondered to what length counsel for the Crown would have ridiculed the idea that this pipe, found at the scene of the murder, having on it the initials of the man who was charged with the murder, belonged to another man, who had actually given it to the man who was murdered. How counsel for the Crown would have sneered at this explanation, and yet it was a fact. Was there any other circum-

stance in the case as strong against the prisoner as that? Was that as strong? was the footprints? No. He asked them to be careful. The Crown had not even made a strong case of conjecture against the prisoner. The Crown had proved the guilt of the prisoner, and they had proved his innocence. They had four witnesses, two of them previously unknown to the Walsh's, all testifying to the fact that Michael Walsh was at home and in bed long before the shots were heard. Two of these witnesses did not agree as to every detail. He asked them to act on the evidence, and on their independent judgments after careful consideration, and neither he nor his client need give any fear for the result. No man could question their verdict—no mortal man could punish a juror, even though that juror had suffered his mind to be swayed by passion or prejudice, but he did not escape the result of that action. He (counsel) had no fear of death on the scaffold for the boy—the poor boy who stood before them. They (the jury) had a solemn duty to discharge—they had a glorious privilege to enjoy. It was their privilege to lift a load of heinous apprehension that had lain so long upon the heart of that boy: to restore to him happiness—saved from an awful death. Justice bade them be merciful. They would not refuse, they would not delay the verdict of 'Not Guilty,' which in this case mercy and justice alike combined to demand.

After the Solicitor-General had replied on behalf of the Crown, the Judge summed up, and the jury retired to consider their verdict at twenty-five minutes past three o'clock, and returned into court at ten minutes past six.

The issue paper having been handed to the Clerk of the Crown, the usual question, 'Have you agreed to your verdict?' was asked.

The Foreman—Yes.

The Clerk of the Crown (reading from the issue paper)—'We find the prisoner guilty as accessory to the murder, as we have no evidence that he fired the shot. We recommend him to mercy on this ground as well as on account of his youth.' (Sensation in court.)

The Clerk of the Crown—Michael Walsh, you were indicted for that on the 15th February, 1882, you wilfully, feloniously, and of your malice aforethought, did kill and murder one James Kavanagh. To that indictment you pleaded not guilty, and put yourself on trial before God and your country, which country has found you guilty. What have you to say why judgment and sentence of death should not now be pronounced upon you?

The Prisoner—'There is no plain evidence to pass sentence against me.' He then uttered several disjointed sentences. Some of those apparently addressed to the jury, were—'The day will come that will account for it. You are standing there and your body and soul shall account for my innocent life.' Then, becoming more excited, he cried, 'Oh, Martin Flaherty, you are in the house. If St. Patrick came down you would do it. I die an innocent man for your false statement.'

Mr. Justice Lawson—You must keep quiet (addressing the prisoner). You have been found guilty of the murder of constable James Kavanagh, and the jury make a recommendation, a very material one indeed, in your favour, in consequence of your youth. I am sure if they had seen their way not to have found you guilty—

The Prisoner—They have no authority at all for finding me guilty.

His Lordship—It would have given them very much pleasure not to have found you guilty, but the case was too clear. It is true, as the jury say, that there is no evidence that you fired the shot.

The Prisoner—I did not. The day will come when you (referring to some one in the gallery) will be standing against me.

Mr. Justice Lawson—I shall forward the recommendation of the jury to the proper quarter, and no doubt it will be taken into consideration, but I would not be justified in holding out any hopes to you. I must now perform a painful duty. [His lordship here assumed the black cap, and sentenced the prisoner to be executed in Galway gaol on the 28th of October.]

The prisoner then exclaimed—'Oh, yes; our Saviour hung on the cross as well. Oh, Martin Flaherty, the day will come when you shall account for my life.'

It was attempted to remove the prisoner; but he, intent apparently on saying something further, clung to the rail in front of the dock. The warders had to use some force in removing him, and his cries were heard after he had left the court.

The sentence was commuted on the 19th of Oct., on account of his youth.

On Feb. 18th, Moonlighters attacked several houses at Slievavogdea, near Ballyduff, Kerry county, and ordered the people to pay no rent. During the night following the above date a number of shots were fired into the bed-room window of Matthew Quinlan, P.L.G., sub-agent on De Stafford O'Brien's property, near Tipperary. Mr. Quinlan

had a narrow escape, some of the pellets passing over his head.

The police obtained information relative to the shooting of the ploughman, Michael Kelly, on the farm of Mr. Thomas Coleman, of Kiltinny, in Limerick county, which would go to prove that the affair had its origin in matters more serious than was imagined. Three men, named Lohan, Holohan, and Coghlán, of the agricultural class, were arrested on the evening of Feb. 19th, by Sub-Inspector Phillips, Adare, charged with being accessories to the shooting in question. They were taken before Mr. Wilkinson, J.P., and remanded for the production of further evidence.

On the 20th of February, Moonlighters attacked and fired into the house of a herd named M'Cann at Irishtown, county Mayo. Also on the same day, Mr. E. K. Eivers, a farmer living at Gange Hall, Ballincargy, county Westmeath, was attacked in his own yard by an armed gang, and made to swear on his knees to give up a farm he had taken four years previously. Mr. Roderick Ryder was shot at near Errismore, Galway county, on the 22nd. On the same day Michael Davitt was elected M.P. for Meath, but being a ticket-of-leave man, was disqualified on that account. On the 23rd a farmer's son named Freely, was shot dead in his house near Ballyhaunis. Michael Moroney, farmer, of Leighart, Clare county, was shot on the 25th of February for having paid his rent; from the effect of which the unfortunate man died on the 4th of March.

On the 25th of February Bernard Bailey was shot dead in Skipper's Alley, Dublin. The police made no arrests in connection with this tragedy. The body of the victim lay at the Morgue, and the remains were interred without delay. The spot where the crime was committed, though in former years well known, was an entirely unfrequented alley leading from Merchant's quay to Cook-street. It was twelve feet wide—the stores on either side are lofty and silent, and in the distance from the quay to Cook-street—about three or four hundred yards—there is not a single inhabited dwelling.

GOVERNMENT REWARD.

The following proclamation was issued :—

'Dublin Castle, Feb. 27th, 1882.
'Whereas it has been represented to the Lord Lieutenant that, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, p.m., on the 25th instant, Bernard Bailey was found brutally murdered in Skipper's Alley, in the City of Dublin, having been shot twice in the head by some person or persons at present unknown.

'His Excellency, for the better apprehending and bringing to justice the perpetrators of this murder, is pleased hereby to offer a reward of

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS

to any person or persons who shall, within six months from the date hereof, give such information as shall lead to the conviction of the person or persons who committed the same, or any of them. And a further reward of

FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS

for such private information as shall lead to the same result.

'His Excellency is also pleased to offer a

FREE PARDON

to any person concerned in, or privy to, the said murder, other than the person or persons who actually committed the same, in case of his giving such information as shall lead to the conviction of the persons, or any of them, concerned in the murder aforesaid.

'By his Excellency's command,

'T. H. BURKE.

'The above reward will be paid on conviction, by the Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, to those who may become entitled to it under the conditions of this proclamation.'

CHAPTER XVII.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. CARTER, J.P.,—MURDER OF PETER ANDREWS—MURDER OF MR. HERBERT, J.P.,—MURDER OF THE BAILIFFE, ROACHE—ASSASSINATION OF MRS. HENRY SMYTHE—AND OTHER MURDERS, OUTRAGES, AND CRIMINAL OCCURRENCES, WHICH TOOK PLACE IN ALL PARTS OF IRELAND, DURING THE MONTHS OF MARCH AND APRIL, 1882.

On the 1st of March, an attack was made on the house of a farmer named Michael Connell, living between Doon and Cappawhite. On the same day the Chief Secretary (Mr. Forster) started on his official tour through Limerick and Clare. On the 3rd, the house of a farmer named Power at Newton, Caherconlish, Limerick, was attacked, and an attempt made to blow it up. On the 5th, Lawrence O'Hara, farmer and poor rate collector, was shot and badly wounded while going to Mass, near Cootehill, Boyle. On the 7th, an extensive seizure of arms and ammunition was made at Waterford. On the 10th, the house of a man named Timothy Callaghan, at Ballygavan, Cork, was attacked and wrecked. On the same day the house

of a man named Connell was attacked and the occupants the man, his wife, and daughter, were fired upon and badly wounded. On the 13th, the house of a herd at Luskeen, Cashel, was attacked and fired into. On the same day the house of a farmer named Martin Costello at Tullaberg, Ballybunnion, was attacked, and Costello fired on and wounded. On the 14th, two brothers named Casserley, were waylaid near Mohill, and badly beaten. On the 15th, a desperate attempt was made to assassinate by shooting, at Mr. Carter, J.P., near Belmullet. On the same day a house near Kells was attacked by Moonlighters, and the occupants, a herd and his master, fired on and wounded. On the 16th, Moonlighters attacked the house of a farmer named Laffan, County Limerick, and stole a gun. Similar outrages were committed near Listowel, on the same day. On the 17th, Thomas Gibbons was murdered near Clonbur, Galway.

HEAVY SENTENCES ON MOONLIGHT RAIDERS.

Four young men, named Timothy Bourke, John O'Connor, Richard Savage, and Maurice Costello, who had been convicted of appearing in arms near Tralee on the night of the 17th of March, to the terror of her Majesty's subjects, and with breaking into and taking arms from the house of Mrs. Isabella Maybury, were brought up for sentence, on Aug. 15th.

Mr. Justice Lawson, in passing sentence, said—I wish, for the benefit of the public, to mention a few circumstances in connection with it. It appears that in Clare, Kerry, and Cork, there are gangs of people called 'Moonlighters' whose practice it is to go at night to visit houses to demand and take arms, to swear people not to pay rent, and if those people make any resistance to inflict on them the most dreadful injury, to carry away their arms, and so to strike terror throughout the entire country. You four were caught in the act of doing this. You Richard Savage, being a decent man, had in your possession £800 hard cash (a deposit receipt for that amount in the Provincial Bank.) It is supposed that these things are done by people who have not the means of paying their rent, but here are you with a deposit receipt for £800 in your pocket, yet you join in this transaction. Your respected clergyman says you are a quiet, decent man, the last of his parishioners whom he would expect to join in this transaction. See how disappointed he has been in the estimate he formed. You have all been caught in the toils of this dreadful raid in the neighbourhood

of Tralee along a road that I know well. I can only say that in my opinion there never was a case in which a public officer exercised a sounder discretion in changing the venue and having this case tried before an unprejudiced jury than the Right Hon. the Attorney-General did in this present case. I may mention that in Kerry I have tried similar cases in which men were caught in the act, and those men were acquitted by the jurors, and in one case the persons so acquitted, though they were caught in the act and brought from the place to the police barrack, and from that to the dock, were cheered through Tralee, and persons shouted out that they knew the jury would not venture to convict them. Therefore, so far as my humble opinion goes there never was a case in which a public officer exercised a sounder discretion than the Attorney-General did in bringing you for trial before a jury who neither sympathise with you, nor have any fear of the miserable combination in which you are embarked. His lordship then alluded to the circumstances, and to the proceedings which took place at the houses of Mrs. Maybury, Carroll, Sullivan, and the Widow Slattery. He said—The police were on your track, and I never saw a case in which the conduct of the Royal Irish Constabulary deserves higher commendation than it does in the present case. There were five of them there. They divided themselves into two parties, one of which went on each side of the road. They kept behind the ditch. They followed you. They heard you rapping at the house demanding to be admitted, and as soon as you were admitted they came up, and found one of your number on guard as a sentry, who took to his heels. They found four of you in the house, and you, Mr. Savage, with a sword in your hand, flourishing it in the most valiant manner, and announcing that you were a tipperary man. I need not say that when the police appeared you did not make any resistance. You at once collapsed, and were taken into custody and were brought to Tralee, and from thence here. I must put a stop to these practices, and to make moonlighting a less fashionable pursuit in future in Cork and Kerry than it has been up to the present time, and to do that I sentence you John Connor, Richard Savage, and Maurice Costello to penal servitude for ten years each; but you, Timothy Bourke, appeared to be a person of higher rank—you occupied an important position in this military organisation. You were called 'captain' on this occasion and took the command of this military party, and

there were found in your pocket credentials and documents showing that you were the accredited agent of a reasonable conspiracy which met that day in Tralee, and marching from there you led this party on the road. Now, the fortunes of war have been against you. If it had turned out otherwise—if you had been the conqueror—I cannot speculate as to what you might have done. But the fortunes of war being against you, and you being caught in the act, I am bound to award a larger punishment to you in consideration of your greater rank and the greater confidence you enjoyed, you being the ringleader of the party. I sentence you to be kept penal servitude for fifteen years.

One of the prisoners said: 'Thank you, my lord.' Another said: 'Thank you, sir.'

Constable Doyle asked whether he should return the swords taken by the prisoners from the house of Mrs. Maybury?

Mr. Justice Lawson said certainly, and he hoped that the police would take care of Mrs. Maybury.

On the 18th of March the house of a farmer named O'Brien, near Fedamore, was fired into by Moonlighters. John Shanley, an old man, living at Meelick, Mohin, was taken from his bed on the night of the 19th of March by Moonlighters and placed across burning coals. An attempted assassination of Sub-Inspector Doherty near Tobercurry, county Sligo, took place on the same day, and a young woman of the name of Lizzie Conroy, was wounded by the bullets. On the same day a fire took place at the Royal Albert Docks, London, which was supposed to be the handiwork of Fenians. An attempt was made to blow up a house occupied by detectives in Nelson-street, Dublin, on the 20th. Peter Andrews was murdered in Tighe-street, Dublin, on the same day, and the trial of Matthew Kinsella, who was charged with the crime, was fixed for the 6th of April, at which time large crowds of people collected opposite the Green-street Court-house, the greatest interest being manifested in the case, the general impression being that the murder was a Fenian assassination.—Chief Justice Morris took his seat on the bench at eleven o'clock, and immediately afterwards the prisoner was placed at the bar.—The Attorney-General (Mr. Johnson, M.P.) stated the case for the Crown.—Andrews was in Kinsella's company in a public-house on the night of the murder, and they left it together at about half-past eight o'clock. About eleven o'clock two men, whom the Crown assume were the prisoner and the deceased, were seen at the door of the house.

Tighe-street. At one in the morning deceased's body was found laid up against the door of the house, No. 6, Tighe-street, and there were traces of blood from there to the room in No. 11, in which deceased lived. Traces of blood were also found on the furniture and on the walls of the room, and the clothes of the prisoner were saturated with blood. The prisoner, when his house was visited next morning by the police, denied that he had heard any noise, but he shook violently in bed, where he was lying. A rifle was subsequently found in the ashpit of No. 11, and also a revolver, of which one chamber was discharged, the remaining bullets in which, allowing for granulated portions of lead found in the skull and a splinter of a bullet found in the room, corresponded with the weight of the bullet found in Andrew's brain. The case for the Crown was closed. No evidence was called for the defence. A verdict of manslaughter was returned by the jury.

On the 21st of March a young man of the name of Downey was fired at and wounded by Moonlighters at Cloghliegh, near Cashel. A Moonlighting party, while attacking a house near Thurles on the 24th, were surprised and fired on by the police, who wounded one of them. A house at Mount Daisy, near Castlebar, was attacked by Moonlighters on the 25th, and the inmates—a man named MacGreevey, his wife and child, fired on and wounded. On the same day the Rev. Father Feehan was prosecuted at Rathdowney for inciting discontent, and sent to gaol in default of giving bail. An attempt to blow up with dynamite the house of Mr. J. R. M'Mahon, land agent at Ahascragh, near Ballinasloe, was made on the 26th. An attempt was also made to blow up a house, near Drumany, Letterkenny, on the 27th. On the 28th a party of Moonlighters fired into a house near Parsonstown; whilst on the same day, Joseph M'Mahon was shot dead in a public-house in Dorset-street, Dublin; and a large discovery of Fenian arms was made in that city. A woman named Bridget Glennon was fired at near Cloghan on the 30th.

MURDER OF MR. HERBERT J.P.

On March 30th, Mr. A. E. Herbert was shot dead, near Castleisland. This murder was regarded as one of the most startling occurrences in Ireland since the murder of Lord Mountmorres, eighteen months before. There was a similarity between the two cases. Both men were magistrates, and both were only nominally landlords. Mr. Herbert was murdered because he set himself

against the prevailing tendency of popular opinion, as represented by the very worst class of Irish society. The district around Castleisland was one of the worst in Ireland. Mr. Herbert must have been alive at ten minutes past six o'clock on the evening of the 30th, for the head constable of Castleisland had parted with him 15 minutes before at a distance of about an English mile. One woman passed the place within five minutes after the occurrence, and every circumstance points to the certainty that people were moving about, either at work in the fields or returning home from their work, when the fatal shots were fired. Within 200 yards, and barely within sight of the fatal spot, is a dwellinghouse, while within half that distance the road divides into two—one branch leading towards Mr. Herbert's residence, and the other forming a continuation of the country road from Castleisland to Killarney. The police had information that three shots were fired in succession, and there were at least two if not three in the firing party. These men must have walked away across an open country, carrying the rifles with which the deed had been committed; yet there was no record of anyone having seen them. They took the arms with them, but they left on the ground two masks. These were made of canvas, with openings for the eyes, and with a braid of light-coloured cow's hair hanging from them like a goat's beard. On one side of the road and close to a telegraph pole, where Mr. Herbert was found, was a large quantity of newly gathered mud heaped up to conceal the pool of blood which had flowed from the body of the deceased gentleman. Mr. Herbert's movements must have been closely watched. Although reckless of danger, and although he had refused anything like a police escort, he was in the habit of availing himself of an escort whenever he was going home after dark. Indeed he drove to and from town accompanied by his man and the police said they could not remember when he walked home before. It is believed that he must have been seen walking into Castleisland early in the day, and that those who saw him judging that he would return walking, resolved to take advantage of the opportunity. From all this it is argued that the murder was committed by local people, and not by strangers imported for the purpose. Mr. Herbert was not an exterminator; he was scarcely a landlord at all; he was by no means harsh as an agent; and with the one or two cases of eviction with which his name is associated, his connection was of the most nominal character. But he

had the reputation of acting harshly at petty sessions. He did not seem to court any other reputation. If he yielded to the more lenient proposals of his colleagues on the bench, he was careful to state that he did so, and that he was inclined to inflict a more substantial punishment. He was not careful to conceal his views of what was necessary to be done in order to secure obedience to the law and a regard for order, and the observations he made at the petty sessions at Limerick, when he expressed his disapproval of the action of the police because they had not 'skivered' the people when they assembled to resist process-serving, was but an extreme instance of his general tone on the bench. He always seemed very desirous of doing justice in all cases that came before him, and on the day of his murder, he was readily accepted as the arbitrator in a number of cases in which disputes between numbers had been brought before the Court. But the memory of the heavy fines he had inflicted was said to have rankled in the breasts of those on whom they had been imposed, and in the breasts of those also who had been obliged to assist in their payment; and for this as well as for other reasons, Mr. Herbert became a marked man. Amongst other causes were enumerated the bad terms on which he was said to have been with his labourers, and the eviction which he was the instrument of carrying out on Mr. Hartnett's estate in May, 1881. Two months after the eviction a Land League meeting was held at which the deceased was denounced, although it was represented that he had nothing to do with the eviction, save that he was the agent of the landlord, and he carried out his principal's orders.

On the 5th of April, the police effected the arrest of another man in connection with the murder of Mr. Herbert, J.P., and they succeeded in discovering the arms with which there is every reason to believe the crime was committed. The man is named James Brown. He was about 25 years of age, and was a casual employé of the farmers of the neighbourhood. Head-constable Huggins and a party of police proceeded to the house of a farmer named Fitzgerald living near Mr. Herbert's place, and arrested Brown on a charge of complicity in this murder, and in an attack on a dwelling-house on last Christmas night. At the Winter Assizes 1881, two men, named Twiss and Callaghan, were charged with attacking the dwelling of a farmer named Hartnett, near Castleisland. Twiss was convicted and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, and jury disagreeing in Callaghan's case he was discharged. The Hon.

Captain Plunkett, R.M., visited the town April the 5th., and Brown was brought before him in the police barracks. Sub-Inspector Davis applied to have him remanded for eight days, and application was granted. There was a force of close upon fifty men now in the Castleisland barracks, and they engaged in scouring the country side for any evidence that would throw light on the murder. Sub-Inspector Davis and a party of men found in a fence within a few fields away from the place of attack a six-chamber revolver, a breech-loading rifle, and muzzle-loading gun. These were believed to be the arms used in the preparation of the crime. Wounds were found on Mr. Herbert's body indicating that three shots were fired and took effect, bullets having been discovered, on a post-mortem examination, in the chest, and gunshot marks on the left and right arms.—The evidence to be derived from the arms discovered coincides with this presumption. The muzzle-loader was found empty, with evidence of a recent discharge, and from this gun the bullet must have been fired. In the breech-loader were found the remnants of two gunshot cartridges, the size of the shot indicated on them corresponding with that found in Mr. Herbert's arms. The revolver was found charged, no shot having been fired from it. The police were of opinion from the first that only two persons took part in the attack, and this discovery confirms the conjectures made. One person must have used the muzzle-loader and the other the breech-loader, he who carried the muzzle-loader held the revolver in reserve in case his bullet failed to take fatal effect. Those two persons the constabulary were sure they had in safe keeping—that is to say, Casey and Brown. Casey, the man in Trillick Gaol, in accordance with a sentence of two months' imprisonment passed on him at the Castleisland Petty Sessions when he was not present, and Brown, the man who was arrested on April 5th. No person was convicted for this murder for want of evidence.

A proclamation was published in the *Dublin Gazette* of April 8th, regarding the murder of Mr. A. E. Herbert, J.P. The Government now offer a reward of £500 for such information as shall within the next month lead to the arrest and prosecution of the persons who committed the murder, and £100 for such private information as shall lead to the same result. The first reward, which is still offered, is a sum of two thousand pounds for such information as shall lead to the conviction of the guilty person or persons, and five hundred pounds

for such private information as shall lead to the same result.

On April 2nd, Mr. Johnstone Parke, Buninadden, Sligo county, was fired at while sitting in his own house.

ASSASSINATION OF MRS. HENRY SMYTHE.

On April 2nd., as Mr. W. B. Smythe, a landlord in the county Westmeath, was driving home from Collinstown church he was fired at. He was not injured, but a lady who was in the carriage with him was wounded, and afterwards died.

The inquest on the body of Mrs. Henry Smythe was held on April 5th., at Barbavilla, the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. W. Barlow Smythe, D.L. Mr. W. Barlow Smythe was the first witness examined. He stated that the deceased arrived at his place on a visit on April 1st. She and Lady Harriet Monck drove to Collinstown Church together, but witness walked. He was in the carriage on the return journey, and the two ladies with him. The deceased lady got in first and placed herself with her back to the horse. The carriage proceeded to Barbavilla, and nothing occurred until they were about 200 yards from the house. Witness was then startled by the noise of glass breaking, for he hardly realised at first that a shot had been fired. He said something like, 'Good God, I think we are under fire.' He thought at first that it was something like a tremendous hailstorm. Just at that moment the deceased lady sank forward, he thought, fainting from terror, as she was a very nervous person. His attention was a little distracted, and he pulled out his revolver and held it out of the window. The coachman stooped down and asked him if anything had happened and he replied 'No.' The coachman then headed the horse straight up to the yard. It was only when they reached the yard witness knew the deceased lady was wounded. She was carried in and Dr. Carleton was sent for. Witness was not even aware that she was then dead. Mr. Smythe wished to give some reasons or motive for the outrage, and observed that it was he, and not the lady, whom it was intended to shoot. The Coroner, however, stopped him, and said that these matters were for the magistrates, and not for his court. John Sherwood, the coachman, deposed, in reply to the Coroner, that he was coming home with the brougham at about half-past two o'clock. When they reached a point in the avenue about forty paces from the house witness heard two shots fired. Witness stooped down and asked Mr. Smythe if anything had happened. He

said 'No.' On raising himself he saw a man in a stooping position. He was on a slight eminence, and was partly concealed by the branches of a tree. He could not say whether the man had any arms in his hand. After witness raised his head he heard a third shot fired. Witness was quite certain that that was the shot which broke the glass in the front window. Mr. Smythe thought the witness was wrong, for he believed it was the first shot that killed his sister-in-law. Witness said that the hole was not in the glass of the carriage at the time he stooped down to ask Mr. Smythe if any one was hurt. He did not see the hole in the window until he reached the yard. Witness drove fast, and when about five paces further on a fourth shot was fired. When the carriage drew up in the yard, and when the occupants of the carriage were getting out, he saw that one lady, Mrs. Henry Smythe, was severely wounded. He did not know whether she was dead. After the ladies left the carriage witness entered it, and found what, to the best of his knowledge, was a bullet hole, and the right-hand window in the side of the carriage was broken. A portion of the brains and of the hair of the deceased lady adhered to the broken glass. On the hind seats of the carriage there was blood, and there was a quantity of blood in the bottom of the carriage. When what witness believed to be the fatal shot and the shot that passed through the carriage was fired, the man was still in advance of him. Witness could not identify the man, he did not see his face, nor could he say whether he wore a mask. Dr. Carleton deposed that he was called in about four o'clock in the afternoon. He was told that Mrs. Smythe was dead, and on examining the body he saw sufficient to show that death must have been instantaneous. The brain was completely lacerated, all the bones forming the right side were fractured. The whole cranium was so much shaken that it was scarcely possible to hold it together. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased was wilfully murdered by some person or persons unknown.—The police were engaged in searching the plantations on the demesne, with a view of discovering arms or anything that might throw light on the occurrence, but without success.

The following correspondence passed between Mr. Smythe and Mr. Gladstone:—'Barbavilla House, Collinstown, Killucan, April 3, 1882.—Sir,—Your practical adhesion to the principle that 'Force is no remedy' in the case of Irish savagery has culminated here in making it easy for the assassin guerilla

of the Land League to murder my sister-in-law, Mrs. H. Smythe, yesterday, not long after noonday, in my carriage, returning from church with me (their intended victim) and Lady H. Menck, who also escaped. I enclose the circumstances of the case that led to it, and I challenge the Empire to produce an honest jury that shall convict me of moral wrong in my action in the matter. I lay the guilt of the deed of blood at your door in the face of the whole country, supported as you are in that part of your policy by the 'No Rent' M.P.'s, their press, and some Irish bishops. The unfortunate remark of a judge, that murderous outrages were confined to the same class as the assassins, has begun to be terribly refuted.—I am, W. B. SMYTHE, Senior, D.L., County Westmeath.—To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.' I have to add that the terrorism existing under the protection of your policy is so tremendous that I know there are few of those who abhor the crime who would venture to denounce the assassins had they seen them, and that were they to do so their lives would be forfeited, while the prisoners would almost as surely escape after the farce of a trial by jury.—'10, Downing-street, Whitehall, 4th April, 1882.—Sir,—I am directed by Mr. Gladstone to acquaint you that he has this morning received your letter, and he begs to assure you of his deep and heartfelt sympathy with you on the occasion of this terrible outrage which has been committed. He is confident that you will readily understand why he does not notice the matters of charge contained in your communication.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, (Signed) E. W. Hamilton.—W. B. Smythe, Esq.'

Mr. W. B. Smythe, whose sister was killed on the 2nd of April, addressed the following letter to the tenants on his estate on the 10th: 'To the residents on the Barbavilla estate and others.—I don't go through the farce of calling you friends. Few of you are so. Most of you, by your silence, assented to the deed of blood, and many of you only regret that one who has passed a long life and spent his income amongst you was not the victim. Some of you knew who was intended, and are as guilty in God's sight as the murderer. On a former occasion you went through the form of condemning the sending me threatening notices. That decent hypocrisy does not exist now, but you are better teachers and better taught, and have not, therefore insulted me with your address of condolence and congratulation. I wish you to know that those amongst you liable to rent will in future pay to a non-resident agent, who

can make no further allowance or do anything on the property not strictly required by law. I regard many of you as guilty of complicity, directly or indirectly, in the blood which was shed at Collinstown. But more of you are accomplices after the fact on your tacit countenance of the instigators of a murder which you may now regret, because of the fatal mistake, and which you of course hope to rectify, and as prejudicial to your Land League of men and women, but not a sin against God's commandment, 'You shall do no murder.' May He lead some of you to repentance, and give you forgiveness, for His Son's sake, whose death is now being celebrated by all who call themselves Christians in this wretched island.'

On April 4th, Mr. D. O'Donnell, Oulathomas, Erris, was fired at.

A MOST CRUEL AND FIENDISH OUTRAGE.

John Sullivan, a farmer, was waylaid on the 4th of April, at Ballyellis, Mallow, and almost beaten to death.

Mr. Justice Lawson presided in the court-house, Green-street, Dublin, on Aug. 14th, and tried the prisoners, William Bryan, John Kinsella, and Jeremiah Duggan, who were indicted for having on April 4th, at Balladere, in the county of Cork, maliciously wounded one John Sullivan, with intent to kill and murder. The prisoners pleaded not guilty.

The Attorney-General stated the case for the Crown, and after calling two witnesses, John Sullivan, the man who was beaten, was called. He being weak, owing to the severe character of the injuries he received when he was assaulted, was assisted to the witness chair. His hair (black) was shaved close to the skull, which presented an extraordinary appearance. There was a cut on the right side of the forehead, near the temple, and on both sides of the head there was a number of furrows, looking like footpaths on a mountain top, traces of wounds, caused by sticks, which must have been used so unmercifully by his assailants. On examination by Mr. Murphy, Q.C., he said he had a wife and children. As to what occurred on the night of the 4th of April, he said he was not in his right senses after he was beaten, but he now recollected a deal of what occurred. He had known Kinsella, Duggan, and Mahony, but he had not known Bryan as well. Mahony speaking of a bit of ground that he was about buying, said 'There was no one shamed in his own place except him (witness). Kinsella, who had a heavy stick, said he would break it on witness' head. In Leihan's lane at the

stream some man threw me down and jumped on my face; I cannot say who he was; the others struck me as fast as they could strike; I have no recollection of being carried to the stream; I knew Mahony, Kinsella, Bryan, and Duggan came back. Hogan told me it would be safer for me to go to my brother's house, but Mahony and Kinsella said it was nothing, and caught hold of the collar of my coat. I shook myself free of them, and said I would go home myself; I walked after them; Casey was inclined to go for the police; I was left alone with the three prisoners and Mahony; I was hardly able to walk, but could have gone home if I had been allowed; at another part of the road I was felled again; they fell on me, beating me with sticks; Duggan stood back and said it was a shame, and not to kill the man entirely; only that I put up my arms the face would have been ground off me with sticks; after Duggan spoke I think I got eight or nine strokes more on the head and hand. I pretended to be dead, and they went away a short distance. Mahony returned, leaped on me, and said that I should never again interfere with Miss Nolan. A gentleman's car came up, and I asked for God's sake to be taken up, but the gentleman would not take me up. He appeared to be in dread. I have never been the same since. I cannot sleep at night now.

Mr. Keogh said that in consequence of the witness's weak state he should ask him only a few questions.

The witness was then examined in reference to matters to which he had already deposed.

Dr. Berry deposed that Sullivan was brought to his house on a cart between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of the 5th of April. His head was a mass of bruises, and the bone was bare in several places, and the scalp gone. His hands and arms were bruised and blackened, and one finger of his left hand was smashed. All his body was bruised. There was a cut over his eye, and his eyes and face were blackened. The bruises on his body were severe, but the condition of his head was what his attention was mainly directed to. He (Dr. Berry) had him sent to the infirmary. Sullivan had been there five or six weeks; he left long before he (Dr. Berry) thought he should have left. When he saw him first he thought his chances of recovery were small. He was still suffering from the effects of his injuries, and he would never be the same man he was.

Mr. Justice Lawson, in charging the jury, said in transactions of this kind it was impossible to tell who struck each

blow, but if a number of men went together, and if a man was beaten in their presence a person could not have much difficulty in arriving at a conclusion that they were all concerned in the transaction, and that they all used their sticks. The details of the outrage were shocking, and the only glimpse of light in it was that Duggan said, 'Don't kill him; it's a shame.' He thought that would be in Duggan's favour in apportioning his punishment.

The jury retired, and after half an hour deliberation, returned with a verdict of guilty.

Mr. Justice Lawson said this was one of the most shocking outrages he had listened to in the whole course of his judicial experience. This band, after beating Sullivan at the stream, got him from his friends and brought him away and again fell upon and beat him in so dreadful a manner that it was a miracle his life was saved, but he (Mr. Justice Lawson) was sorry to say that his life was now of little value to him. John Kinsella was the worst of the lot, and had been foremost in all that occurred, and he would be sentenced to penal servitude for twenty years, Bryan would be kept in penal servitude for fifteen years, and Duggan—the only one who exhibited any trace of human feeling—would only be sentenced to ten years penal servitude.

A moonlight raiding party, said to be mounted, ejected, on April 6th, an unfortunate labourer and his family, and afterwards demolished the building. The tenant overhauled possession of the cottage from a farmer, and some legal difficulty being in the way, the farmer, it is said, took this summary mode of ejecting his tenant. The farmer, whose name is Swanton, and his son were arrested. A reward of one hundred pounds was offered in the *Gazette* of April 8th, for information which shall lead to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who on the evening of the 23rd of March wilfully and maliciously set fire to the out houses of a farm on the townland of Rathmure, in the parish of Killaune, county Wexford.

On the 12th of April, James Bryne was sentenced to three months imprisonment, with hard labour, for having a large quantity of arms unlawfully in his possession. On the same day an attempt was made to assassinate Thomas M'Gowan, publican, in his own house at Keadue. On April 11th a farmer named Roche, living near Doneraile, complained that his house had been fired into, and expressed his belief that the shots had come from two persons, who were in a tax-cart. The police made

inquiries as to the persons in the vehicle. The bullet is alleged to have entered the window and lodged in the wall close to a bed that was occupied by some of the inmates of the house. On the 14th of April, the house of Thomas Manney, a farmer, living at Redmondstown, uncommon, was fired into by Moonlighters. On April 16th, an outrage of a daring character occurred at Ballinvirick, the residence of Mrs. Royce. The house is about two miles from Ballingrane, a station on the Limerick and Tralee line. As Miss Royce and her cousin were being driven to church in the morning, two men jumped into the road and seized the horse by the head. The coachman was dragged from the box, put on his knees on the road and was informed he must give up his employment. As he was rising from the ground one man fired a revolver at him, fortunately missing him. A third man stood by the wall at the road-side. The three were disguised by handkerchiefs thrown over their heads. Miss Royce and Miss Ross behaved with the greatest bravery, the former jumping from the carriage and confronting the man with a revolver who pointed it at her, calling him a coward and a villain to attack ladies. The scoundrels then leisurely decamped. Leaving the coachman at home, the two ladies drove into Rathkeale to church, and informed the police of the occurrence. Afterwards, declining police protection, they were again driven home by a gentleman.

MURDER OF RICHARD ROACHE.

A terrible murder was committed at Cleverfield, near Kiltelly, county Limerick, on the night of April 17th, the victim being the butler in the employment of the Property Defence Association. His body was discovered shot dead in a boreen, or bye-road, early on the morning of the 19th. The murdered man, whose name was Roache, was residing with some other men in a house off the road, and he was last seen alive about eleven o'clock on the 18th. Roache was in charge of a farm from which a tenant in the neighbourhood was evicted, and this circumstance has led the authorities to conclude that the murder is an agrarian one. It appears that Roache, an army pensioner, was with three other pensioners sent from Dublin on the 22nd of March by the Emergency Committee to take charge of a farm on the property of a Mr. Caldwell, from which a tenant was evicted for non-payment of rent on the 6th of February. The farm is three miles from Dromkeen Railway Station. Mr. Clifford Lloyd declined to give any special

police protection, but stated that the men would be protected by means of police patrols. On the occasion of the eviction the two pensioners, acting on the advice of the officers in charge of the military present, returned to Dublin, the doors and windows having been removed from the house by the tenant or his friends, so as to render it untenable, and the nearest police station being three miles from the farm. From these circumstances, and the fact that the house is a considerable distance from the high road, and is only reached by a boreen, it was considered that it would be dangerous to leave two men in charge of the farm. The four pensioners were provided with Snider rifles and revolvers, the house being put into repair by carpenters from this city. The deceased went to Limerick on the 17th, to order some coal, and the fact of his being alone seems to have been known to his murderers, who watched his return and secreted themselves in the boreen where the murder took place.

This murder proved to have been a shocking affair, and to have been carefully planned and carried out. There are circumstances which in the minds of people in the locality invested the occurrence with the mystery and a certain amount of suspicion against two of the deceased's comrades. Roache on his return from Limerick, in the evening was met at Dromkeen Station by two of the other butlers, named Edwards and Warren. The three went into the public-house of a woman named M'Elliott, and after a delay Roache expressed his intention to go on in advance of the other two. Warren and Edwards returned half an hour later, and on their arrival at home found that Roache had not arrived. They had not seen him on their way, and they made no efforts to hunt him up. The police patrol visited the place on post about ten o'clock, and learned that Roache was missing. A search was made, but without success until the following morning, when his dead body was found in the boreen leading to the house. The head was a mass of wounds. The skull was fractured, and five bullet wounds were found in the left side. Pools of blood here and there, and the appearance of the ground, showed that a struggle had taken place. The parcels the deceased had fetched from Limerick were on the road, near where he lay, but his revolver was gone. It is supposed the man was tracked from the moment he was seen leaving the public-house, and was attacked in the boreen and seized before he had time to draw his revolver, which, having been wrested from him,

was turned on himself with fatal precision.

The funeral of the murdered bailiff Roache, took place on April 22nd, in Dublin, the remains being interred in Mount Jerome cemetery. There was excitement in Pallas when the remains were conveyed to the railway station by a strong escort of military and police. Captain Lloyd with military formed a guard to watch the coffin while waiting at the station, previous to the arrival of the train which took it to Dublin. Bonfires were lit on the surrounding hills in honour of the murder.

On the 17th of April, the house of Mr. Clanin, near Frankford, King's County, was partially blown up with dynamite. On the same day an attempt was made to murder a rent-warner named Cullaty, by Moonlighters, at Corker, Castleisland. Cullaty was dangerously wounded. An unoccupied Constabulary hut was blown up at Snir Castle, Golden, on April 18th. Sub-Constable Timney was shot at, on the night of April 19th, while standing on the road near Derreenavoggy, co. Leitrim, but escaped uninjured. He stated that a party of six men came up suddenly, carrying arms and having their faces blackened. One of them fired at him, thereupon he drew his revolver, and returned the fire, wounding two of the party, but they all escaped. On April 20th, as Stanley, the principal officer of the Emergency Association, was returning to Macroom, after being engaged with the sheriff in evicting some tenants, he was attacked by a mob. He was badly beaten, and his assailants were in the act of throwing him over the bridge, when a policeman interposed and saved him. Stanley sustained severe injuries. Several arrests were made. On the night of the 20th of April, four constables on protection duty discovered a party of Moonlighters while they were engaged attacking the dwelling-house of a man named Costello, who was fired at and dangerously wounded at Derra, near Listowel, county Kerry. Before the police came up the Moonlighters, who numbered 200, had killed two of Costello's donkeys which were in the yard, and had commenced their attack on the house. When the police commenced to fire into them, the fire was returned but without effect. The police wounded a number of Moonlighters, and made fifteen arrests. All the houses within a radius of two miles were searched with the view of discovering whether any of the inmates had wounds. On the same night, a farmer named James Quinlan, residing at Binnageld, county Tipperary, went to

Thurles to pay his rent, and on the morning following his body was found in a bog-hole near his residence. At an inquest held on the 22nd, the jury returned an open verdict. It appeared there were no marks of violence, but the case was regarded as one of extreme suspicion. On the 23rd of April, Thomas Brady was shot dead at Coolaherty, Longford. The stables of the Rev. Mr. Swanzy, rector, Castlemagner, residing near Kanturk, were entered on the night of April 24th, and the cocks were cut off two donkeys belonging to the rev. gentleman. The outrage was unexplained. A notice appeared in the *Dublin Gazette* of April 25th offering a reward of £900 for information that would lead to the conviction of the person or persons who, on the night of the 27th of March, attempted to blow up the house of Henry Lucas, of Drumany, near Letterkenny, county Donegal, with a shell.

On April 28th Earl Cowper resigned the office of Viceroy. The announcement caused a good deal of sensation. Lord Cowper was succeeded by Lord Spencer.

The house of a bailiff named Thompson, near Oola, was attacked by Moonlighters, on the 28th of April. A similar outrage was committed on a bailiff named Kirby, living near Bilboa, on the same day.

On the night of April 30th, King Williamstown, a remote district situated in the extreme limits of the county Cork, and near Kerry, was the scene of a brutal murder. The body of John Keefe, a farmer residing in the neighbourhood, was found by a ditch near the public road under circumstances which left no doubt as to his being murdered. The head was fractured and other wounds showed the unfortunate man had been subjected to shocking violence. It is surmised that Keefe was attacked and received his fatal injuries on the public road, and that the body was dragged into an adjoining field and placed under cover of some bushes. The brother and nephew of the deceased were arrested. The brothers had lived on very bad terms in consequence of a dispute about a piece of land. Another arrest was made on Wednesday May 3rd, it was a man named Sullivan, who was in the employment of the deceased. The weapon supposed to have been used by the murderer was found concealed in a furze brake near the scene. It is a pitchfork with a broken handle. Stains of blood were found on it, and a splinter of timber, found near where the body lay, fitted into the tag end of the handle. The pitchfork was likely to afford an important clue to the perpetrators of the

crime. The jury returned an open verdict, and expressed their horror of the murder.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RESIGNATION OF THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND, MR. FORSTER — SHOOTING OF 'A WOULD-BE ASSASSIN'—APPOINTMENT OF LORD FREDERICK CHARLES CAVENDISH, AS CHIEF SECRETARY—ENTRY OF LORD CAVENDISH AND EARL SPENCER, THE NEW LORD LIEUTENANT, INTO DUBLIN—BRUTAL ASSASSINATION OF LORD FREDERICK CHARLES CAVENDISH, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND, AND MR. THOMAS HENRY BURKE, THE UNDER SECRETARY, IN PHOENIX PARK—THEIR MEMOIR, LYING-IN-STATE, AND INTERMENT—ADDRESSES OF PUBLIC BODIES CONDEMNING THE MURDERERS—MURDER OF HENRY EAST—MURDER OF CORNELIAS HICKEY — MURDER OF MR. BOURKE, AND THE DRAGOON, CORPORAL WALLACE—NUMEROUS MOONLIGHTERS' ATTACKS UPON HOUSES AND INDIVIDUALS, WITH OTHER OUTRAGES WHICH TOOK PLACE IN THE MONTHS OF MAY AND JUNE, 1882.

On the night of May 2nd, at eight minutes to eleven o'clock, Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly were released from Kilmainham Gaol. The same night there was great excitement in Dublin upon the resignation of Mr. Foster, and the announcement of the intention to release the three members. Large crowds assembled in the streets and 'cheered for Parnell' and 'groaned for Buckshot Foster.' The intelligence of Mr. Foster's resignation and the announcements by Mr. Cranville and Mr. Gladstone that the political prisoners would be released, created the greatest excitement in Waterford, on May 2nd. Bands turned out and paraded the streets, playing national airs, and emblems of rejoicing were displayed on all sides. At Belfast, on May 2nd, a tenant farmer named Pat Cushman was arrested on a charge of being one of the riotous mob who abused and intimidated two bailiffs who had been

put into possession of his premises. Cushman resided on a mountainous district, between Belfast and Lisburn. The two bailiffs got possession on Friday night, April 29th, of the premises, which are a short distance from a constabulary barrack. From depositions made by the bailiffs it appears that on Sunday night, May 1st, they were attacked by this mob, of which Cushman was a member. The bailiffs alleged they were abused and intimidated in a variety of ways. The same day, a house occupied by Emergency men on the Murroe property of Lord Cloncurry was attacked by a party of men. The Emergency men turned out and fired upon the attacking party, who decamped. Traces of blood were afterwards observed. The same day a man named Thomas Delahunty, living at Clara, was fired at while seated at his fireside. Earl Cowper left in state on Thursday afternoon, May 4th, after the address reception at the Castle. On May 5th a would-be assassin was shot at a place called Black Patch, near Foxford, in county Mayo. This formed the subject of a coroner's inquiry in the town of Swinford. A jury was brought from that town to the scene of the occurrence and sworn beside the spot where the dead man was lying. They saw Patrick Jennings as he fell after receiving a wound from McGloin, whose life he had previously attempted to take. The body having been viewed, the inquiry was adjourned to Swinford. The principal witness was a youth named Henry Corley, in the employment of Mr. McGloin, who swore to seeing a man walking a distance behind a country cart in which another man was seated, driving, and when Mr. McGloin's car was coming up to the country cart the man walked behind it, crossed to the left side of the road, and when they were passing the man slowly, near the country cart, Corley heard Mr. McGloin exclaim, 'Are you going to shoot me?' and on turning round saw the stranger pointing a revolver at Mr. McGloin. The latter fell off the car, owing to the horse giving a start. He was grasping his Winchester rifle, and the man ran off. McGloin, when he had regained his feet, fired at the man, but missed him. He fired again, when the would-be murderer had got about the middle of a field, without effect. McGloin then knelt on one knee and again fired, and the man staggered a moment and fell on his face. Mr. McGloin and his boy then drove off to Foxford. The other witnesses appeared to give their evidence with reluctance, and said they

only saw McGloin fire at the man and didn't see the man do anything. One swore to having seen the shots fired, and on seeing the body afterwards saw a revolver in the dead man's right hand. It was admitted that Mr. McGloin fired at the man. Twelve of the jury out of fourteen were of opinion that Mr. McGloin was not justified in firing the shot, and a verdict of Manslaughter against that gentleman was returned. On May 6th, James Duffin, a farmer, was shot dead at Stoneyford, Kilkenny.

RECEPTION OF THE NEW VICE-ROY AND SECRETARY.

Earl Spencer was favoured with as fine weather on making his State entry into Dublin, May 6th, as was accorded to Earl Cowper two days before on his State exit. The new Viceroy, accompanied by Lord Frederick Cavendish (Chief Secretary), Hon. Robert Spencer M.P., and Mr. Courtenay Boyle (Private Secretary,) arrived at Kingstown at 7 o'clock A.M., on the 6th. His Excellency remained on board until twelve o'clock noon, when he took his place in the State carriage of the special train which had been drawn up on Carlsale pier. Westland-row, Dublin, was reached in eight minutes. Here the Lord Mayor and several members of the Corporation were assembled to receive Lord Spencer. His Excellency, on alighting shook hands with the Lord Mayor (Mr. Dawson, M.P.) after which the ceremony followed of the presentation, by the City Marshal, of the keys of the city to his Excellency, who returned them to the Lord Mayor, observing that he had to express his thanks for the reception accorded to him, and to express a hope that his tenure of office would conduce to the peace and prosperity of Ireland. The Viceregal progress through the city was marked by manifestations of welcome. The people cheered along the route, which was lined with troops. The streets were decorated with flags; and military and other bands were posted at intervals, which played the national anthem as the procession passed. Then followed the ceremony of swearing-in Earl Spencer, which was conducted in the Privy Council Chamber, in the usual fashion. No unpleasant incident occurred during the procession, but shortly afterwards a disturbance arose in front of Trinity College. It appears that while the procession was passing Nassau-street, a bag of flour was thrown at the Lord Mayor's carriage, presumably by one of the students. A short time afterwards some persons

supposed to be students were recognised in Grafton-street, and the mob followed them and hooted them. By and by stones were thrown at the students, when the latter turned on the mob, and chased them with their sticks, with which they administered blows. The students were soon joined by others, who did not seem loath to seize the opportunity of attacking the roughs, whom they chased down Westmoreland-street. The roughs rallied at Fleet-street, where there was a large quantity of loose stones. These they made free use of. This continued for three-quarters of an hour, within a stone's throw of the College-street police-station, and for the time, no police appeared on the scene. On their arrival the disturbance was quelled. Towards the close of the proceedings the Lord Mayor passed through the middle of the crowd. Being recognised he was cheered. On the same day an affray occurred at Ballina the result of the affray was a melancholy one. The children's band turned out, with a drum and tin whistles. They marched through the streets accompanied by a crowd, several members of which carried lighted tar-barrels. When the procession arrived in Bridge-street the police seized the instruments and ordered the bandsmen to disperse. Sub-Inspector Ball was appealed to to give back the instruments, but he refused. Stone-throwing was then commenced, with the result that Sub-Inspector Ball had his lip cut, and two sub-constables received cuts on the head. The police charged the crowd, but the stone-throwing was continued. They then fired at the crowd and wounded seven or eight persons—all boys. One of these, named Kiely, aged 14, died, also a lad named Meledy, aged 12.

The other boys wounded by the police in the collision between them and the people at Ballina recovered from their wounds.

The mail car conveying mails between Cork and Queenstown was attacked on the 6th, at four o'clock by four men who wore crape over their faces and carried arms. The car left Cork on the arrival of the mail train from Dublin about half-past two, and it had reached a point of the road between Fota, the residence of Mr. Smith Barry, and Slatty, three miles from Queenstown, when the four men came out on the road and called on the driver to halt, one of the men at the same time seized the horse by the head. The driver was asked if he carried arms. A search was made of the car and of his person, but no weapons were found.

ASSASSINATION OF THE CHIEF SECRETARY, LORD FREDERICK CHARLES CAVENDISH, AND THE UNDER-SECRETARY, MR. THOMAS HENRY BURKE.

A double murder of a most brutal and dastardly character took place on the 6th day of May, in Phoenix Park, Dublin. This murder furnished an entirely new example of the abominable wickedness of a foul and fiendish conspiracy, such as perhaps never before afflicted civilized society—how any body of men calling themselves *human*, could concoct and carry out a blood-thirsty crime like the one we are about to record, baffled the thoughts of the ordinary run of well-ordered, peace-loving, law-abiding citizens even of the city of Dublin, as well as all other people under the government of our well beloved Sovereign the Queen.

Whether it was the members of the Fenian organization, or those associated with the Land League, who planned the murder of Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish and Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, or men belonging to both ranks cannot be determined. Both these secret societies not only disavowed any connection with it, but were some of the loudest in their condemnation of the villanous crime. Whoever did the foul deed laid their plans with great skill and consummate tact.

Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish had only arrived in the city of Dublin at noon on the day of the assassination, and was installed into office but a few hours before the deed of blood was committed. He had not given Irishmen the least cause for hatred against him; nay, rather, he went there on a most peaceful mission, and was to be the means in the hands of the government of inaugurating a policy of greater clemency than had been practised by his predecessor, Mr. Forster; therefore he could not be any other than a friend to the lovers of true freedom and justice in Ireland. That such a man should fall by the assassin's dagger or knife, was a state of things that showed that in Dublin there was lurking in some obscure place, a band of murderers whose acts of blood were equal in atrocity to any that ever were perpetrated in any country, barbarous or civilized, under the sun.

Lord Cavendish, the newly appointed Chief-Secretary for Ireland, and M.P. for the northern division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, with the Permanent Under-Secretary for the government, Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, fell victims to the assassin's daggers, they were attacked in open daylight, in the most public, and best known park in

the Irish metropolis. The murderers fell upon them unawares and when the attack was least suspected; it was believed that the victims, even if they had been armed, had not the opportunity of defending themselves, so sudden and unexpected was the attack. So far as his Lordship was concerned the murder could not have been carried out to revenge any injury, real or fancied. It was thought that the assassination was perpetrated for the purpose of intimidating all the servants of Her Majesty's government.

Saturday, May 6th, 1882, was the day upon which the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Spencer, K.G., succeeding to that great office upon the retirement of Earl Cowper, arrived from England, and made his public entry into Dublin, receiving a formal address from the Lord Mayor and Corporation of that city, and loudly cheered by the people as he rode on horseback through the streets. On arriving at the Castle the new Viceroy was received by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King at Arms, and the Gentleman Usher, and was conducted to the Presence Chamber, where he was received by the Lords Justices, the Duke of Leinster, the Master of the Rolls (Sir Edward Sullivan), and General Sir Thomas Steele, who sat wearing their hats under the canopy; and the Earl's secretary read the Queen's Commission appointing him to office. A procession was formed to conduct his Lordship to the Privy Council Chamber, where the ceremony of swearing him in took place. Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, bore the Sword of State, and afterwards Earl Spencer took his seat at the council board, with his head covered, as Lord Lieutenant. Lord Frederick Cavendish was then sworn as Chief Secretary by the Clerk of the Council. A rocket from the Castle yard announced the completion of the ceremony, and a salute of fifty guns was fired in the adjacent Phoenix Park. The Lord Lieutenant was next conducted in due procession to the Presence Chamber, where he took his seat in state; another salute, of twenty-one guns, hailed the installation of the Queen's representative in Ireland, and several official persons were presented to his Excellency, which ended the ceremonial proceedings. The new Chief Secretary, Lord Frederick Cavendish, remained in the offices of his own department, engaged in business, till past seven o'clock, when he set out for his lodge in Phoenix Park, which is about the centre of that inclosure. His Lordship went on foot. He knew the way well, for he had been there before when his brother, Lord Hartington, was

Chief Secretary. He had arrived from England but a few hours before.

Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, left the Castle on a car some minutes later, and overtook Lord F. Cavendish about the Park gate. The Under-Secretary then got off the car, which he dismissed, and the Under-Secretary and Chief Secretary walked together on the left-hand path. It was presumed that Lord Cavendish was going merely to look in at his own house, for he and the Under-Secretary were to dine with Earl Spencer at the Viceregal Lodge. About two hundred yards from the Phoenix Column, they were murderously attacked. It was then nearly half-past seven o'clock, but it was still broad daylight. The attack was so sudden and silent that it scarcely attracted any notice. A common hackney car appears to have driven up and four fellows jumped off it, the driver remaining in his seat. Lord Frederick Cavendish was on the outside of the path, and Mr. Burke was next the grass. The assailants rushed upon them with daggers, and a fierce struggle for life took place. But the murderers killed their victims in a few moments, and then drove off by a side road in the direction of Chapelizod, and rapidly disappeared.

The Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by his private secretary and a servant, had ridden to the Viceregal Lodge about half an hour previously, and he had just entered his garden in front of the Lodge, when in the distance his Excellency observed a scuffle going on in the road. It appeared to him to be merely a brawl, but he gave directions that a policeman should be sent to see what it was. Little did he think that Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke were being murdered before his face.

There were other persons who saw the men, from a distance, struggling with each other, but had no idea that murder was being done. No shouts or shrieks were heard. An officer of the Royal Dragoons, Lieutenant Greatorex, was walking with his dogs, and witnessed what seemed to him a drunken squabble, or a bit of horse-play, two or three hundred yards off. He saw one man knocked or pushed down, as he thought, and he afterwards saw another on the ground. The four men left got upon the car in waiting, and drove quickly past Lieutenant Greatorex along the road leading to the Hibernian School. He wondered why the two men on the ground did not arise, till he walked up to where they lay, and he then found them dead. A boy named Samuel Jacob, while strolling along the sunk fence of the Viceregal grounds, also saw three or

four men near a car wrestling with two other men; he saw one man hit another with his fist, as he thought, when the latter was on the ground; this man then followed his companions, who had got upon the car, and it took them away together. Two young men riding on tricycles, Patrick William Maguire and Thomas Foley, had seen the two unfortunate gentlemen walking arm-in-arm a few minutes before. The tricyclists having reached the Phoenix Park Column, rounded it and turned back, and when they had got two hundred yards on their return saw the dead bodies. Lord F. Cavendish's was lying in the carriage-way, stabbed through the right lung, with a deep wound in the neck and another in the side. His right arm was broken. Death must have been instantaneous, for there was no sign of life, and blood was oozing in large quantities from the wounds. The body of Mr. Burke was found lying on the grass. It was fearfully mutilated. The throat was cut right across the windpipe. There was a wound in the breast going through the base of the heart, and a third, about two inches long, on the left side of his neck, just under the ear.

The alarm was at once given to the police, and at the Viceregal Lodge; the military guard turned out, and a stretcher was brought. The body of Lord F. Cavendish was placed on this, till a car could be fetched, and that of Mr. Burke was put on another car. The police went to Steeven's Hospital, and Dr. Thomas Myles, the resident surgeon, at once came out, but on the way met a party carrying the body of Mr. Burke, about one hundred and fifty yards inside the Park gate. At first he thought he could feel the heart's action, but afterwards believed that he was mistaken. Half a mile further on he met a party of guardsmen bringing the body of Lord F. Cavendish, who was dead. The bodies were brought to the hospital, where a further examination was made. A servant from the Viceregal Lodge identified the bodies as those of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and they were then placed in a private room and locked up, pending the Coroner's inquest. The police remained in charge, and would allow no one to see them. After the bodies had been removed from the scene of the assassination, policemen were left near the great pool of blood which marked the scene of the crime. A crowd soon collected at the dreadful spot.

The shocking news was presently communicated by telegraph to London, and the Home Secretary at once made it known to Mr. Gladstone. There was



MR. BURKE, MURDERED IN PHOENIX PARK, MAY 6, 1882 —SEE PAGE 198

an official reception that evening at the Admiralty, where several of the Ministers were present. Lord Hartington was informed of his brother's death by a telegram sent from Dublin to Devonshire House. He went directly, accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, who is aunt to Lady Frederick Cavendish, to tell that unhappy lady that she had lost her husband. A message was also despatched by Lord Hartington to his aged father, the Duke of Devonshire, who was at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire. The Ministers, hastily leaving the Admiralty, went to Downing-street to discuss the situation of affairs, and a Cabinet Council was summoned for three o'clock next day, Sunday afternoon, May 7th. By eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, most London people who were about town, whether at the clubs, or at the theatres, or at evening parties, heard of the terrible event. At the Gaiety Theatre, where the Prince and Princess of Wales were among the audience, the performance was stopped. On Sunday morning, the news having spread to every large town in England, there was a movement of national feeling seldom equalled. Thousands of people first heard of it at their churches and chapels, when they assembled for Divine worship; the leading clergymen and dissenting ministers spoke of it from the pulpit. But some of the provincial newspapers came out on Sunday with special editions, which were eagerly bought up at any price; and meetings were called for the Sunday afternoon or evening by the local politicians, especially the Irishmen in Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, to denounce the infamous crime in Dublin.

The leaders of the Irish Land League, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and others, who had on the Saturday afternoon welcomed Michael Davitt on his release from the Portland convict establishment, were not apprised of the murders, though in London, till breakfast-time on Sunday morning. Mr. Redmond was at Manchester, and made a speech at an Irish meeting there, which passed a resolution expressing much regret and indignation. Mr. Parnell sent telegrams to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and to the Mayors of Cork, Waterford, and Limerick, suggesting that they should immediately call meetings of their respective Corporations to pass resolutions denouncing the assassinations; and this was done in almost every Irish city. A manifesto, signed by Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Davitt, was placarded in Dublin, and all over Ireland, addressed to the Irish

people. It expressed, in the strongest possible language, their grief and horror at the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke as a hideous stain upon the character of their country, and as the greatest calamity that could befall their cause, just when 'it had been determined at the last hour that a policy of conciliation should supplement that of terrorism and national distrust. We earnestly hope,' said the Land League chiefs, 'that the attitude and action of the whole Irish people will assure the world that an assassination such as that which has startled us almost to the abandonment of hope for our country's cause is deeply and religiously abhorrent to their every feeling and instinct. We appeal to you to show, by every manner of expression possible, that amidst the universal feeling of horror which this assassination has excited, no people feel so intense a detestation of its atrocity, or so deep a sympathy for those whose hearts must be seared by it, as the nation upon whose prospects and reviving hopes it may entail consequences more ruinous than have yet fallen to the lot of unhappy Ireland during the present generation.' These sentiments were repeated, with some additional remarks, in the statements which the Land League Members of Parliament made to the reporters of the Press Association; and Michael Davitt said, 'I deeply grieve to think that just at the time when the Government had run a risk in introducing a new policy, when every thing appeared to be bright and hopeful, when the expectations seemed to be universal that all outrage would cease in Ireland in response to the changed attitude of the Government, this terrible event should occur, and dash our hopes to the ground. After what has now occurred, I wish to God I had never left Portland. Where was the motive for the crime? Its commission is not only the most fatal blow which has ever been struck at the Land League, but one of the most disastrous blows that have been sustained during the last century by the national cause in Ireland.'

THE INQUEST.

An inquest of the bodies of the two murdered gentlemen was opened by the Coroner for the city of Dublin, Dr. N. Whyte, at Steeven's Hospital, on Sunday morning, May 7th, and was adjourned to the following day, when the Attorney-General for Ireland, Mr. W. M. Johnson, M.P. for Mallow, was present on behalf of the Crown. The witnesses examined were Mr. Steel, superintendent of messengers at Dublin Castle, who last saw Lord F. Cavendish and

Mr. Burke there before they went out; the car-driver, Nicholas Brabason, who drove Mr. Burke as far as the Viceregal Lodge; Mr. P. W. Maguire and Mr. T. Foley, the young men who were riding on tricycles; and the boy, Samuel Jacob, who also saw the men struggling with each other. Lieutenant Gregoirex also gave evidence. Dr. Myles, of St. Steven's Hospital, and Mr. Porter, surgeon to the Queen in Ireland, described the state of the corpses, having made a post-mortem examination, assisted by other surgeons and physicians. On the body of Mr. Burke they discovered several wounds. There was a deep and long wound on the front and side of his neck, and another on his left breast. There was a punctured wound over the second rib on the left side, and another on the breast bone, and there were also wounds on the left hand. They found a deep wound in the back of the interior angle of the shoulder-blade, and another at the side and back of the neck, penetrating to the spine. On opening the chest they found that the wound in the front of the neck, though deep, did not sever any large vessels. The wound over the second rib injured the apex of the left lung. The surgeons found what they believed was the fatal wound, that over the left shoulder-blade, which had penetrated the pericardium and entered the heart. Death from syncope must have followed almost immediately upon its infliction. It was believed that the deceased was attacked simultaneously in front and rear. The wounds on the hand point to the fact that Mr. Burke tried to defend himself against his assailants. The wounds were probably produced by a dagger or long sharp knives. The surgeons next examined the wounds of Lord Frederick Cavendish, whose clothing was cut in several places. There was a deep transverse cut on the middle of his left forearm, passing through the muscle and penetrating one of the bones; a slight portion of the bone was sliced off as though a very sharp and highly tempered weapon had been employed. They found a deep wound in the left arm-pit, and an abrasion on the right cheek. There was a wound on the right side of the root of the neck, just above the collar-bone, and another over the cartilage of the second rib on the right side. On the neck there was a deep angular wound over the right shoulder, penetrating to the bone. The backbone was injured. There was a further wound over the back of the neck, injuring the sixth or vital vertebra. It was found on opening the body that the wound in the shoulder was the fatal wound, and that

it had severed two large arteries. The instrument with which the wounds were inflicted would probably be an instrument with a double edge. It must have been a very long instrument, and strong in the middle, and probably from nine to twelve inches long. A bowie knife or a sword bayonet might have caused the wounds.

The Coroner's Jury, on Monday, May 8th, returned a verdict that Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish and Mr. Thomas Henry Burke were wilfully murdered by persons unknown. The jury also expressed their abhorrence of the crime which had disgraced the country, and their sympathy with the families of the deceased; and approved of the movement to start a public subscription for a reward for the discovery of the guilty parties.

The bodies were removed from St. Steven's Hospital. They were placed in temporary coffins and borne to the front of the hospital, where two covered biers were drawn up. In these the coffins were placed, and followed by an escort of mounted police, the sad procession moved at a rapid pace towards the Chief Secretary's Lodge. The route taken was not the usual direction through the Park, which was thronged with people anxious to see the spot where the murder took place, but by a road outside the Park wall, through the Island Bridge Gate, and thence by the Phoenix statue. At several points along the way small knots of spectators had gathered, but not a single head was uncovered as the cortege passed. Doubtless this was owing to the deep awe which had fallen upon every one; but no one accustomed to the demeanour of an Irish crowd in presence of the dead could fail to be struck by the circumstance. Half a dozen police were in charge of the gate, and along the boundary separating the Chief Secretary's grounds from the rest of the park some men of the D division were stationed at intervals. The Lodge had a gloomy and deserted appearance, the blinds being closely drawn, and the few servants in the household moving about with noiseless footsteps and saddened face. Almost at the moment that the bodies were carried inside, a heavy thunderstorm burst with sudden fury overhead, and for nearly half an hour the warring elements were in keeping with the terror that possessed the minds of men upon whom a full appreciation of the horror of the situation had fallen. The remains were laid in one of the drawing-rooms, the windows of which look out upon the Dublin mountains.

There was a parade of all the cars

bearing the description given of that on which the assassins were seen to drive away; but the witnesses could not identify the car required. The Liffey was dragged, in the hope of finding the weapons or other articles thrown away by the assassins in escaping. Still, the clues in the hands of the police were followed up. Additional evidence, too, continually cropped up. Two brass-fitters, named Magle and Fry, in the employment of the Southern Railway at Inchicore, informed the police that they passed the scene of the assassination on bicycles just as the murder was being committed. They saw two men attack the Chief Secretary and Under-Secretary. There were two other men near. Lord Frederick Cavendish was out on the roadway at the time, moving away from his assailant, who made a plunge with what appeared to be a butcher's knife at him. His arm was raised, and his Lordship fell on the road, almost striking the bicycle of one of them. Both heard Lord F. Cavendish, before falling, exclaim to his assailant, 'Ah! you villain!' The other men at this time were attacking Mr. Burke. Magle and Fry, on their bicycles, got away as fast as they could, as one of the murderers advanced towards them with a bloody knife. One of these witnesses fainted when he got down some distance. They noticed the car at the side of the road adjacent to where the murders were perpetrated. The driver had his back to the murderers. Two gardeners stated that, as they were coming into Dublin on the Saturday evening, they noticed a hackney car on the road near the Phoenix, the driver alone being on it, but there were four men loitering under the trees. When the gardeners reached the Gough Statue they met the Chief Secretary and Under-Secretary walking up.

The police were convinced that the car with the men left the city for the Phoenix Park about five on the Saturday evening. It passed along by the side of the park, which it entered by the Island Bridge gate, and then, crossing the sward between the Civil Service and Garrison Cricket grounds, reached the main road. The murderers then drove up to near the Phoenix monument, and awaited their victims. They got off the car, which remained on the roadway, and concealed themselves under a clump of trees till they saw Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke approach. Then they suddenly made a rush upon them. Afterwards they drove away, through the village of Chapelizod, at such a furious pace that a carman who was washing his car there was nearly knocked down by

the vehicle. He remonstrated with the occupants, who were quite close to him. He gave a very minute description of the men, of the car, and of the horse. He stated that he would have no difficulty in identifying any of them. The car crossed the Chapelizod Bridge, and turned back towards Inchicore, where it came into collision with a bread cart, the driver of which also gave the police information considered important. From Inchicore the car drove back by a much-frequented thoroughfare into the city. Attention was therefore directed to the districts of Dublin where such men were most likely to find a hiding-place. A party of seamen of the *Bellisle*, man-of-war, with appliances for dragging rivers, arrived at Dublin on Monday, May 8th, for the purpose of dragging the Liffey at Chapelizod and along the strawberry-beds in the hope of finding in it the weapons used by the murderers. They might have got away to America. Detective arrangements were made to watch all incoming steamers at New York after Saturday the 6th of May, for persons answering the official description of the criminals, and a reward was offered by the British Consul-General for any information about them. The Irishmen of Boston subscribed £1,000 to be paid for their apprehension.

The Prime Minister sent out the following notification:—'Mr. Gladstone has received a flood of telegrams and communications from every part of the three kingdoms, expressive of the universal horror and indignation which are felt at the atrocious crime of Saturday evening last. Among these it is just to say that none are more remarkable for fervour and evident sincerity than the very large number which proceeds from all parts of Ireland. As separate acknowledgment of each of them has become impossible, he at once takes the liberty of requesting an early insertion of this paragraph, or its substance, in the public journals, that he may thus express, in the first instance, his sense of the genuine feeling and just aim of these communications; and, in the next, his personal thanks for the abundant assurances of sympathy with himself and his family, which they contain.—10, Downing-street, May 9, 1882.'

The vacant offices in the Irish Government were filled up by the appointment of Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., to be Chief Secretary; and Mr. R. G. C. Hamilton, to be Permanent Under-Secretary for Ireland.

The *Police Gazette* of May 13th, contained the following description of the four men wanted for the murder of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke:

1. About 85 years old, stout make, dark complexion; hair, whiskers and moustache recently clipped so as to give a bristling appearance; narrow forehead, natural hollow or dinge on bridge of nose, wore a soft black jerry hat and dark clothes.

2. About 80 years, sandy hair, whiskers and moustache, brown faded coat as if much exposed to sun, soft black jerry hat.

3. About 20 years, small dark moustache, no whiskers, soft black hat and dark clothes.

4. About 30 years, sandy hair and moustache, beard on chin, wore dark clothes and soft black hat.

The height cannot be given of any, all being sitting on an outside car, driven by a man between 35 and 40 years, red bloated face, with a few days' growth of beard. Had on dark or brown coat, supposed treize, and low soft black hat. The horse was a bay or chestnut of good action, and the car had either a dark green or a red panel. The men had the appearance of sailors or well-to-do artisans.—JOHN MALTON, Superintendent.

The following proclamation was issued :

A PROCLAMATION

By the Lord-Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of Ireland—SPENCER.

Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, the Chief Secretary, and Thomas Henry Burke, Esq., the Under-Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, were brutally murdered in the Phoenix Park, in the county of Dublin on the evening of Saturday, the 6th of May, 1882, and whereas a reward of ten thousand pounds has been offered by us to any person or persons who shall within the time specified in the proclamation offering the same give such information as shall lead to the conviction of the murderers; and whereas any person who shall knowingly receive into his or her house, or otherwise harbour or maintain any of the persons who committed the said murders, or shall conceal or aid any of them in escaping or endeavouring to escape from justice, becomes liable to penal servitude for life; now we, John Poyntz, Earl Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of Ireland are pleased hereby to offer

five hundred pounds to any person or persons who shall within three months from the date hereof give such information as shall lead to the arrest of any person who has so received, harboured, maintained, or concealed, or assisted in endeavouring to escape from justice, or who shall receive, harbour, maintain, or conceal, or assist in

endeavouring to escape from justice, any of the persons who committed the said murders.

Dublin Castle, 13th May, 1882.

MEMOIR OF LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH.

Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, was second son of the Duke of Devonshire, by Blanche Georgiana, his wife, daughter of George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, and was next younger brother of the Marquis of Hartington. He was born November 30, 1836, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated a Senior Optime in 1858. From 1859 to 1864 he acted as Private Secretary to Earl Granville, Lord President of the Council; and from 1872 to 1873 as Private Secretary to Mr. Gladstone. In the last-named year he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury, and in 1880 became Financial Secretary. It was only a few days ago he succeeded Mr. Foster as Chief Secretary for Ireland, and vacated his seat for the Northern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. His Lordship married, June 7, 1864, the Hon. Lucy Caroline Lyttelton, Maid of Honour to the Queen, second daughter of George Wilmot, late Lord Lyttelton, but leaves no issue.

MEMOIR OF MR. THOMAS HENRY BURKE.

Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, Under-Secretary for Ireland, had held for many years, with the greatest credit to himself and advantage to the public service, the important office of Under-Secretary. He was born May 20, 1820, the second but eldest surviving son of the late L.R. William Burke, of Knocknagur, in the county of Galway, and was heir presumptive to the baronetcy of Burke of Glinsk. He was not married.

REMOVAL OF LORD CAVENDISH'S BODY.

On the 8th of May, in the afternoon, the remains of Lord Frederick Cavendish were removed from the Viceregal Lodge to the North Wall for conveyance to Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. The streets in the route, from the Phoenix Park to where the vessel lay, were lined with people, crowds being gathered on all the bridges along the way. About five o'clock a troop of the Roy. Dragoon Guards, a gun-carriage, driven and escorted by a party of the Royal Horse Artillery, and a number of mounted policemen took up a position outside the Viceregal Lodge, and soon afterwards the remains of the late Chief Secretary, which were enclosed in a leaden coffin placed in a mahogany shell, with ebonyed mouldings and rich gilt handles, were carried out of the Lodge on the shoulders of six of the Royal Horse Artillery, and placed on the gun-carriage, a Union Jack being thrown

over the coffin. Upon the breast-plate, which was of brass, was the following inscription:—

'LORD FREDERICK CHARLES CAVENDISH,

Second son of

The Duke of Devonshire.

Born November 30, 1836.

Died May 6, 1882.'

The sad cortege started and proceeded to its destination in the following order—First rode six mounted policemen carrying drawn swords, three abreast. Next followed two men of the Royal Dragoon Guards with their carbines, behind being a sergeant of the same regiment carrying a drawn sabre. At an interval of a hundred yards the main body of the procession advanced, the Royal Horse Artillery being in the van and the Dragoons riding behind and on each side of the gun-carriage. A carriage in which was seated Mr. Courtenay Boyle, Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, followed next; after which came three closed carriages, a car occupied by Chief Superintendent Corr, and a long succession of cars. As the coffin was borne through the streets it was received with respect by the crowds that had by this time assembled along the route. Hats and caps were doffed as the gun-carriage with its sad burden passed onward, and all the shop windows were closed with shutters, and crepe hung from the doors. At Grattan Bridge and O'Connell Bridge the gathering of spectators on foot and on cars was exceedingly great, but the greatest decorum was maintained, and the most respectful sympathy evinced by the crowd. At the North Wall a guard of the Coldstream Guards had been stationed at the entrance to the portion of the quay where the Lily lay—the steamer in which the remains were to be transported to England. As soon as the procession arrived, the Coldstream Guards presented arms, and withdrawing from their position drew up to one side, while the cavalry which had escorted the coffin formed in semi-circular order, the gun-carriage being placed at the side of the quay. A large concourse of spectators had here assembled, no sooner had the coffin arrived than every one stood uncovered. Six of the Royal Horse Artillery dismounted, and bore the remains of Lord Cavendish on board the steamer, placing the coffin in a black wood box on deck. In a few minutes later the vessel, commanded by Captain Beaumont, moved away from the quay's edge on her voyage to England. The remains of the murdered Chief Secretary were conveyed by special train from Holyhead to Rowsley, and then to Chatsworth.

The body of Lord Frederick Cavendish arrived at the home of his father at daybreak on May 9th. In the hall of Chatsworth, over the fire-place, there is a tablet bearing, in Latin, the words, 'These well-loved ancestral halls founded in the year of English Freedom, 1688, William Spencer, Duke of Devonshire, inherited in 1811, and perfected in the year of sorrow, 1840.' The sorrow in 1840 was caused by the death of the Countess of Burlington, mother of the nobleman whose remains were driven along the avenue of elms on May 9th, and whose tragic death will cause 1882 to be long remembered as a 'year of sorrow.' The special train by which the body was conveyed preceded the main train, and a hearse from Chesterfield was waiting at Rowsley Station to take it to Chatsworth. The body was laid in the chapel, and by seven o'clock the placid face was exposed for the view of those who had last seen it glowing with health. It was a relief to know that the wounds were hidden, and that the remembrance of the countenance of the murdered man as he lay in front of the altar, would be as soothing as such memories can ever be. The black coffin was covered with a white linen cloth, and on this was placed a cross of hot-house flowers, replenished by Lady Frederick Cavendish, who would allow no one else to touch it. The grief of the family was most distressing, and the Duke during that morning broke completely down.

The Queen's special messenger arrived at Chatsworth, on the 9th of May, with a magnificent wreath of yellow and white everlasting flowers, attached to which was a card bearing the words 'From Queen Victoria.' It was accompanied by a letter of condolence from her Majesty addressed to Lady Frederick Cavendish.

FUNERAL OF LORD CAVENDISH.

Lord Cavendish was interred in the family graveyard at Edensor, adjacent to Chatsworth Park, Derbyshire, on Thursday May, 11th. The funeral was, though prepared with very little pomp, and in a rural situation far from the metropolis and great cities of England, converted by the spontaneous movement of social feeling into a most imposing national demonstration of public sorrow and esteem for the deceased. More than fifty thousand people attended these obsequies, coming from different parts of the country, while from London came her Majesty's Ministers, many of the nobility, and nearly half the members of the House of Commons. It could only be compared to the funeral of Lord Beaconsfield at

Hughenden, as a general exhibition of mournful respect upon such an occasion, but the sentiment of personal regard this time expressed was mixed with profound sympathy for afflicted relatives, with horror and indignation at the atrocious crime, and with almost desponding anxiety concerning the state and prospects of an important part of the kingdom.

Edensor is an ornamental model village, within a mile of the magnificent rural palace of the Duke of Devonshire, and is chiefly inhabited by persons employed on his estate. The houses, mostly erected by the late Duke, are cottages in size, but designed in a variety of architectural styles, the Old English, the Gothic, the Norman, the Swiss, the Italian, and others, each with a pretty and well-kept garden, all beautifully finished. The church is an elegant structure, of Sir Gilbert Scott's design, built some twelve years ago to replace one of older date, and containing a fine altar-tomb or monument, sculptured with several lifesize figures. It is surrounded by a piece of greensward in which there are several graves; one is that of the late Duke; another is that of Sir Joseph Paxton. Here it was, in a simple grave apart, not in a family vault, that the mortal remains of Lord Frederick Cavendish, second son of the Duke, was laid. Before the funeral, his body lay in state, when it had been brought from Dublin, in the private chapel in Chatsworth House. This private chapel was like a drawing-room, except that all along each side of the aisle was placed oak seats for the household of the Duke; and the altar was composed of beautifully-carved alabaster, hewn on the estate. The coffins were three in number, the innermost being of cedar, and inclosed in lead, which was covered outwardly by oak, covered with black velvet. The lid of the coffin was not placed in position, and the features of Lord Freyrick were seen to advantage in the dim religious light that played upon his uncovered face from the stained-glass windows. The face was placed in the extreme and with a look of repose grateful to look upon. The body and the lower part of the coffin was covered by a white silk pall, which fell in graceful folds to the ground. As the trestles which sustained the coffin. No catafalque had been raised, no drapery hung, or anything to denote a death chamber. The body lay in the centre of the chapel, and was under the guardianship of the old housekeeper who nursed Lord Frederick as a child.

On the day of the funeral, May, 11th,

Chatsworth Park early presented a scene both of activity and solemnity. So early as five o'clock small knots of the tenantry crossed the Edensor Bridge, or came through the Park from Baslow, to take the last opportunity of viewing the remains. Soon after eight o'clock the last group of tenants and servants of the household left the chapel, and the members of the bereaved family crossed the white marble floor, and once more gathered for a few minutes round the coffin, which was then closed, and the final preparations for the funeral were made. A special service, attended by the members of the family and the servants, was held in the private chapel.

Meantime, in the village of Edensor, and on the roads leading to it and at the nearest railway stations on every side from Chesterfield, Derby, Matlock, Sheffield, Rowsley, Bakewell, and Buxton, there was an immense concourse of visitors, many coming from Nottingham, and Manchester, and from the West Riding of Yorkshire. At Chatsworth, none but invited and privileged persons could get admission within the park lodges, and at the bridge opposite the house a solitary policeman was sufficient to turn back any stragglers who wished to cross the river. Upon a grassy bottom near the site where Edensor stood before the rebuilding in its present situation, four notice boards were staked, signifying to deputations, tenantry, clergy and magistrates, and the West Riding constituency, the spots at which they were expected to assemble. It was evident, however, that this arrangement was not generally known to the persons concerned, though Mr. Motin, the resident agent, and the gentlemen of his staff, endeavoured to carry it into effect. The tenantry were the largest body here, and there were many more of their class keeping guard around the churchyard, or fulfilling other voluntary duties. In addition to the Chatsworth tenants, there were deputations from the estates at Bolton Abbey, Brimcliffe, Lismore, and Holker, where it had been always understood Lord Frederick Cavendish would some day have lived. The local clergy of all denominations also mustered well. Amongst the group surrounding the board marked 'deputations' there were representatives of the Leeds Liberal Club, Derby Liberal Association, Sheffield Liberal Association, Chesterfield District Working Men's Liberal Association, Nottingham Liberal Union; the Notts Nonconformist Association, representing sixty Nonconformist Congregations; the Manchester

Liberal Association and Junior Reform Club, the St. George's (Manchester) Working Men's Reform Club, Heywood Liberal Club, Leigh Liberal Association, Stalybridge Liberal Association, the Liberal Associations of Scotland, Cheetham, Pendleton, Castleton, Oldham, Rochdale, Heywood, and Baccup; and representatives of the Yorkshire College (of which the deceased nobleman was president) and Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes, of which he was vice-president, and at whose public meetings and conferences he made some of his earliest appearances as a public speaker. Almost every district of the North West Riding (which the deceased represented) sent deputations; and there were also present several of the Duke of Devonshire's tenants from the Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Lismore estates. Most of the agents of his Grace were also present—namely, Mr. G. Drury (Holker), Mr. W. Laycock (Bolton Bridge), Mr. D. W. Harper (North-East Lancashire), Mr. J. E. R. Petyt (Bolton Abbey), Mr. J. R. Eddy (Carlton), Mr. Martin (Chatsworth), and Mr. Alfred Curry and Mr. C. Herbert Curry (sons of the Duke's legal adviser).

General visitors went at once to the churchyard, which, large as it is, was completely inclosed by a ranked multitude of miscellaneous sympathisers, most of whom, and particularly the ladies, wore some emblem of mourning. This barrier of spectators was kept in position by an inner cordon of men wearing white silk bands around their arms. Other persons distributed themselves along the route from the house, forming a lane through which by-and-by the funeral procession passed, and representing a total of probably from four to five thousand persons. In the absence of detailed organisation it was fortunate that Chatsworth Park presents such a choice of unbounded space; fortunate, too, it was that the thunderstorm which threatened at ten o'clock blew over, leaving the day to develop a perfect sunshine, and the beauties of the park under the full flush of spring to be seen at their best.

A special train of fourteen first-class saloons conveying the Ministers and members of Parliament left St. Pancras at twenty minutes to ten, and arrived at Rowsley shortly before one o'clock. Open breaks and two or three closed carriages were waiting to convey the members to Chatsworth; but Mr. Forster, Sir N. de Rothschild, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Stansfeld, and Mr. Holms preferred to walk the four miles. There were over three hundred gentle-

men brought by this Parliamentary train. Mr. Gladstone was accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, the Speaker, and Lord Granville, Miss Gladstone having arrived previously. The Queen was represented by Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, the Prince of Wales by Colonel Kingcoote, and the Duke of Edinburgh by Colonel Colville. Amongst the other arrivals were the Duke of Sutherland, the Attorney-General, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Shaw-Levyre, Lord Kensington, Mr. Morley, the Hon. A. Egerton, Mr. Jacob Bright, Sir U. K. Shuttleworth, Mr. Childers, Lord Carlisle, Mr. Rathbone, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. H. W. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. J. G. Talbot, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Sir J. Ramsden, Colonel Stanley, Sir T. Acland, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Northbrook, the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Earl of Cork, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lord Sudeley, Mr. E. Ashley, Lord Crichton, Lord Colin Campbell, Lord R. Grosvenor, Sir John Lubbock, Lord Lymington, Mr. J. K. Cross, Mr. Armitage, Mr. Agnew, the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, Sir Patrick O'Brien, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Mr. Porter (Solicitor-General for Ireland), Mr. H. Richard, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Mr. Justice Williams, Sir John W. Ramsden, Sir W. Lawson, Sir G. Campbell, Mr. T. Storey (Lancaster), Mr. John Fell (Daneghyll, Furness Abbey), Mr. W. H. Bowdler (Kirkcubbin), and others. The better-known members, and notably the members of the Ministry, were frequently recognised, as they passed along, by a general lifting of the hat on the part of the people. The entire party were entertained at Chatsworth House previous to the funeral.

The funeral procession left Chatsworth at half-past two. The lady members of the family had driven in advance to Edensor church. The venerable Duke of Devonshire at first walked alone behind the hearse, but after a while the Marquis of Hartington and the Lord Edward Cavendish advanced to his support. The funeral was one of complete simplicity. There were no scarves, drooping hatbands, plumes, or mutes. There was not even a pall for the coffin. The use of a grave was abjured by both ladies and gentlemen. The hearse might be described as resembling an oblong coffin of dull black wood, with deeply-fluted columns at the four corners, figures in high relief on the panels illustrating Scriptural subjects, and carved work on the roof, instead of the pompous adornments once common. The procession wound

slowly along. The spectators uncovered, while the hearse went by. Each of the four horses was held by a groom dressed in black livery, and the cortège was preceded by six policemen walking in single file. The family mourners, beside the Duke and his sons, were Admiral Egerton, Major Lyttleton, Lady Edward Cavendish, and Colonel Cavendish & Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, and Lady Lascelles were with the ladies at the church. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, and the Speaker walked together, the general body of members following four abreast. The procession, taking the lower road as the least hilly, arrived at the church shortly before three o'clock. The formal order of the programme—the only written programme of the day—was: his Grace's tenantry, the hearse, the members of the Cavendish family, the members of the household, the Royal representatives (including Colonel Kingscote, M.P., representing the Prince of Wales), members of Parliament, Lord Frederick's constituents, the constituents of the Marquis of Hartington and Lord Edward Cavendish, clergy, magistrates and gentry, deputations, friends. On the approach of the procession Lady Frederick Cavendish and the other ladies came into the porch of the church. Mr. Gladstone detached himself from his colleagues, and escorted Lady Frederick to the Duke, and Lady Edward Cavendish to Lord Hartington. In this order, closely followed by the other mourners, the party entered the church. The coffin was placed in the chancel, with floral cross and wreaths upon it, conspicuous above them being a wreath of rich crimson roses, sent expressly that morning by the Queen. The Edensor ladies, who had been decorating the church, added to the moss, palms, bamboo foliage, and ferns placed on Wednesday, freshly gathered primroses and wild hyacinths from the Chatsworth coppices, and forget-me-nots from the banks of the Derwent and its tributary rills—welcome and eloquent substitutes for the unrelieved gloom of the traditional sable. The mourners and members of Parliament were more than enough to fill the building, and at least half the procession waited without, the doors being closed as the service proceeded. The officiating clergymen were the Hon. and Rev. F. S. Talbot, Canon Humphreys, Archdeacon Balston, and the Rev. J. Hall, Vicar of Edensor. The service was commenced by the chanting of a psalm, and the lesson having been read by the Hon. and Rev. E. S. Talbot, the hymn beginning, 'O

let him whose sorrow no relief can find,' was sung. The coffin was then removed, the 'Dead March' in 'Saul' (Handel) being performed on the organ as the procession moved out of the church.

The pathway leading up to the crest of the slope, where a few of the members of the Cavendish family sleep under unpretending monuments, was thickly bordered on either side by residents on the Chatsworth estate, selected individuals, holding at regular intervals the forty-one wreaths forwarded to Chatsworth during the week. That sent by the Queen was carried by the deceased's widow. Among the remainder were beautiful tokens from Sir W. and Lady Harcourt, Lord Spencer, Countess Strangford, Lady Balfour, the Buslow school children, St. George's Working Men's Reform Club, the Clapham School, and the Newport Market Industrial School. There was also an 'In Memoriam' wreath from North-East Lancashire, and an offering from the Grey-Coat Hospital, Westminster. A space around the grave had been planked over for the accommodation of the principal mourners. Beyond this limit the portions of the procession which had been unable to find room in the church ranged themselves. Looking towards the church, the first intimation they had of the close of the first half of the service was the appearance of the upborne coffin slowly advancing above the uncovered heads of the laps of people. The sunshine seemed to concentrate upon the black velvet and golden handles of the coffin, and to rest softly upon the white, green, and crimson of the floral tributes. On the right of the grave stood the Duke, Lady Frederick Cavendish, Lady Louisa Egerton, and Lord Edward Cavendish. The Marquis of Hartington, Admiral Egerton, and Lady Cavendish were on the opposite side, with Lord Granville and the Duke of Sutherland close by. At the head of the grave stood the four clergymen in their white surplices and academic hoods. Within this circle, at the grave's brink, waited the party selected to lower the coffin. The sad interest attaching to the spectacle probably absorbed the attention of all for some moments after the Hon. and Rev. E. Talbot commenced his offices. Prominent in the group was the Duke, leaning on his stick, his eyes ever fixed upon the coffin, and his white hair blown about by the wind. He and his sons bore but too obvious traces of the grief that had come upon them; but, though their lips quivered now and then, they succeeded in the effort of self-control. The ladies, too, were able

to go calmly through the trying ordeal. Behind the clergymen stood Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and the right hon. gentleman's preternaturally pallid face attracted not a little anxious notice. It was only when the hymn 'Brief life is here our portion,' was sung by the neatly-dressed village children (wearing no other mourning than a band of white round the arm) that Mr. Gladstone, joining in one or two of the verses, seemed to rouse from his apparent lifelessness. As the body was committed to the earth, and the mould sprinkled on the lid to typify the return of dust to dust, then were many tearful eyes abroad.

The service over, Lady Frederick Cavendish stepped upon the flowers lowered with the coffin the wreath of roses sent by the Queen. Other wreaths were added at the time, and many during the afternoon, when the thousands of persons looked into the grave. The mourners passed out of the churchyard into the Vicarage garden, where the Chatsworth carriages were drawn up. The Duke and his sons walked back to Chatsworth, while the members took to their conveyances, and hurried to Rowsley, from which the Government special train started shortly after four o'clock. The coffin lid being quite covered with flowers even before leaving Chatsworth, the public had no opportunity of reading the inscription:—'Lord Frederick C. Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire. Born 30th November, 1836; died 6th May, 1882.'

Lady Frederick Cavendish, and other members of the family had received during the week after the assassination numerous resolutions of public bodies and letters from private individuals expressing deep sympathy with them on the death of her husband. It would have been a satisfaction to them to have been able to send separate replies, but their immense number had rendered this impossible, and they desisted by inserting this paragraph in the newspapers to return their most grateful thanks for the kind feeling towards them which has been manifested.

• FUNERAL OF MR. BURKE.

The other victim of this enormous crime was the immediate official subordinate of Lord Frederick Cavendish, an estimable public servant and an Irishman, who was doomed to share the fate of the Chief Secretary in suffering a cruel death at the hands of blood-thirsty murderers in Phoenix Park. On Tuesday May 9th, the body of Mr. Burke, the late Under-Secretary of the Government of Ireland, who is greatly lamented by all who knew him, was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin,

by the side of his father. Before the removal of the coffin—which bore the simple inscription, 'Thomas Henry Burke, born May 25th, 1829; died May 6th, 1882. R.I.P.'—large numbers of persons were permitted to visit the room in which it lay. The procession left the Chief Secretary's Lodge at a quarter past nine in the morning. All along the route to the cemetery there were numbers of spectators who respectfully raised their hats as the hearse passed. Numerous wreaths of flowers had been sent by ladies and others. These, including two large floral crosses, were placed on the coffin while it remained in the room awaiting removal to the hearse, and a few minutes later the mournful cortege started. The route taken was by the road leading from the Lodge by the Phoenix column, round the north boundary of the park, to the gate leading to the North Circular-road and by the North Circular-road and Glasnevin-road to the cemetery. The few business establishments on the route were closed, and the blinds were drawn in most of the private houses. Policemen were stationed at intervals of fifty yards along the route, and on either side. The cemetery was reached a little before ten o'clock. The members of the Cemeteries Board dressed in mourning, and attended by the secretary, Mr. Coyle, and the superintendent, Mr. Mulins, received the coffin at the entrance-gate. Each member of the committee carried a wand with a rosette of black and white ribbon. The funeral service was conducted in the mortuary chapel, which was crowded. The Very Rev. Dean Eee, P.P., Bray, assisted by the Rev. Edward Quinn, Chaplain to the cemetery, read the burial service. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin was represented by the Rev. Dr. Tynan, his private secretary, and the Lord Lieutenant by Colonel Byng, A.D.C. The chief mourners were Mr. Augustus Burke and Lieutenant-Colonel Burke (brothers) and Mr. C. T. Redington (cousin). Although intended to be strictly private the funeral was largely attended. Among those present were the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, Chief Justice Morris, the Lord Chief Baron, Lord Justice Deasy, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, Judge Barry, Mr. Justice O'Hagan, the Attorney-General (Mr. William Johnson, M.P.), Mr. Naish (Law Adviser), Mr. W. B. Kaye, L.L.D., (Assistant Under-Secretary), Sir J. Power, D.L., Sir John Lenthaign, K.C.B., Mr. Cecil Guinness, D.L., Mr. Henry Roe, D.L., Mr. Henry A. Blake, R.M., Mr. Clifford Lloyd, R.M., and Mr. William O'Brien, Q.C.

On the 11th of May, Thomas Barrett, Doolough, Ballina, was shot dead. On the evening of the 12th of May, a gentleman passing at the back of the Mansion House, on his way to Cannon-street, London, discovered, lying on the pavement, in close proximity to the walls of the building, a parcel, which on examination proved to be a canister wrapped in brown paper, and weighing from 15lb. to 20lb. The gentleman informed the police of the discovery, and grave suspicions being entertained as to the nature of the parcel it was removed to the police-station in Upper Thames Street, where it awaited examination. As soon as the discovery was made an extra force of police was stationed in the vicinity of the Mansion House, but the utmost reticence was maintained by the police officials on the subject. The parcel did not present any appearance calculated to inspire a feeling of danger as there was no fuse attached to the canister, but its weighty nature led to the idea that it could not merely contain coffee or other harmless mixture. The discovery was kept so secret that even at the chief City police office in Old Jewry nothing was known of the matter beyond the fact that shortly after nine o'clock a demand was made for the services of extra constables in reserve to be stationed at the Mansion House. So secret was the matter that an ordinary passer by would have failed to detect that anything of an unusual character had occurred. On further inquiry at various official quarters it was ascertained that the canister was attached by a string to the rails at the back of the Mansion House. A rag which was lighted was extinguished, by the discoverer of the canister. The matter permeated throughout the City, and numerous inquiries were made in the quarter where the presumed explosive was laid, and it was stated that the canister was observed by two persons whose attention was attracted by the ignited rag. They extinguished the smouldering rag, and communicated with the police.

ATTEMPT TO SHOOT A SOLDIER.

Laurence Kenny, aged 38, was indicted for firing a revolver at Sergeant M'Cauley of the 5th Fusiliers in Mullingar, on the night of the 18th of May, with intent to murder him.

Sergeant M'Cauley, 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, stated that he was proceeding home to barracks at half-past nine o'clock on the night of the 18th of May. Two men of his regiment were walking behind him to his left. When passing an archway he heard a pistol shot and a bullet whiz close to his ear. He turned round and saw the prisoner,

who was standing in the archway, lower his right hand, which contained a revolver. Private Jackson caught the prisoner. Witness also caught him. There was no one else near at the time. While they were holding the prisoner, witness saw him throw a revolver on the ground behind him. Private Atkinson picked the revolver up.

The jury, after a short deliberation, found the prisoner guilty.

Mr. Justice Lawson, in passing sentence, said he did not like to inquire into the prisoner's antecedents, as he had reason to believe they were not favourable. The prisoner appeared to be one of those lawless characters who thought it a noble act to put any one wearing her Majesty's uniform, and he was caught in the act. He (Mr. Justice Lawson) was bound to relieve the country and society of his presence, and he considered that his guilt was little less than if the shot had taken effect. As an example to others in like case offending, it was now his duty to pass upon the prisoner a sentence of penal servitude for the rest of his natural life.

On Saturday night, May 20th, a most daring outrage occurred at Cregg, the residence of the late Mr. R. T. Lotty, J.P., situated between Crusheen and Gort, and on the borders of Clare and Galway. About half-past ten p.m., three men, armed, came to the house, and demanded admission. The caretaker, a pensioner named James Ford, answered the knock at the door, and asked what they wanted. They told him to open the door; that they had come for a friendly purpose. He complied with the demand, and on opening the door one of them levelled a gun at him. Ford was standing a little behind the door, and fortunately pushed it away. Otherwise he would have been shot dead, as the charge passed across his abdomen, tearing his shirt and trousers, but inflicted no injury. The party decamped and Ford ran into a room where he had loaded a gun. He followed the fugitives, and fired at them. One received the charge in the back. It was ascertained that he was carried away by his companions, and concealed until Sunday morning in a neighbouring house, when an old woman with a donkey and cart was sent out from Crusheen to bring him to the village where he was living. Constables Burke, and three policemen met the wounded man, and he was placed under arrest, and brought to his own house, where he was guarded by two constables. The wounds he had received were not very serious. The reason for the outrage was some dispute about the letting of a bog which Ford had charge of. On

Sunday night, May 21st, the house of a man named Thomas Fagan, near Collinstown, County Westmeath, was attacked by a number of armed men. They had scarcely begun operations, before the police appeared on the scene. A sharp skirmish followed, during which the constabulary used their rifles, firing on the assailants. Fagan's house is not far from Barbavilla, the scene of the tragedy in which Mrs. Smythe lost her life. On May 22nd, several farm-houses at Loughwood, Boyle, were attacked by Moonlighters, and a man named Mullany was dangerously wounded. The house of a man named Molloy, at Horseleap, King's County, was fired into by Moonlighters, on May 24th. The names of five 'Moonlighters' who were arrested at Castlemahon, near Newcastle West, on Sunday night May 28th, were: Michael Casey, James O'Brien, Nicholas Liston, Thomas Lewis, and Michael Keefe. A military and police escort were proceeding along the highway about eleven o'clock when they came upon a party of 25 or 30 men rudely attired in female dress, their faces blackened, and carrying on their shoulders what were at first presumed to be rifles, but what subsequently proved to be spades. Finding themselves in the presence of the military and police, they fled in all directions; but after a run five of them were captured, three by the military and two by the police. The captain in command of the military heard one of the men give the words, 'Now, boys, fire,' whereupon he directed his men to fire also. Thus they did, but it does not appear that any of the shots took effect on the fugitives. The five men were committed for trial at the assizes. At Swanlinbar, Cavan, a man named Andrew Trimble, having taken a 'Boycotted' farm, his sons, while working on their own farm, were threatened on the morning of May 31st, by three men, armed with rifles, who fired shots over their heads. On the young men trying to escape, one of the assailants shot William Trimble in the thigh, and seriously wounded him. About ten o'clock, on the night of the same day, a man named Richard Murphy attacked, in the public street of Tipperary, the town postman, William Folly, and stabbed him in the back of the neck and near the left temple, besides inflicting other wounds.

On June 4th, an attack was made by Moonlighters on the house of Timothy Lyons, a farmer living near Kanturk. Some cattle belonging to Mr. James Connors were poisoned at Tullamaine, Cashel, and an attempt was made to blow up his house, on June 7th.

FIVE MEN MURDERED IN ONE DAY.

MURDER OF MR. WALTER MATTHEW PATRICK BOURKE, J.P., AND CORPORAL WALLACE.

On Thursday, June 8th, at Ardahan, near Gort, in the county of Galway, another of those hideous and dastardly crimes which disgrace the Irish nation was perpetrated, by the murder of Mr. Walter Bourke, a landowner, who had, for some time, had disputes with his tenants. A soldier who had been appointed for his escort, Corporal Robert Wallace, of the Royal Dragoons, was killed by the same volley of bullets, which were fired by five men lurking behind a stone wall, loop-holed for the deadly purpose. Mr. Bourke was on horseback, and the soldier in front of him. The place where this cowardly murder was done, was at the entrance to the grounds of Castle Taylor, the residence of Mr. Shawe Taylor, Ardahan. The assassins came out at the gate, and were seen deliberately walking away, across a field, carrying with them a rifle and a carbine taken from the murdered men. Mr. Walter Matthew Patrick Bourke was formerly a practising barrister-at-law and an advocate of the High Court at Calcutta. He was educated at Stonyhurst, and graduated in Trinity College, Dublin, as Senior Moderator. He was a magistrate, and besides being a landed proprietor, he was also agent for other estates. He possessed two properties, one at Curraleigh, near Claremorris, in the county of Mayo, and the other at Rahassane, in the county of Galway. It appears that Mr. Bourke some time previous had declared his determination to make his tenants pay their rents, and he served ejectments upon them personally. On one occasion he caused a great disturbance in the chapel at Claremorris by insisting upon entering amongst the congregation with his double-barrelled gun in his hand. He received numerous threatening letters, and had had special protection. The funeral of Mr. Bourke took place on Tuesday, June 13th, at Claremorris, and was attended by many of his Mayo neighbours, both landlords and tenants. The funeral of Corporal Wallace, at Dublin, on the day before, was also attended by a large demonstration. The coroner's jury in Galway returned a verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown. A proclamation was issued in the *Dublin Gazette* offering a reward of £2,000 for information leading to the conviction of the murderers. A reward of £1,000 was offered for private information leading to a similar result; and £500 for infor-

mation, followed by the conviction, of any person who harboured the murderers. Three men were arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder. Owing to the refusal of all persons in the neighbourhood to assist in laying out the body of Mr. Burke, the task had to be undertaken by the deceased's brother and a constable from Dublin, both of whom were afterwards refused refreshment in the adjoining village.

MURDER OF HENRY EAST.

The following are the particulars of the attempted murder of a farmer in Roscommon. Henry East, a very respectable and extensive farmer and millowner, was very popular in the locality in which he resided, he, however, incurred the animosity of some of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood by refusing to allow them to cut turf on his land, which they were formerly in the habit of doing; but it does not appear that he anticipated any violence from his action, as he did not keep any arms in his house, or take any other steps to defend himself. On the afternoon of June 8th, about three o'clock, he was engaged in a yard opposite his house when three men with blackened faces, and carrying bludgeons, jumped over the yard wall, and, rushing on him, attacked him in a savage manner, knocking him down several times, and severely mutilating his body. His son, a man of about 25 years of age, was attracted by his father's cries for assistance, and on coming to his relief was turned on by the party, who wounded him severely on the head, and threatened to shoot him if he did not go into the house, also threatening East's wife, who came to the door of the house, that they would shoot her if she did not go in. They again attacked East, who continued to cry out for help, which incensed them so much that they drew revolvers, which they had kept concealed, and fired several shots at him, three of which took effect, one bullet lodging in his hip, another breaking his leg above the knee, and a third smashing his foot below the ankle. His assailants then decamped, and the injured man was conveyed into the house, where he remained insensible for a considerable time. Messrs. Barrett and Dr. Barrett, of Ballyfarion, who extracted the bullet from his hip. The bullet was conical and grooved, and was several sizes larger than those which the constabulary revolvers carry. Dr. Barrett deemed the other injuries so serious that he telegraphed for Dr. George P. O'Farrell, who proceeded to the scene of the occurrence. The constabulary scoured

the country in every direction, but could not find any trace of the assailants of whom East gave a description. On Saturday morning the 10th of June, the scene of the occurrence was visited by Colonel Forbes, special R.M., and Mr. Fabbage, sub-inspector, who investigated the affair. The constabulary arrested five men residing at Ballyfermoyle, on suspicion of being implicated in the affair, but they were discharged on East refusing to identify them. East was for some time in a critical condition, and died from the injuries on the 17th of Sep. following.

MURDER OF CORNELIAS HICKEY.

The particulars of the outrage near Castle Island, on June 8th, are as follows:—Hickey was returning home with his wife at five o'clock in the evening from Castle Island, where he had been attending the Petty Sessions for the purpose of prosecuting his brother Michael for trespass, and when a mile from his house two men came over the fence and stopped them. They were both disguised and armed, but appeared to be young men. One charged Hickey with being a 'land grabber,' and taking aim at his leg, fired, the bullet striking the man below the knee. He fired a second shot, which took effect in the same leg. The second man had a revolver, and would have used it but for the interference of the wife, who threw herself before her bleeding husband, and appealed to his assassins not to murder him. The assassins then fled across the fields. The primary motive of this shocking outrage was a difference about land, in which the disputants were members of the same family. The injured man was a caretaker on a farm from which Michael had been evicted by another brother named James, and the prosecution for trespass at the court was only an instance of the litigation that had taken place, and of the relations in which they stood. No one was convicted for this murder. Hickey died in a few days.

An attempt to murder near Rathglass, Crossmolina, was made on the 8th, of a farmer named Michael Brown. On the 11th, a manifesto was issued by Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland condemning the refusal to pay just rents, wanton injuries to life and property, intimidation, and unlawful associations. On the 13th, a herd named Cahill was fired at near Achill, Tralee. On the same day a number of men engaged as carriers were fired upon at Cappanucka, Tipperary. On the 15th, a reward of £60 was offered by 'Captain Moonlight' for the head of John Layden, the head of a boycotted farm at Knockcad-

teen. On the 17th, Moonlighters attacked at Ballynahill, Linerick, the house of a man named Walsh, whom they shot in the neck. On the same day Moonlighters attacked the house of a man named Tolan, at Sissirdrea, Boyle.

EXTENSIVE SEIZURE OF ARMS IN LONDON.

On the 17th of June a large quantity of arms of all kinds were found in an old disused stable in Clerkenwell, a neighbourhood rendered famous some years ago by a fearful explosion which took place at the House of Detention there, also which was committed by Fenians. An inquiry into this mysterious storing of arms was made and resulted in an Irishman of the name of Thomas Walsh being suspected, he proved to be an active agent of a conspiracy movement which had its head-quarters in Ireland, he being the person who stored them for future exportation to Dublin and other parts of Ireland, as well as some parts of England. Walsh was apprehended, and after a careful examination was committed for trial on the charge of treason-felony. There were pistols, bayonets, and rifles of the newest make, most formidable weapons, some bearing the mark of the shamrock upon them; in fact, it was proved at the examination before the magistrates, and afterwards at the trial, that Walsh was an active receiver of these goods to be used by the Fenian Brotherhood, or by the Land Leaguers. The trial began on the 8th of August, and the evidence was most conducive as to his guilt. On the 9th he was again brought up before Mr. Justice Stephen, and the following is the summing up of the Judge, after hearing the evidence on both sides.

There are three questions for the consideration of the jury. Firstly—Was there any conspiracy formed for either or both of the purposes named in the indictment—viz., for attempting to depose the Queen, or for levying war against her Majesty? Secondly—Was the prisoner connected with either or both of these conspiracies? Thirdly—Were these acts done by the prisoner for carrying into effect either or both of those conspiracies? The question of not guilty appeared to him to be, with why knowledge were the acts done as proved to have been committed by the prisoner? And that man know that these arms were to be used for the purpose either of deposing the Queen or of making war upon her; and did he do that which he undoubtedly did in order to effect that purpose as far as he could? Mr. Birton had referred to the case of Davitt and Wilson, and he (the judge)

admitted that the cases were to a certain extent analogous, but it was proved in the earlier case that Davitt and Wilson were connected together, and Mr. Birton contended that evidence was altogether wanting in the present case. In the summing up in the case referred to, the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, however, made some observations with which he (the speaker) agreed. The Lord Chief Justice's remarks, as he interpreted him, seemed to amount to this. He seemed to say that it was for the jury to consider the circumstances under which the arms were despatched to Ireland, and they might, if they saw fit, found their verdict upon the evidence. 'In short,' said Sir Alexander Cockburn, 'if you are satisfied beyond all reasonable doubt that the circumstances under which these arms were dealt with and sent to Ireland lead to the conclusion that they were to be used in an insurrection against the Queen, or to be used for the purpose of deposing the Queen, then you ought to convict the prisoner. But if you have no doubt that the arms were intended to be used for a lawful purpose, you ought to acquit the prisoner.' The judge, continuing, remarked that the evidence of a treasonable conspiracy in this case was much weaker than in the case of Davitt and Wilson. Referring to the theory raised by the defence that the prisoner was a dupe in the hands of other persons, this was, he said, a matter which would be decided by the weight of evidence. Mr. Birton contended that the poverty of the prisoner, as evidenced by the pawn tickets, was a convincing proof that the prisoner was not a trusted confederate. On the other hand, the Attorney-General relied upon the facts that the prisoner had used falsehood and duplicity in attempting to shroud his movements in secrecy as an important point for proving guilty knowledge. The judge proceeded to consider the evidence in detail. He said the mark of the shamrock found on the rifles was in itself a suspicious circumstance, but the discovery at the stable of a stamp for producing this mark made the circumstances more suspicious. Adverting to the reticence of the prisoner as to the names of the person or persons with whom according to his statement when arrested, the prisoner acted, the judge said it was for the jury to decide whether this was the fidelity of a servant to his employers, whom he suspected to be engaged in transactions, the disclosure of which might bring them to trouble, or whether it was simply the silence of guilt. One fact elicited in the evidence of Mr.

Warton was of some importance. That witness stated that on one occasion when the prisoner came to him for the purpose of buying firearms he said he did a 'Cape trade.' Now here was a deliberate falsehood. On the one side it was contended that the falsehood implied guilty knowledge. On the other the falsehood was, he supposed, admitted, but guilty knowledge was denied. It was for the jury to say which was the most probable inference. Having recapitulated the circumstances connected with the purchase of the goods, he said it appeared to him that under those circumstances it was almost impossible to believe that the arms and ammunition were bought for an honest purpose. But here again the question would arise whether the prisoner knew what they were intended for, and also whether they were intended for a treasonable purpose. Having remarked upon the apparent want of unanimity between Sergeant Gallagher and the other police, he reviewed at some length the circumstances brought to light by Gallagher. In conclusion he said, considering the nature of the case, he did not know of any case in which he had been engaged for a long time which made greater demands upon the highest qualities which juries could have on their courage, sensibility, and sense of justice. They were there to do their duty, and having heard the evidence from end to end, and having heard his direction of the law, they had to remember that it was their duty to embody in their verdict, whether it be a verdict of guilty or not guilty, the decision they arrived at, looking at the evidence from this high standpoint.

The jury retired at 12.35, and returned in a quarter of an hour with a verdict of guilty. The Judge passed sentence of seven years' penal servitude. The leniency of the punishment was attributed to the subordinate part played by the prisoner in the conspiracy.

On June 17th, an attempt was made to blow up the house of a man named Mullen, living at Arran. On the 21st, Moonlighters attacked the house of Thomas Donnellan, an elderly man, living near Barfield, Ennis. On the same day similar attacks were made on the houses of Timothy Murphy and Michael Hobbin, near Ennis. On the 24th an attack was made by Moonlighters on a house at Ballinlrig, Tralee, and its owner Pat Sullivan, rent-warner, was dragged out of bed and fired into. On the 25th, attempted assassination, at Murneen, Claremorris, of John Ruane, a farmer. On the same day an attempt was made to murder an old man, named Thomas Magaghey, at Kiltieran

(Athboy). On the 26th the house of Mr. Owen Phibbs, D.L., at Collooney, was fired into.

Patrick Cahill was murdered on the 27th of June. This man was shot on the 13th of the same month. He swore an information that a man whom he had known from his infancy had fired at him, but when the man was brought before him he declared that he was not the man. It was possibly done from a desire to conciliate his enemies, but that policy of conciliation had signally failed, for the same man was, on the 27th of the same month, shot dead with five bullet wounds, and brutally kicked, and his ribs broken. The house of a farmer named John Ballart, at Clonkeen, Athlone, was fired into on the 27th of June. On the same day, Mr. Pollard, veterinary surgeon, and Mr. Gerahty, farmer, were fired at or near Athlone. On the 28th of June, Mr. John McCausland, of Belfast, was attacked near Ballyclare, in the county of Antrim, and killed with a scythe; his servant, named Larkin, being also seriously injured. About noon on the day following, Mrs. J. H. Blake, agent to the Marquis of Clanricarde, was riding on a car with his wife and a servant named Thady Kane, near Loughrea, in the county of Galway, in the same district where Mr. Bourke was murdered, when shots were fired from behind a loopholed wall. Mr. Blake and Kane fell dead, and the assassins escaped. During this month many cases of cruel mutilation of cattle occurred throughout Ireland.

CHAPTER XIX.

MURDER OF JOHN KENNY—MURDER OF JOHN DOLOUGHTY—ATTEMPT TO SHOOT THE RECORDER OF DUBLIN—ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF JAMES BYRNE—CONSTABLE EDWARD BROWNSHOT DEAD—THE MAAMTRASNA MASSACRE, CONNEMARA, FIVE MEMBERS OF ONE FAMILY BRUTALLY MURDERED—MURDER OF DANIEL LEAHY—FRANCIS HYNES FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER AND EXECUTION—WITH OTHER DASTARDLY ACTS COMMITTED BY THE MEMBERS OF SECRET SOCIETIES IN IRELAND DURING THE MONTHS OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1882.

MURDER OF JOHN KENNY.

JOHN KENNY, a labourer, aged 33, was

murdered under the railway arches at Seville-place, Dublin, between twelve and one o'clock, on the night of July 4th. The deceased was assassinated because he was suspected of being an informer. On an examination of his clothes after his murder the police found a pocket-book containing a list of names, and this fact has not yet been brought out in evidence, but a Fenian in Dublin declared that the man who selected a list of names of his associates did so for some sinister purpose, and that self-preservation was strong in human nature. The evidence at the inquest on July 10th, brought out two or three interesting matters. The widow of the murdered man on the opening day of the inquest declared she had never seen Poole, the tailor, with whom her husband left the house at twenty minutes past twelve at night, but once before, and then he came to inquire after deceased. On July 10th, the wife of the landlord of the house mentioned that a month ago Poole was a guest of the deceased's at the tea party given by his wife. She gave a remarkable piece of evidence to the effect that deceased, before he went out, kissed her invalid husband, with whom he was slightly acquainted. One of the witnesses examined was a car-driver named Commins, and his testimony justified the observation of the Coroner that he was the most extraordinary witness which had ever come before him. Commins stated that he was in the house where the deceased resided on the night of the murder. He did not see the deceased, but he recollected some one bringing in whiskey to the landlord. He told the jury that though he had observed the circumstance so closely that he could tell the drink brought in was whiskey he could not state whether the bearer of it was a male or female; in fact, he seems to have become totally oblivious all in a moment. He could not tell who was in the room, except his wife and the landlord's wife. The Coroner was so struck with the negative answers of the witness, that he ordered him not to leave the room while the inquest was proceeding, and at the close of the day, informed Commins that he would require him to attend at the adjournment.

A lady named *Mrs. Lawson*, residing at Seville-place, deposed that on the morning of the 4th of July, about 12.25 o'clock, she was lying awake in bed, and she heard cries as of a person in great distress. The cries came from the street. She went to the window, looked out, and found that the cries came from under the railway arch. Immediately three shots, or there might be

four, were fired. They were fired in rapid succession. Then three men emerged from the archway. One kept on the side that the shots were fired at. Two others came towards Amelia-street until they arrived at No. 9, the house below that of witness'. They paused and then ran back to the arch, and the one on the opposite side turned at the same time. He went through the arch on the side on which he was when he turned. Witness looked at her watch and found it was then half-past twelve o'clock. Immediately after they went back down through the arch towards St. Lawrence O'Toole's Chapel. She heard a female's voice calling after them. The woman called out 'Police,' and 'Stop them.'

Lawrence M'Carthy deposed that he was night watchman for the railway company. He was coming along the line to the bridge about twenty minutes after twelve o'clock. He heard shots come from under the arches. The last two were fired as he got on the bridge. Then the men ran on towards Sheriff's-street. There were either four or five. They turned into Oriel-street. A man went after them, calling out 'Police.' Witness ran across the coal bank and saw the men there still. A man was following them on the right side. He asked witness if he had seen the men going that way. He said he did not. The man replied, 'I think I lost them.'

What kind of man did he appear to be? A very respectable-looking man.

Witness went back to the bridge and waited till he saw a man and a girl come up, and witness asked them to look and see if there was a man shot under the bridge. The man went in, and came out and said there was.

Mrs. Kelly, the wife of the landlord, deposed that on the night of the murder, the deceased brought her into his room to introduce her to Poole. She saw them leave the house together. Deceased said, 'Mrs. Kelly, I am going as far as the corner with this gentleman, and don't close the door on me, if you please.' They seemed friendly.

How often have you seen Poole there? I never saw him there before, but I heard he was at a tea party in my kitchen. I think it was the 6th of June, and that night deceased came and borrowed some money from me. I have not the least idea why the deceased was murdered.

THE CORONER.—Did any one ever say in your presence that the deceased was suspected of being an informer? No, never. You don't believe that he was? I don't, indeed. Do you know whether he belonged to any secret society? I

don't. Superintendent ENTWISTLE.—What did your husband tell you? He said that Kenny came in, and stooped down and kissed him before going out; and I said, 'What brought him here?' The CORONER.—Has anybody interfered with you about giving your evidence? No, no, sir. Now, tell the truth. I would not tell a lie. Is it not a remarkable thing for a man to come in in that way and kiss another man, whom you say he was not very intimate with, coupling it with the fact that the man lost his life within another half-hour? All I can say is that I gave him notice to leave at once. Can you give any explanation to that extraordinary act? No, sir.

Does it not look as if he had some presentiment of his death? Well, sir, I could not swear that.

The CORONER, addressing the jury, said that since they had assembled, a list of witnesses had been placed in his hands whom it was intended to cross-examine, with a request that he would adjourn the inquiry for their production, as they could not be examined that day. He proposed, therefore, to adjourn the inquiry for a week, to allow time to procure the attendance of those witnesses.

The inquest was adjourned to the Monday following, and a verdict of wilful murder against some persons unknown, was returned, but no person was apprehended upon whom guilt could be fixed. The impression remains that John Kenny was another victim of the actions of some Secret Society.

MURDER OF JOHN DOLOUGHTY.

The inquiry into the facts connected with the murder of John Doloughy, at Knockanane, county Clare, on Sunday, July 9th, was heard in the county court-house on July 18th, by Thomas Hamilton, Esq., resident magistrate.

Sub-Inspector Croghan was present. Mr. John T. Cullinan, Sessions Crown Solicitor, conducted the case on behalf of the Crown. The prisoner, Francis Hynes, was represented by Mr. George Waltham, solicitor.

John Neylan, of Knockanane, deposed—I live a quarter of a mile from where Doloughy was shot. My house is in a field. A man named Considine called me on the road. I was in a meadow, he being near where Doloughy was shot. The meadow was two hundred yards from where Doloughy was lying on the road after he was shot. Considine came from my house to the meadow. I was not out of my house that day from eleven o'clock till I went to the meadow, and Considine called me. When Consi-

dine called me I went down to the road, and found Doloughy lying on the road, covered with blood. I could not see the part of the road he was lying on from the meadow. Could see Considine on the road, and could see parties walking on the road, but only for a short distance. Knew Doloughy a long time. When I came down I saw him on the road; I knew him by his clothes. I did not see him before that day. Did not see any person on the road or in the fields that day before Considine called me.

Constable Richard Doyle deposed—On Sunday, July 9th, I heard that John Doloughy was shot at Knockanane. About 4.20 p.m. I proceeded with three constables to Barefield, four miles from Ennis. I arrived at Barefield about 5.30 p.m., when I entered Hugh Hassett's public-house. I came out in a minute or so, and saw the prisoner, Francis Hynes, standing a short distance up the Tinaderry road, eating bread and butter. His trousers were wet up to the knees, and on his knees, as if he was kneeling on wet grass. His shoes looked as if they had been wet and recently dried. I searched his pockets to see if he had any arms, and put my hand into his breast-pocket, where I found a bundle rolled in cloth, which I did not open. I asked him what had brought him there. He said he came for a ramble. I asked, 'How long are you here?' He said, 'About a couple of hours.' I then said I would arrest him. He got excited and wheeled his hands about. He refused to go until I would tell him what he was arrested for. I said on suspicion of firing at Doloughy, and gave him the usual caution. He said he would come then. When near Ennis he said, 'God help me whatever way it goes.' I found in his breast-pocket some gunpowder rolled up in brown paper, and in his side pocket two parcels of gunshot—one in a canvass bag and another in a piece of blue paper. I asked him where he got the powder and shot. He said, 'My brother Charley put it into my pocket two years ago—the time Captain McTernan took the gun from him.' I found a pair of old stockings and some small things, including one shilling and two pence in money and a prayer-book. When I arrested him he was under the influence of drink. I went from the place where Doloughy was shot to Barefield, where I arrested Francis Hynes.

Michael Considine, victualler, was called and asked if he could identify a woman in court, brought in by the police, as the woman he met, and who told him that a man was lying on the road

bleeding. He said she was not the same woman. In reply to the court, he said he would not recognize her if he saw her again.

Mr. Dalton.—There were other informations taken, by Captain M'Ternan, and I would ask to have them lodged in the Crown Office that I may be able to get copies of them. The prisoner was not present, and I was not present when they were taken. Every information should be put in.

The clerk then read over all the depositions to the prisoner, and asked him if he had anything to say.

Mr. Walton.—Nothing, sir, in this court. He will reserve his defence.

Mr. Hamilton, addressing the prisoner, said—Francis Hynes, you stand committed for trial to the next competent tribunal, whatever that may be, for the murder of John Dolougherty.

The prisoner was removed to Limerick gaol by the 5 p.m. train.

HYNES SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Mr. Justice Lawson took his seat on the Bench on Saturday, August 12, in the Courthouse, Green street, when the trial of Francis Hynes, charged with the murder of John Dolougherty, was resumed.

Constable Doyle, at the request of the jury was called, and in reply to the foreman he said that the pair of stockings which he found in the prisoner's breast pocket were dry, and the stockings he was then wearing were also dry. He (witness) did not search Hynes' house for arms; other constables did.

The Rev. James Loughnan, C.C., was called.

The Foreman of the Jury.—The question we wish to ask you is, whether John Dolougherty was conscious when you were with him?—When I first came to attend him he was unconscious and unable to speak or show consciousness. Half an hour afterwards he showed some consciousness, but I do not believe he was quite conscious.

The Foreman.—Was that before the resident magistrate came? Yes, before the magistrate came he showed some consciousness. I was with him an hour; I arrived at half-past three o'clock, and the resident magistrate arrived about half-past four.

Examined by Mr. Murphy, Q.C.,—About how far down on the road did you find this man?

Father Loughnan took the wand and pointed on the map in evidence the spot on the road where the wounded man lay—on the side of the road opposite that on which the schoolhouse stands—thirty yards from the door of the schoolhouse.

Did not you then feel yourself war-

ranted in administering to him the last rites of the Church? Yes. After performing your duty to the dying man you left him in charge of the police? Yes? You saw Captain M'Ternan stoop or kneel by his side? I did. You heard him ask the questions of the man? I heard him ask some questions. Did you hear him ask the question 'Dolougherty do you know you are dying?' I did. And he was close beside the man at the time? He was. Did you hear him ask further questions? Yes. He asked him who shot him, or who killed him. I don't know the word he said. Did you see him afterwards going to the schoolhouse? Yes. And coming back with pen and ink? Yes. Did you see him go up close to the dying man? I did. I saw him going across the road towards the dying man, to within a yard or two of him. Then you did not hear what passed between Captain M'Ternan and the dying man. I did not.

Examined by The MacDermot Q.C.—You gave him the rites of the Church? I first gave him absolution, and then anointed him, *sub conditione*, as being unconscious. You administered Extreme Unction to him *sub conditione* as being unconscious? Yes. Did you administer it in any other way afterwards? I administered penance. Then the only rite of the Church you administered was giving him absolution? Afterwards. As a matter of fact, with the exception of giving him absolution and conditional Extreme Unction you gave him no other rites of the Church? No. Did you hear Captain M'Ternan mention any Christian name? I did. What Christian name? I understood him to ask him, 'Which of them—is it Francy? And you did not hear the reply to it? No.

Examined by Mr. Murphy—Will you swear that what Captain M'Ternan asked was not 'What Francy? I will swear according to the way I understood it. Can you be certain, more than that you heard the words 'what Francy? I took up the question as I have told you. Did you make any remark about it at the time—did you make any note of it at the time? I did not. Now this is the prayer. [Counsel handed to Father Loughnan the prisoner's prayer-book, opening it at the page in which was the 'Act of Contrition.'] That is the prayer? Yes. You heard the Sub-Inspectors say the distance you were from Captain M'Ternan. He said it was further than from here to the door? I don't think it was further, it was about that distance, perhaps not so far. How many yards is it from this to the door? I think it is ten yards. You did not pace the distance? No, I

did not. You knew that Captain M'Ternan was endeavouring to do his duty? Endeavouring to do his duty just like yourself. From his feeble condition could you administer the viaticum? I could not—he was not capable of swallowing.

The MacDermot asked Mr. Justice Lawson to reserve for him the question of the admissibility of evidence as to the settlement of the dispute between the Hynes family and Lynch.

Mr. Justice Lawson declined.

Mr. Roche addressed the jury for the defence. He observed that the Crown had not brought forward any evidence in support of the statements made by the Attorney-General as to disputes between the Hynes family and Lynch. Why, he asked, had not Lynch been called to give evidence? It was a well-known fact that gangs were going about the country issuing their mandates in regard to property without regard to the interests of those concerned, for they only thought of the principle. These parties were in the habit of enforcing their decrees in blood, and might it not be some of those who committed this foul deed? The Crown relied for conviction on the fact that poor Doloughy, with a grain of shot in his brain at the time, said it was the prisoner at the bar shot him, and the only circumstance brought forward to corroborate this was that some powder and shot were found in the prisoner's pocket, and it was natural for a country boy to have such things in his possession. As to the ends of his trousers being wet, that might be caused by his walking through grass and in many other ways. The Attorney-General said the murder was committed between five minutes to two o'clock and ten minutes past two, but he contended that that theory had been displaced by the evidence. The defence was an alibi, but they did not put it forward so much to establish an alibi, but for the purpose of giving the jury a reasonable explanation of what the prisoner was doing on that day. Dying declarations were an exception to ordinary proceedings in a court of justice, and were not to be relied on. Father Loughnan gave an account of the matter different to that given by Captain M'Ternan, for he said that the latter asked 'What M'ancy?' Mr. Roche submitted that the evidence produced for the prosecution was contradictory, and was so beset with improbability as to render a finding on it, other than one of acquittal, impossible. He relied on the respectable position of the prisoner and his family, and urged that it belonged to a class unlikely to be concerned in a

deed of this character. The counsel concluded by calling on the jury to return a verdict of not guilty.

Mr. Murphy, Q.C., replying on the part of the Crown, said the duty devolving on those who prosecuted on behalf of the public was different from that which devolved upon gentlemen circumstanced as his able friend (counsel for the prisoner) were when defending a person accused. Their duty as advocates, sanctioned in all ages, sanctioned in all countries, and pre-eminently so under the Constitution under which they lived, was that they should strain their energies, their faculties—all their ability by every species of sophistical reasoning, to strive to perplex, confuse and dash aside the jury from what would be the natural and legitimate conclusions on the evidence. His learned friends had spoken fully of the condition of things that had obtained in this country for a long time past—how murder had been almost a safe crime, and how he might say on all occasions it was the attempt, and not the actual deed, that confounded the assassin. If he only succeeded in depriving his victim of life he had been safe in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining evidence from the unsettled circumstances of the country. This case illustrated the condition of things. In broad noonday—on the Sabbath day, when returning from his place of worship, an unoffending poor man was shot down by the hands of some assassin—his wife left a widow, his seven children left orphans. That happened on a Sunday in county Clare. If it had happened in any country in Europe the population would be up with all their energy, intelligence, and vigour, striving to hunt down the perpetrator of that crime, but unless for the officers of justice, who were in this country for the protection of life and property, no hand was moved, no assistance vouchsafed to trace the perpetrator or perpetrators of the foul deed. He invited their consideration of the case as if poor Doloughy, after the shot was fired, had been vilenced for evermore. The officers of justice were soon on the spot—Captain M'Ternan and those with him—and they discharged their duty with intelligence, with fairness and in a manner which, he submitted, deserved all praise. The resident magistrate and the police found John Doloughy shot on the road. They knew what had occurred before—the history of the dispute with the Hynes about land—the fact that in pursuance of some secret mandate Doloughy had been visited by night and sworn to leave the service of his employer; that he had

sworn informations against three of the Hynes, and had bound them over to keep the peace. Without a word from the dying man, suspicion pointed to the Hynes, whose residence at Torreen was within a few hundred yards distance. There the officers went, and what found they? The whole family absent save the mother. The mother, and Francis, the prisoner, had gone to no place of worship that day. Mrs. Hynes saw her son leave on that morning—he carried a gun. Where was Francis found? At Barefield, a couple of miles off, to reach which place he must have gone from the scene of the murder, cross a stream; and, strange coincidence, his trousers were still wet. In his pockets were found a pair of cotton socks, which could have been dried in a few minutes, and on his feet a dry pair of woollen stockings, while his boots were partially dried. Further, he had in one pocket a package of snipe shot corresponding in size with that which was afterwards found in the head of the murdered man—coincidences combining and gathering to show where the perpetrator of this crime was to be found. They had the motives of the prisoner towards this poor man, his action that day, the circumstances he (counsel) had just mentioned—and to any reasonable mind they must all point in one direction—towards the guilt of Francis Hynes. Counsel then referred to the statement made by Doloughy to his wife, to his son, to Captain M'Ternan, and to the justice, all to the like effect, that Francis Hynes shot him, and argued from the nature of the wounds and their situation that the assassin must have been directly in front, and within a yard of his victim when the fatal shot was fired. In conclusion the learned counsel said, that while advocates for prisoners misrepresent evidence in the interest of their clients in the way of stating the testimony was in a particular direction, when directly the reverse was the case, those who prosecuted for the public had, after all, the public weal at heart, and their interests to conserve. What conclusion could they arrive at but that they had the man of blood revealed before them. Murder would oft speak out with most miraculous organs. The blood of the murdered man called for justice. He solemnly called upon them to do their duty like men, honestly and fearlessly.

Mr. Justice Lawson, in charging the jury, said that the attention they paid to the case showed that they were thoroughly affected with a feeling of its importance. Let them take the case in its general aspect, for it rested not alone

on direct or alone on circumstantial evidence, but on both united. The direct evidence consisted of the dying declarations of the murdered man. The circumstantial evidence consisted of the motives of the prisoner, his acts and his declarations up to the day of the occurrence, and the surrounding circumstances. They should look at the case as a whole, and the question they had to answer was—did the case as a whole present evidence which left no doubt on their minds of the guilt of the prisoner? In evidence there were always two questions for the jury to solve. First, was the declaration truthful? Secondly, had the man who made it an opportunity of identifying his assailant? Unless conviction was carried to their minds in these two particulars they were not bound to believe the declaration. Another question had been raised—namely, whether they could trust the declaration in consequence of the enfeebled state in which the deceased was when he made it? He was in a feeble state, but that feebleness consisted in a deficiency or incapability of articulation, and in being occasionally unconscious. Dr. Cullinane had said that there was no reason to believe that his intellect or judgment was impaired. Friendly relations had at one time existed between Doloughy and the prisoner, who appeared to have made him presents; but in 1881 he was obliged to obtain protection from violence which he apprehended from him. With respect to the dying declaration, three witnesses had sworn that the deceased understood what he was saying. His wife stated that he knew her on the Monday and called her 'Liz,' which showed that his faculties had not left him. The deceased was shot from the front, and must have had an opportunity of seeing the man who shot him, and he used over and over again the remarkable expression that Francis Hynes was the man who did it. The circumstances under which the prisoner was arrested were most important. He told the constable he was taking a ramble. The Crown did not desire that any innocent person should suffer. They did desire that justice should be done, if they had presented evidence that ought to prove guilt to a conscientious jury; and with those observations he would leave the case to them, trusting that Almighty God would guide them to a right decision.

THE VERDICT.

The jury retired at ten minutes past four and at twenty minutes past five they returned to court. They were regarded with anxious attention by the

audience, who, reading the sad expression on the countenance of most of the jurors, felt that the sentence was pronounced against the prisoner. A solemn silence pervaded the court at this moment.

Mr. Geale, Clerk of the Crown, said—Gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?

The Foreman of the Jury—Yes.

Mr. Geale—You say that Francis Hynes is guilty of murder.

The Foreman—Yes.

Mr. Geale then read the charge of murder of John Dolougherty, alleged against the prisoner, and the plea of 'not guilty,' and the finding of the jury, and asked the prisoner to say why sentence of death and execution should not be awarded against him.

The prisoner replied—I have nothing to say, sir.

Mr. Justice Lawson, addressing the prisoner, then said—Francis Hynes, after a patient trial, and after everything was urged in your favour that could be said, the jury have found you guilty of this crime. I concur in that verdict. No one who has heard this case continued but must say that the evidence against you was overwhelming. There never was a case proved more to overwhelming demonstration than this. I regret to see you in the position in which you are. Whatever your position has been you have fallen from it, and on this Sunday you appeared on the road and did that old man to death. You left his wife a widow, and his children orphans. I believe you were impelled to that crime because you believed it would meet with that impunity with which crime, to my knowledge, has been committed in the County Clare. But justice has overtaken you, and speedily. Your days are now numbered. I trust you will endeavour to make use of the time that remains to you to make peace with your God. His lordship here assumed the black cap, and in the usual form passed sentence of death, directing that the prisoner be brought back to the prison whence he came, and that on the 11th of September he be hanged within the walls of the prison where he should be then confined, and he (the learned judge) prayed that the Lord should have mercy on his soul.

The prisoner's face grew pallid, and he appeared unable to maintain his tall figure in an erect position. He reached over to the table for his hat, but it was too far from him. Some person near handed it to him, and when he received it he descended the stairs of the dock, and later in the evening was removed to the prison.

" EXECUTION OF FRANCIS HYNES.

All the memorials forwarded through Captain O'Shea, M.P., praying a commutation of the death sentence passed on Francis Hynes were replied to by the Lord Lieutenant stating that the law must take its course. It was rumoured in Dublin on September 10th, that the Lord Lieutenant had communicated with the Lord Mayor to the effect that no interference could be expected in the matter of the sentence.

Even on the 10th there were people to be found in Limerick who believed in the possibility of a reprieve for Hynes; but these were they who hoped against hope. Hynes himself gave his last thought to worldly affairs. Public sentiment in Limerick would approve of a commutation of the death sentence. The feeling amongst the masses was deep and bitter, but even there it was not unanimous, there were amongst the lower ranks of the populace to be found men who say that 'if he wasn't a gentleman there wouldn't be a word about him.' It was said by some that if, instead of newspaper writing on the subject after the sentence had been passed, the point as to the misconduct of the jury had been raised in open court, a stay of judgment and argument on the question could have been obtained, and the prisoner set free on the legal technicality. The majority of the people in Limerick, put their plea of mercy or for nullification of the verdict on grounds which had previously been stated. Time after time publicly, and which were submitted for consideration of the authorities. Since the awful stormy night that preceded the execution at Omagh of Sub-Inspector Montgomery, for the murder of Mr. Glass, no such sensation has agitated the public mind as that by which, on the 10th of September, the City of Limerick was devoured, and few there went to bed without a prayer for the man who, by the laws of his country, had been judged guilty of an awful crime. His unhappy lot was lamented by those who were convinced that the mark of Cain was upon him. His youth—he was only twenty-three; his social position—he was the son of a professional gentleman; his magnificent physique—he was six feet two high, and well built—all these had a weight in minds which were distracted by an accidental, and useless controversy. Hynes exhibited fortitude, and preserved his health through all the vicissitudes of hope and dread which the knowledge that an effort was being made by his friends to preserve his life must have involved. It has always been the custom of prisoners, even those un-

der the sentence of death, to attend the religious service which on Sundays is held in every jail. Hynes sat in the condemned pen on Sunday, the 10th, and heard Mass, and returned without requiring any warder's assistance.

Marwood arrived on Saturday, September 9th, soon after mid-day from Dublin and was escorted to the prison, in which he lodged. The unsightly apparatus of death had been erected in a small triangular yard of the prison, near to the cell in which the condemned man was confined, and was subjected to his inspection. The approaches to the jail were in the hands of military and constabulary. Some fifty men of the Middlesex Regiment were quartered in or near the prison. The people avoided the spot, and except an occasional pedestrian who passed the gloomy looking fortress-like gates, and crossed himself as he passed, no person without business in the neighbourhood obtruded himself.

At five minutes to eight on the morning of September 11th, the black flag fluttered to the summit of the flagstaff upon the prison roof. The last act of the tragedy was performed. Over 1,000 people assembled in front of the jail. A cordon of military and police were drawn around the walls, and a force of men of the Middlesex Regiment were under arms in the infirmary on the opposite side of the road. At a quarter to eight the dead bell began to toll, and on the stroke of eight o'clock the black flag announced to those outside that all was over. Hynes died without having made any public statement of any kind to the persons present at the execution. The execution was private, none of the representatives of the press were admitted. The Chaplain was moved by the part which he had to take in the dreadful scene, and stated there was not the slightest foundation for the sensational statements which were made in the newspapers as to the state of prisoner's health, not only was it untrue that he was suffering from great physical pain, but the contrary.

On the 7th of July, the house of a farmer named John Ruane, living near Bullymote, Sligo, was attacked by Moonlighters. On July 9th, John Doloughy was murdered at Knockaname, Clare. The same day, Murty Forane, a caretaker, was fired at and wounded near Killarney, while returning from Mass. An attack was made by Moonlighters on the house of a farmer named Brennan, at Gurteen, on the same day. On July 12th, a man named James Kearney, a caretaker of Mr. Raymond,

was shot at and wounded, and his life was in a state of uncertainty. Two men came out disguised before him on the road while on his way to Castle Island, and fired at him, lodging a bullet in his right shoulder. Kearney was accompanied on a car by his own mother and brother. The unfortunate man was actually murdered in the presence of his mother and brother. First proclamations under the Crimes Act, July 13th, on the same day, Mrs. Connells, a widow, holding a farm at Goolagh, Mayo, was fired at and wounded. On July 16th, an attempt was made to assassinate George Allis, a farmer at Holyford, Tipperary.

DARING OUTRAGE IN CLARE.

On the 17th of July, the neighbourhood of Newmarket-on-Fergus was the scene of a daring outrage. As a police patrol left the barrack, and proceeded in the direction of Rathpoland, half a mile from the village, and adjoining the demesne of Dromoland, when near the house of Mr. Denis O'Neill, a farmer on the estate of Lord Inchiquin, they heard four shots. They saw two men running from the house. The police fired on them. The fugitives returned the fire, and though pursued by the police they succeeded in getting off from their pursuers. The shots were fired through the panelled door and windows of Mr. O'Neill's house, but no injury resulted. Why Mr. O'Neill should be selected as an object for enmity was a surprise to everybody, as he was one of the prominent figures in the Land League movement in Clare. The only reason for the outrage is that Mr. O'Neill and other farmers bought the grazing of the land of John Healy Manus at from fifty to sixty shillings an acre, and printed notices were posted holding them up to the public odium for giving such a high price for land, as it was calculated to have an injurious effect on other tenants before the Land Court. Four men were arrested on suspicion.

On the 18th of July, the Rev. Michael Scully, P.P., Meash, County Sligo, was subjected to a series of outrages which showed the lawlessness prevalent in the county. Recently he was the recipient of a threatening letter which was handed to him by a strange young man, who wore no disguise, and stood by while he was reading the missive, and then walked away, brandishing a revolver. A few nights ago a valuable horse belonging to the rev. gentleman was stabbed and mutilated in a shocking manner, the condition of the animal being such that death would be a merciful termination to its sufferings. The Rev. Mr. Scully's 'offence' was that he and his brother became tenants of a grazing farm, the

property of Mr. Phibbs, Corradoof, from which no tenant was ever evicted, but which was annually let to the adjoining farmers.

AN ATTEMPT TO SHOOT THE RECORDER.

John Fitzpatrick, a teacher, found guilty of having attempted to discharge a revolver at the Recorder on July 27th, was brought up on August 9th, for sentence in the Courthouse, Green Street.

Mr. Justice Lawson was proceeding to pass sentence when

The Prisoner said—I beg your pardon, my lord, I wish to make an application to your lordship—it is to the effect that your lordship will be good enough to postpone passing sentence on me for any reasonable time that your lordship may be pleased to appoint—say a few weeks. In the meantime I intend to seek legal assistance in order to place matters on which I rely.

Justice Lawson—I will do nothing of the kind; I will treat you as any other criminal. You are a man of education. You have been convicted of a heinous offence for which, in the interest of the public, you should be visited with condign punishment. You were dissatisfied with the decision of an upright judge, and in court you said you would make him give a just decision, and at the same moment you drew a revolver, and, with your finger on the trigger, presented it at the Recorder; but most providentially you were prevented carrying out your abominable intention. I see from the manner in which you conduct yourself in this case that you are one of those men who infest society who are just on the borderland of insanity, but who are not so far insane as to be irresponsible for their actions; one of those persons who take insane ideas into their heads, and no one can tell where they may lead to. No greater act of violence there could be than that of presenting a loaded revolver at a presiding judge in his own court administering justice. It is such an act as calls for exemplary punishment. I must sentence you to penal servitude for five years. The prisoner was about to address the judge, when his Lordship ordered his removal. The prisoner looked surprised, and his face grew pale. When being removed he appeared to be almost speechless.

On July 30th, the police threatened to strike in Limerick. The same day an attempted assassination and serious wounding of a farmer named James Byrne, occurred at Loughanbay, Claremorris. On August 5th, a fatal shooting affray near Knock took place. A farmer named Connaughton was the victim, and it was stated that 'Land-

grabbing' was the cause of the outrage. On Sunday morning, August 6th, Peter Harkin, bailiff on an estate at Ruthven, near Fennagh, was fired at by two men and wounded. No arrests were made. The same day an encounter took place between police and moonlighters, near Carrick-on-Suir.

MURDER OF SUB-CONSTABLE BROWN.

The murder of Sub-Constable Brown was one of the most daring and reckless ever perpetrated in Ireland. It took place on Saturday, the 12th of August, at an hour and in a place remarkable as showing the daring determination of the assassin. The day was a market day in Parsonstown, the locality one that is always thronged on such occasions, and the hour, shortly after eight o'clock. Sub-Constables Edward Brown and M'Donald, of the Parsonstown Force, were on town patrol duty. They proceeded up Townsend street, and when opposite the courthouse they turned into a public-house kept by one Kieran Egan, where they drank half a glass of whiskey each. The shop was crowded, and the daughters of the proprietor were attending to the customers, it being market-day and a Saturday night. The two men drank the whiskey in a tap-room at the side, and immediately went out, the murdered man, Brown, being last to emerge. They had not proceeded more than fifteen yards when four shots were heard, with not more than a seconds' interval between each, and the first, it is presumed, took effect, only one wound being found. Brown turned round, but immediately fell, when some civilians and his comrade M'Donald assisted him to rise. He was helped into Egan's house, where some restoratives were applied, but he soon collapsed. Meanwhile in the confusion the assassin had escaped, and on-lookers from a distance were able to say that the shots were fired by a man who stood in the doorway of the publichouse from which the police had a moment or two before emerged. An effort was made to remove Brown to the police barracks in Cumberland square, but he got worse, and telling some one to get a priest, he was carried into the house of Mr. John Madden a few doors above Egan's. Doctor Thomas Woods, Dispensary Medical Officer; Doctor Hayes and Mr. Brew, assistant to Doctor Myles, were in attendance, and very kindness was shown to the dying man by Mrs. Madden. The Rev. Mr. Brennan, C.C., also came, and seeing the hopeless condition of the man, administered the last rites of his church. Mr. M'Sheehy, R.M., and Mr.

Fulton, S.I.R.I.C., both of whom resided close by and heard the reports of the shots, arrived simultaneously with a police force. A surgical examination disclosed the fact that a bullet had entered at the back, passed through the right lung, and lodged beneath the corresponding clavicle, which presented the appearance of having been shattered. The hemorrhage was slight, but the poor fellow appeared to be in awful agony, writhing and groaning, but still perfectly sensible and competent to answer the queries put to him. The doctors did everything to allay pain, and restore the man, but from the first no hopes were held out, and after three hours' dreadful suffering he expired.

The inquest on the body was opened in the Courthouse, at Parsonstown, at eleven o'clock, on August 14th, before John Corcoran, Esq., one of the Coroners for the county.

The jury ordered a post-mortem examination; and after hearing all the witnesses returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

At Carrick-on-Shannon on Aug. 13th, a bailiff named Larkin was fired at near his own house by two disguised men, and wounded dangerously in several places. Five arrests were made, but four of the prisoners were afterwards discharged, the other one being remanded. The name of a man shot at Crusheen on the 14th of Aug. was Kinnane, a labourer. He was shot in two places, in the back and in the side. Some hopes were entertained of his recovery. At the time of the outrage he was working on the Limerick and Ennis Railway with nine other labourers. No arrests were reported. The same day at Mullingar, Timothy Rourke, a 'moonlight captain,' was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, for attacking and stealing arms from the house of a Mrs. Maybury, near Tralee. John O'Connor, Richard Savage, and Maurice Costello, was each sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for the same offence. The dwelling-houses and outhouses of Mr. Edward Poyser, steward to Mr. Ambrose Congreve, near Waterford, were burnt down on the night of August 15th. It is supposed they were fired by an incendiary. The inmates had a narrow escape. A 'cotted' smith, named Hallissey, who resides near Kilavullen, county Cork, and who had been 'Boycotted' in consequence of some dealings about land, was fired at on Tuesday morning, August 15th, whilst going to mass. Three shots were fired at him, his assailants being armed with revol-

vers. The shots did not take effect, and Hallissey escaped home, where he remained until the evening of August 16th, when for the first time he reported the occurrence to the police. Hallissey had received several threatening letters and warnings, but took no notice of them. At Dungannon, a man celebrating Lady-day on the night of the same day, while playing 'Down with the Queen,' near Pomeroy, Tyrone, was shot. His dispositions were taken. A man named Watt was arrested. The High Sheriff of Dublin (Mr. Gray, M.P.), was fined £500 and sentenced to three months' imprisonment by Mr. Justice Lawson, for contempt of court.

MASSACRE OF A FAMILY AT MAAMTRASNA.

FIVE PERSONS KILLED AND ONE
WOUNDED.

There never was a more bloodthirsty murder committed in any country than the one we are about to record. A family of six persons were brutally attacked at early morning on the 18th of August. Two of them were shot, and the other four so badly beaten with hammers and other blunt instruments that two, besides those shot, were dead, and one of the other two died from his wounds on the following day. The young lad, aged 14, before his death, identified four men, who were arrested. Only two of the family were shot. The others bore signs of having been murdered by blows from a hammer or of some large heavy instrument. The bodies were horribly disfigured. Evidences of a struggle in the house were apparent. The other boy was despaired of.

As far as could be ascertained, the butchery took place about one o'clock on the morning of Friday, August 18th. The whole household of six persons—John Joyce, aged about 45 years; Bridget Joyce (his wife), aged about 40; Margaret Joyce, jun., his daughter, aged about 17; Michael and Patrick Joyce, his two sons, aged 14 and 11 respectively, all being his children by his first wife—were in bed asleep, as was also the sixth inmate of the house, Margaret Joyce, sen., the mother of John Joyce, an old woman of over 80 years. The door of the house, as was customary in the district, appeared to have been left unfastened, so that the murderers must have found little difficulty in effecting an entrance. From the accounts given by the only eye-witnesses, namely, the two sons, one of whom alone survived, it was uncertain whether there were two, three, or four men in the murderous gang; but judging from the position in which John Joyce's body

was found, and from other circumstances, it would appear that he was aroused by the entrance of the party, and that he got out of bed apparently with his back towards the men as they came in from the doorway. They appeared to have then immediately inflicted a blow with some heavy blunt instrument on the back of his head, which probably stunned him and knocked him down. He was found lying on his face, but slightly on the left side, with, in addition to the wound already mentioned, two bullet wounds, both in the back, one being four inches below the right shoulder-blade, and in a vertical line with it, and entering the lungs, the other being three inches farther down and slightly farther back. This second bullet pierced the liver. There was no appearance of any struggle here or in any part of the house. The next person attacked appears to have been the wife (Bridget Joyce). Doubtless the assailants were well acquainted with the interior arrangements of the household, and it also appears that they carried with them a piece of lighted bogwood, for even in broad daylight there was no light save from the door, from the chimney, and from the small aperture, about a foot square, and which, unglazed, is the only thing that can be called a window in the whole place. Mrs. Joyce was killed by repeated blows from a bludgeon on the head and face, disfiguring the face very much. She appears to have survived for a few hours, and to have died in great agony. Her hands were clenched, and in one of them was a small quantity of hair, which the doctors did not think was her own hair, but they gave no decided opinion on the subject. The evidence given at the inquest further led to the conclusion that the party next entered the room off the kitchen, about 12 ft. by 5 ft. or 6 ft. in which was a bed about 5 ft. long by 3 ft. wide, the length being increased by placing a barrel on end at the foot of the bed. In this bed were four persons—the aged grandmother and her three grandchildren. The old woman, it was believed, was attacked first, and was killed by one or two strokes of the bludgeon, for one of the boys (the oldest) stated that he was first awoke by the cries of his grandmother, and that he was then himself shot, and that another man took up a stick and struck his sister. The younger lad was also sufficiently injured to render him incapable of moving so as to give the alarm, even had the thought suggested itself. He received a blow on the forehead and another on the lower part of the face. The first-mentioned blow caused for a time

concussion of the brain, but there was every reason to hope that he would recover, and that through his instrumentality the perpetrators, or some of them, would be brought to justice.

Having thus, as they supposed, completed their work in probably less than five minutes, the ruffians disappeared, having first taken the door off the hinges and left it outside.

At daybreak Michael, who had received two bullet wounds, one behind the ear and another in the stomach, causing the entrails to protrude, got up to get a drink of water. He then, as he stated before his death, saw his father lying on the floor dead. After getting the drink, and probably because he felt unable to go back to the inner apartment, he went into the bed where his step-mother was and lay down in it. She was then still alive. The occurrence of the terrible tragedy first became known to the neighbours about six o'clock in the morning, when a man named Collins called at the house to get a wool card. He found John Joyce lying dead. He told two women who were with him, and then gave the alarm among the neighbours. By half-past nine o'clock enough of the neighbours had been got together to proceed to Finney police hut and inform the police, who, on proceeding to the place, discovered the full extent of the tragedy. Michael was still alive and able to give some information. Patrick, the younger boy, was also alive; but the other four inmates of the house were dead. Two dogs, variously said to belong to the house and to some of the neighbours, were in the bed in the inner room, and had gnawed the flesh almost entirely from the right arm of the grandmother. The dogs were removed with great difficulty, and when they were at last got out seemed to become mad, and were killed by the police.

Dr. Hegarty arrived from Clonbur about two o'clock, and found Michael in a dying condition, but perfectly clear in his intellect. He had already told the police all he knew, and had also the younger lad, Patrick. Michael died about four o'clock in the afternoon. Before this, Mr. Brady, R.M., who happened to be in Cong, had arrived, with Sub-Inspector Gibbons. They found Michael in great agony, and Mr. Brady appealed to the people, many of whom—men and women—were assembled on the hill-side, that one or two of their number should assist in attending the two wounded lads, adding that he would reward them with any reasonable amount of money. No response was made to this appeal, and notwith-

standing the upbraids of Mr. Brady, the people persisted in refusing, and the wounded lads had to be left to the care of the police. A body of people remained at the place all Friday night and on the following day.

On Saturday, Aug. 19th, a large number of men and women again assembled close to the house and held a wake, there being two crates of pipes and tobacco on the ground. Most of them preserved a stolid appearance, but some of the women cried bitterly at times. About one o'clock Patrick was placed on a stretcher and conveyed to Cong, a distance of thirteen miles, over the mountain, across the lake, and thence by road.

Joyce held a farm on Colonel Clement's estate, paying £6 a-year rent. The police could only surmise the cause of the tragedy, but the most probable conjecture was that there was a quarrel between the members of the murdered family, or some of them, were likely to give information about one or other of the murders committed in the locality, and especially about the murder of the Huddys. The police found a revolver bullet of small size close to the naked body of Joyce.

Thirteen arrests were made—five on Friday the 18th of August, and eight during Sunday night, the 20th, Sub-Inspectors Gibbons and Smyth having been out nearly all night in the district on the 19th, with a strong body of police. All the men were arrested in their houses save one, who was arrested on his way home on the Saturday from the wake. The nearest house to that of the deceased man was about fifty yards off.

The locality of this appalling tragedy is in one of the most remote districts of the mountains of Connemara. It is twelve miles from Maam, at the base and back of a mountain over which no vehicle can travel. The mountain pass is three miles in length. The unfortunate man Joyce was herding a 'Boycotted farm.' No tenant had been evicted from the land, but it had been let on grazing, a method of agriculture quite as unpopular in many districts as the cultivation of an evicted holding. The land was said to be on the property of a Mrs. Rutledge, though it was also stated to have been purchased by Lord Ardilaun. Finney had no telegraphic communication nearer than Oughtelaid and Cong, which accounted for the few details ascertained. The shots were fired in the house and were discharged from rifles. The house presented a horrible spectacle, the bodies lying on the floor, riddled with bullets, and mangled by heavy blows. Joyce, who was

wretchedly poor, belonged to the small farming class. He was regarded as an industrious, inoffensive man.

THE INQUEST.

The Coroner opened the inquest on the bodies on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 19th, holding it in an open enclosure at the back of the house. The jurors were the mountaineers of the district. About one hundred women, wearing short red and white petticoats and shawls over their heads, sat close together on the mountain just above, and the whole scene, varied with the uniforms of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and framed in by the immense range of mountains which towered high on every side, formed a picture strikingly picturesque and impressive. Mr. Cottingham, the Coroner, having sworn the jurors, some in English and the others in the Irish tongue :

Andy Joyce, a cousin of the deceased John Joyce and his wife, identified all the bodies.

John Collins, an Irish-speaking witness, deposed that he lived in the townland of Maamtrasna with his father, who was a tenant. On Friday morning, Aug. 18th, about six o'clock, he went, accompanied by two women who were carrying wool on their shoulders, to John Joyce's house to get two cards for combing wool. Finding the door open, he went in, and saw Joyce lying naked on the floor on the left hand side of the fire. He was dead.

Witness then went for the police of the village, and on coming back found John Joyce, Bridget Joyce, the grandmother, and Peggy, the girl, all dead in the house; the two boys Michael and Patrick were in bed with their grandmother and sister. They were asked what had happened. Michael, the elder, said at first he did not know. When again asked what had happened, Michael replied that he thought he saw three men come into the house. He was asked did he know them, and he said he did not, but he thought they had dirty faces.

Constable John Johnstone deposed that he was stationed at Finney, and on Friday morning, Aug. 18th, at nine o'clock eleven men came to the police but there and reported to him that John Joyce and his wife, his mother, and his daughter had been murdered in their house at Maamtrasna. He proceeded to the place in company with Sub-Inspector Lenihan. On reaching Joyce's the door was open. It was on the hinges, and he went into the house. He found Joyce lying on the floor, his head towards the fireplace, and face downwards. Bridget was lying in bed dead.

The old woman Margaret (Peggy) and the little girl were also lying dead in another bed. Patrick and Michael, the two sons, had been badly wounded, but were alive and both able to speak. Witness asked Michael what had happened. Michael said two men had come into the room and shot him in bed. He then saw one of them take up something like a stick and strike his mother on the head, and he heard his mother cry out. About break of day he got out of bed, and went into the kitchen to procure a drink of water. He obtained the water, and saw his father lying on the floor. He went to the bed in which his grandmother was lying, and lay down. His mother was then living. Before the men came into the room he heard shots. Witness asked him how many men he saw in the house, and he said three or four, and their faces were blackened. When asked did he know any of them, he said 'No.' Witness ascertained that the little fellow was living, and he asked him what had happened to him, and he said he did not know exactly. Two dogs were found in the bed where the grandmother was lying. They had gnawed away a portion of one of her arms. They were removed out of the room with difficulty, showing much unwillingness to go. After they were put out the people came and asked him for permission to kill them, as they appeared to have gone mad. He gave the permission, and they were killed.

At this stage the inquest was adjourned until Aug. 23rd. At the adjourned inquest, after the examination of a number of witnesses, the jury returned the following verdict:—'We find that John Joyce came by his death in his own house, at Maantrasna, in the parish of Ross, barony of Ross, county of Galway, on the night of the 17th or morning of the 18th of August, 1882, and we are unanimous in saying he was feloniously and wilfully murdered by some persons, but by whom we have no evidence to show.' Similar verdicts were returned as to the other victims.

At the adjourned inquest the excitement in reference to the massacre of the Joyce family continued, and the greatest indignation existed and was openly expressed. To reach the locality of the murder from Cong, which is the nearest telegraph station, is by no means an easy matter. It consists of a journey by car and boat and a mountain ascent, which occupies five hours. Early in the morning a number of the constabulary force in the neighbouring districts proceeded to the spot, and were reinforced by a detachment of infantry, but their services were unnecessary, except

that they were able to keep the crowd back from the house in which the murders were perpetrated, and to keep order in a yard outside the house in which the Coroner held his adjourned inquest. This was a 'little shanty' on the side of the mountain, which was used as a residence by some human beings; but there was no sign of proprietorship, and the Coroner and jury men, and those who had to be present at the inquest, had taken full possession. A table had been arranged just within the door, through which the only rays of light were admitted to the building, and at this the Coroner, who had been detained on Lough Mask for two hours, on account of the heavy weather, took his seat about three o'clock. The gathering of men and women crowded round the spot, but apart from the jury and a few of the officials, they were not able to hear a word of the proceedings, which lasted an hour. The first business was to read over the evidence of Collins, the man who discovered the murdered people, and that of the witnesses at the previous inquest, and with a few amendments the depositions were signed, after which the medical men gave their evidence, and as the police authorities did not call the witnesses upon whom they relied to support the charges of murder, the verdict was soon arrived at, and was received with satisfaction by those who were awaiting the result. A long time was occupied in signing the five parchment documents upon which the verdict was engrossed. Several of the jury men could not write their names, and it was noteworthy that several of those who could bore the names of the murdered family Joyce.

After the inquiry concluded, the eldest son of Joyce, who was in a situation in Clonbur, on the opposite side of Lough Mask, visited the house in which the deed was committed, and seemed much affected. He had been accompanied over the mountains by two of the constabulary, and heard, amidst the sympathy of those who had congregated at the spot, the result of the inquest.

The cottage within was a bare room, everything having been removed, and nothing but the blood-stained walls remained. The little recess in which Joyce and his wife, who were the first victims, slept, presented a horrible spectacle, and the smaller room where the other victims were discovered was little less revolting.

The little boy, the only survivor of the massacre, who was lying in Cong, was improving, although at first his life was despaired of. He was prostrate and unable to give any account of the terri-

ble affair, and there can be no doubt was fast asleep when the deeds were committed.

IDENTIFICATION OF THE ASSASSINS.

The hunt through the mountains pursued by the Royal Irish Constabulary, and a detachment of the 45th Regiment, the week after the murder, had a most satisfactory result. Fifteen persons being taken, and ten of these were individually identified by three witnesses, who positively swore that these ten men were the perpetrators of the Maamtrasna massacre, while a fourth witness swore that some short time previously he overheard four of the ten identified persons talking over amongst themselves in a bog, if not actually plotting the terrible murder of the Joyce family. This news created the most extraordinary excitement in the district, and the feeling among the people was one of delight. Some of the country people who saw the witnesses, and learned what they had told, shook hands with them, and declared that 'it was God's doings that they had seen the gang, and that now honest people could live free from terrorism.' Others declared that the ten men identified were 'the biggest devils in the whole country, and that they were glad they had been captured.' It appears that late on the night of August 17th, sometime about 11 o'clock, as nearly as the witness could judge, a farmer living at Cappanacreehan, a townland in the mountainous regions, among which lies Maamtrasna, and situated in a wilder district than that village, was awakened by hearing the barking of dogs. He rose from his bed and looked out. He saw six men, whom he well knew and identified, passing along the road in the direction of Maamtrasna. He said that he knew 'bad work was going on, or would be going on.' The band was coming from the direction of Derrypark, which is further from Maamtrasna than is Cappanacreehan, and from the way they were taking he was afraid they might be going to attack his brother's house, which was one of the first cabins that lay along the path leading to Maamtrasna. He opened the door, crept out of his house, and crawling down a few feet towards the road, he hid amid the potatoe stalks. The men passed closed to him, but owing to the darkness of the night, they did not see him. Looking up he had a full view of their faces. As soon as they had gone by and proceeded a sufficient distance to warrant him leaving his lurking place without peril to his life, he ran lightly through the fields to his brother's house, which he reached before the gang had arrived at that point, they having pro-

ceeded by the ordinary path, and he having taken a short cut along the side of the mountains. Once arrived at his brother's house he alarmed the inmates, and having told the news of what he had seen and what he feared, his brother and nephew left their cabin, and lying down in an adjoining field, from which they had a full view of the road, saw the six men pass, and having gone a short distance, enter a cabin belonging to a farmer whom the three watchers knew. In a few minutes ten men issued from the house, the party now consisting of the first six men and four others, who had evidently been by arrangement awaiting them. The cabin was the appointed rendezvous of the assassins. The witness, who clearly saw the faces of all the men, who proceeded in the direction of Maamtrasna, not, however, taking the direct road, but for sake of concealment from observation, lurking along a tortuous pathway through fields and bog, for within 200 yards of each side of this circuitous track. There was no hesitation. Hastening on, the witnesses hurried along the shorter road, and when they had reached Joyce's cottage they lay down under the shelter of a bush that grew at the end of the yard belonging to the cabin. Soon the assassins arrived, and walked up to the ill-lit house. They removed the door from its hinges, and entered the lonely cabin, wherein, unconscious of danger, the defenceless family slept. Then began the work of murder. The trembling listeners beneath the bush heard the heavy blows, and the cries and moans of the victims of this heinous carnage. Dreading lest they should be discovered and done to death, knowing that they, three unarmed men, had no chance of coping with ten armed desperadoes, and, sick with terror at the fearful slaughter perpetrated almost before their eyes, they fled from their place of concealment and returned to their homes. The fourth witness has made an information, in which he swore that four of the men had been overheard by him deciding to murder Joyce. They were standing in a bog, and he saw who they were and clearly heard what they said.

All these witnesses were examined by Mr. Brady and Mr. Gardiner, in the presence of the ten persons who were, at that time, in Galway Jail.

The ten prisoners, Myles Joyce, Pat Joyce, Thomas Joyce, Patrick Casey, Michael Casey, John Casey, Anthony Phelan, Martin Joyce, and Thomas Casey, charged with the murder of the Joyce family of five persons, at Maamtrasna, were on October 2nd, removed

from Galway, where they were imprisoned after their arrest, to Dublin. The removal was preliminary to their trial in Dublin, by a special jury, at the commission which opened on the 1st of November.

On October 26th, in the Commission Court Dublin, the city grand jury brought in a true bill against the ten persons who stood charged with the murder of John Joyce, Michael Joyce, Bridget Joyce, Margaret Joyce, sen., and Margaret Joyce, jun., at Maamtrasna, county Galway, on August 18, 1882.

ARRAIGNMENT OF THE PRISONERS.

At the Commission Court, Green Street, Nov. 1st, before Mr. Justice Barry, Patrick Joyce (Shanvalleycahill) Patrick Joyce (John), Thomas Joyce (Pat), Michael Casey, Thomas Casey, Patrick Casey, John Casey, Martin Joyce, Miles Joyce, and Anthony Philbin were arraigned on an indictment charging them—'For that they, on the 18th August, 1882, feloniously, wilfully, and of malice aforethought, did kill and murder John Joyce, Michael Joyce, Bridget Joyce, Margaret Joyce, senior, and Margaret Joyce, junior.'

Though known that the prisoners would only be formally arraigned prior to the adjournment of the case for a week, the almost anxiety was evinced to catch a glimpse of them as they came into the dock from the cells underneath the court. The court was crowded. The prisoners had improved in appearance since their arrest. The regularity of prison life had given them a sterner aspect, and they had paid much attention to their dress, which was that of respectable peasants. One of them was an old grey-haired man. But none of them exhibited the wild mountaineer men they showed when taken into custody in Connemara. The Clerk of the Crown having asked the prisoners did they plead guilty or not guilty to the indictments? Mr. Stritch (counsel for the defence) remarked that some of them did not know English. Mr. Justice Barry—There ought to be an interpreter. An interpreter was sworn, and the prisoners being arraigned on the separate indictment of murdering John Joyce, replied some of them *per se* in the negative, and others, through the interpreter, that they were not guilty, and knew nothing of it. They were next arraigned seriatim on the charges of murdering Michael Joyce, Bridget Joyce, Margaret Joyce, senior, and Margaret Joyce, junior, and in each and all they entered a like plea. The Clerk of the Crown inquired if they were ready to hear their trial? Mr. Stritch—We are not ready for our trial,

and I would ask your lordship to adjourn the case until Monday, Nov. 13th.

Mr. Justice Barry—What has the Crown to say? Mr. Murphy, Q.C.—As my learned friend says that time is required for the defence, and as that would be the earliest we could think of having the trial, it is not going too far, if it suits your lordship, to say the 13th. The trial was postponed accordingly, and the prisoners were removed. PATRICK JOYCE CONVICTED AND SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Patrick Joyce, a young man, was indicted before the Special Commission Court in Dublin on Monday, Nov. 13th, Mr. Justice Barry presiding, for the murder of the Joyce family, at Maamtrasna, County Galway, on August 18th. Ten persons are implicated in the crime. Four of the Joyces were killed on the spot, and one was so seriously wounded that death resulted next day; while a sixth, a little boy, was also injured. The terrible tragedy forms so red a page in the annals of crime that the whole civilised world must feel an interest in its progress and result. Joy searches almost in vain for a deed of private vengeance so shocking. It were arranged that the accused men should be tried separately, Patrick Joyce was first placed in the dock, and,

The Attorney-General opened the case for the Crown at great length. He began by reminding the jury that the very revolting nature of this crime, which had brought such discredit on the country, made it all the more proper and more necessary that they should keep their minds in suspense until they should have heard the evidence. He also mentioned that the tract of country in question being known by the name of 'the Joyce country,' many of the people resident in it bore that name, and it would be necessary to carefully distinguish the persons of that name who would be mentioned in the case. On the night of Thursday, the 17th of August, a man named Anthony Joyce was awake by the barking of his dog. He got up, and, looking out, saw figures on the road. Going out, he sheltered himself under a wall, in advance of the prisoners on the road, and saw six men, whom he recognised, pass him by. These were Martin Joyce, Miles Joyce, Patrick Joyce, of Cappanacree, Thomas Joyce, Thomas Casey, and Anthony Philbin. The prisoner at the bar, Patrick Joyce, of Shanvalleycahill, was not amongst them. Anthony Joyce thought it prudent to go on to the house of his brother, which was farther on towards Maamtrasna, keeping the six men in view all the time. He woke up

his brother and his brother's son Patrick. These three watched the six men as they went along, and at a place called Derry they saw them joined by four others, who came out of the house of a man named Casey. These were the prisoner at the bar, and John Casey, Patrick Casey, and Michael Casey. Of these ten men Patrick Joyce identified nine, but the tenth man he did not identify, this being Philbin, who had been in the habit of being absent in England for considerable intervals of time, and therefore was not so well known. The Attorney-General here mentioned that the reason of the vigilance and anxiety of Anthony Joyce about his brother's place that night was that previously his brother's sheep had been cut and slashed with knives, and his mare and foal with ropes round their necks had been thrown into Lough Mask—that lake which had concealed more than one horrible secret. The three men who were there watching saw the ten take the road to Maamtrasna for a little more than half the distance. Then a straggling village intervened, and the ten men deviated from the straight road, as if to avoid the chance of observation. The three Joyces went on straight, and at the house of John Joyce saw the ten men. Some forced the door and went in. Then they heard shots and screams and a woman's cry. Soon there was the stillness of death, and then the watchers fled terror-stricken. But this was not the only evidence to go to the jury, for there had appeared in this case, as in many others, an absence of criminal fidelity on the part of one of the men implicated in the crime, and Anthony Philbin had volunteered a statement, and accordingly his name had been that morning struck out of the indictment. Anthony Philbin was a relative of one of the six men, Thomas Casey, and on that Thursday night Thomas Casey came and told him that he wanted him to go to Derry with him, as they were to meet some of the boys there, and he went. According to the evidence of Anthony Philbin, the prisoner at the bar had a revolver that night. He saw him enter the house of the Joyces with that revolver, and he heard shots and screams. He (Anthony Philbin) then fled, as he stated, from the scene of this dreadful crime. There might appear to be a discrepancy between this evidence and that of the three Joyces who were watching; for they did not say they heard shots, but the fact was that where they stood, as has been proved by actual experience since, the report of a revolver fired within the house would sound only as a dull thud. The Ator-

ney-General described the horrible condition in which the bodies of the inmates of the house were found—the head of the house in the outer room, naked and dead on the clay floor, with bullet wounds from a revolver; his wife also murdered in the bed; and in an inner room the aged grandmother and a boy and girl battered to death; and another boy, a child, left for dead on the floor. The last-named is recovering. The object of the murderers plainly was to destroy evidence against themselves by destroying the whole family. On the following Sunday Constable Brien arrested the prisoner at the bar in his house. At that time Brien was not aware that anybody else was to be arrested, and that Anthony Philbin was a party to the transaction at all, but a guilty conscience impelled the prisoner to ask the constable when he was taking him to Cong, where the case was to be investigated, whether he had heard that Philbin was arrested. The constable said he had not, and the prisoner at the bar then made this remarkable observation—'I suppose if he is he will be taken by the Cappaghduff men to Ballinrobe.' Cappaghduff Police Station was the nearest to Philbin's residence. Another important fact in the case was that Constable Finn on searching the prisoner's house that Sunday found a pair of trousers of the prisoner's damp from recent washing, but yet indications of blood were found on them by the analyst. On Thursday, the 24th of August, the sub-inspector found rolled up and stuck in the thatch over the prisoner's bed a cloth bag such as is generally used to keep a revolver in, but the revolver itself was not found. Between the Thursday night and the Sunday, however, there had been ample time to do away with that. In conclusion the Attorney-General called on the jury, in the quaint language of the law, 'A true verdict to give according to the evidence, so help you God.'

Evidence having been given by Anthony Joyce and others in support of the Attorney-General's statement, Anthony Philbin and Thomas Casey, who were originally indicted for complicity in the crimes, were produced as witnesses for the Crown, and gave material evidence against the prisoner at the bar.

Anthony Philbin, the man who first 'turned Queen' evidence, seemed sulken and dejected. He deposed: 'I live at Cappaghduff. I had been in Northumberland nine or ten years, and came back to Cappaghduff about four years ago. I have a brother-in-law named Thomas Casey, who lives at Glensaul. On the night of Thursday, the 17th of

August, he met me a little distance from my own house, which is five or six miles from Maamtrasna. I had been in the early part of the night at Patrick Quinn's wake at Churchfield. When I went home from the wake I remained a short time in the house and then went out on my land to see if there was any trespass. Then I met Tom Casey about eighty yards from my house. We went towards Derry, and met three men as we were crossing the river at Cappagh-nacreevagh. The three men were, Myles Joyce, Pat Joyce, and his son Tom. The five of us went on together a short distance, when we met Martin Joyce. It was then between eleven and twelve o'clock. They went into Michael Casey's but I remained in the yard. When they came out of Casey's four men joined them, Patrick Casey, John Casey, Michael Casey, and Patrick Joyce—Is the prisoner at the bar the Patrick Joyce who came out of Casey's? Yes. After you came out of Casey's in what direction did you go? We crossed a ditch into a field, and then went on to a street and a house that I did not know. Did you go together or were you scattered? Sometimes together and sometimes not, as we had to cross ditches. The man that was keeping my company mostly was young Tom Joyce. Had you any arms with you? No. Did you see them with anyone? I saw a revolver with Patrick Joyce, the prisoner at the bar. When they came to the house they broke in the door. What men did you see break in the door? Patrick Casey, of Derry, Myles Joyce, of Cappagh-nacreevagh, and Patrick Joyce, the prisoner. Did you see the three men you have named go into the house? I did. Are you able to state while you were there whether any others went into the house? Not during the time I was standing there. After they entered I heard screeches and heard a shot fired, and I got frightened and I turned and went away. Did you go by the same way you came? No, the nearest road I crossed; I broke into the field when I was a bit away. I made for home. Did your brother-in-law come away with you? I did not wait for him or any other body. I was arrested on the Saturday night or Sunday morning. Had you seen the prisoner Patrick Joyce at all before you were arrested and after they broke in the door that night? No, I did not wait to see anything. Did you see your brother-in-law Tom Casey the next day? I did not. Or any of the parties at all. No. Cross-examined by Mr. Malley: You were brought before the magistrates at Cong? I was. And then did you hear the three Joyces—

Anthony, John, and Patrick—tell their story of following you and the nine others to the house of the murdered Joyces? Yes, I heard some of it. Did you not hear the whole story? No, I did not. They did not tell what I knew. Did you hear the whole story told by them? They did not tell the truth. In what? In saying I went in along with the men into Joyce's house. Did they tell the truth when they said they saw you going into Casey's house? No, it was not. Where did you remain when the others were in Casey's house? A little below the house, about ten yards; it was not more than that. Did you keep at that distance from the nine men all the way going to Maamtrasna? [No answer.] Do you understand what I am saying? Yes. And why do you not answer? I was up to them sometimes, and sometimes I was five or six yards behind them when a ditch or a stream came between us. How far were you from the men who broke in the door? About three or four yards, but some men were standing between me and the door. Did you remain near the door? I did not; I moved away on seeing them about to break in the door. Now when you were charged before the magistrates did you cross-examine these Crown witnesses to prove that you were not there at all? I asked them a few questions. Was it to show that you were not there at all? [No answer.] Was it not to defend yourself that you asked those questions? It was; everybody was asking them questions as well as me. Were you not afraid you would be hanged for this crime? To be sure I was; I was afraid of being charged of such a crime. It was because of this you swore against this man in the dock? It was. I had nothing to do with it; I did no harm, and I was not going to be hanged for the crimes of other men.

Thomas Casey, the buher approver, was then examined by the Attorney-General. You were one of the persons charged with having been concerned in the murder of the Joyce family?—Yes. You have now consented to give evidence on behalf of the Crown? I have. Are you any relation to Anthony Philbin, the last witness? Yes. I am his brother-in-law.—You met Philbin that night? Went to him.—You had conversation with him? Yes, and went to Derry in company with him, and met three men—Myles Joyce, Patrick Casey, and Patrick Joyce. We afterwards met another man and the six of us went to Michael Casey's house. Five of us went in there, and Philbin remained outside. When we came out we were met by four other men and af-

terwards by two others. — Who were these last two who joined your party of ten the names are Patrick Kelly and Michael Nee. I have not seen Kelly since that night : I saw him last summer for the first time. Have you seen Nee since ? No ; he is, I know, a pedlar, and about a year before this he gave me a revolver to keep for him. Had you been talking to Patrick Casey before that night of the occurrence ? Yes, the day before. Was it afterwards you went to Philbin ? It was. I did not go into the house. The men burst in the door. It was very dark when they went in, and I saw a light shining inside afterwards. The light was seen a few minutes after they went in. Afterwards heard the cries of people in distress. I could not tell the number of these people who were crying out. I heard one shot and then ran away. I have known Patrick Joyce, the prisoner at the bar for a long time. He was one of the men that broke into the house. I did not know the Joyces who were murdered at all. Cross-examined : The last time you were here you were in the docks charged with the murder yourself ? I was. Have you given this information to save your life ? I have. At John Joyce's house, you heard the screams and the shots ? Yes. And you waited till the butchery was over ? Yes.

After other witnesses had been examined, the little boy, Patrick Joyce, the sole survivor of the unfortunate family, was put upon the table to give his evidence, and his appearance created a painful sensation. The marks of the wounds on his head which the murderers of his relatives had inflicted were distinctly visible. Although the child, who is about 11 years of age, appeared to have been well cared for, and was comfortably clothed in a new suit of tweed, yet he had a most frightened and bewildered look, which it was pitiable to behold. Mr. Murphy, Q.C. : Does the child speak English ? The interpreter : No, sir : Then ask him has he gone to chapel ever ? The question was put, and the child answered : No, I have not. Have you learned your catechism ? No, I have not. The Attorney-General. Do you know what it is to tell a lie ? Yes. Do you say your prayers ? No. Have you ever been at school ? No, never. Do you know where you will go to if you tell a lie ? No, I do not. The Attorney-General : I can examine the witness no further. His Lordship : No. The scars of the wounds inflicted on the lad's head on the occasion in question were then pointed out to the jury, and he was

taken out of court under the care of a policeman. The case for the Crown being closed, Mr. O'Malley proceeded to address the jury for the defence. He urged that no motive had been suggested for the murder, but that there was evidence of ill-feeling on the part of the Joyce witnesses towards the prisoner, whom they would accuse in order to gratify their malice. He also relied on the improbability of the story told by these men, that out of mere curiosity they would follow ten men at night for miles, and while identifying every one of the men were themselves unobserved. He also remarked on the improbability that revolver shots could not be distinguished in the dead of night at a distance of fifty or sixty yards from the house where they were fired, and the door of which was open. He further asked whether the most likely persons to commit the crime were not those who now perceived the necessity of saving themselves by turning approvers, namely, Anthony Philbin and Thomas Casey. As for Philbin's story that he went out late at night to see if cattle were trespassing, that was improbable ; and it was remarkable that the man who professed a desire to go home early from a walk would afterwards go off on the invitation of another on some evil mission in the dead of night. As for the prisoner, if he were an older man and had grown-up children, they could be examined to prove that he did not leave his own home that night, but being a young man with a young wife she was the only person who could prove that fact, and yet the law forbade her to be examined on behalf of her husband. Her mouth was closed, and the prisoner was therefore helpless. He appealed to the jury not to place themselves in a position in which they might afterwards have to reproach themselves with having rashly fastened the punishment of guilt on an innocent man.

Evidence was called to show ill-feeling on the part of the witnesses towards the prisoner, and then the case for the prisoner closed.

Mr. Murphy, Q.C., addressed the jury on the part of the Crown, contending that the prisoners had acted in obedience to the orders of a secret organisation that had spilt torrents of blood through the country.

Mr. Justice Barry proceeded on Wednesday to charge the jury, whose independence and character, education and intelligence, he said, could not be surpassed in the city. It was unnecessary, therefore, for him to occupy their time in making any observation to enlist their attention or impress upon

them the solemnity of the duty which the law cast upon them. Neither would he expatiate upon the enormity of the crime, which, he might say, without any exaggeration, startled the civilised world. But the more enormous the crime, the more should they hesitate before they affixed the consequences and the infamy of it upon an individual. No motive had been proved by the Crown to exist on the part of the prisoner, or, indeed, of any other person, to commit this dreadful crime. There was no doubt that in a case of uncertainty, no motive could be discovered, it was a reason why a jury should require some patent proof of the fact. The peculiarity of this case was that the crime itself was in its circumstances so terrible and so enormous that it was equally improbable that any one man alone should have committed it. Murders were committed for private vengeance; they were committed for plunder; they were committed to get out of the way a rival competing in some walk in life with the murderer. But here was an entire family massacred in cold blood, and when they spoke of motive, they were immediately lost in mystery and uncertainty. The only question for them would be—and it was a most important question for their consideration—whether the motive was not to be traced in that most remarkable piece of evidence given by the man Thomas Casey, one of the so-called approvers, when in answer to the question, Why did he bring Philbin to Derry, he said ‘By orders.’ When asked from whom he got the orders, he said, ‘I got the orders from Pat Casey. He was one of the men who broke in the door.’ He could not help thinking that in the annals of trials in this country there had never been given before a judge and jury a more remarkable piece of evidence than that. It was for them to say whether in that mysterious piece of evidence they could trace out any motive for whoever committed this crime. His lordship then carefully reviewed the evidence given by the witnesses for the Crown, and observed that if the Joyces invented their story to try and hang ten innocent men, their crime would be infinitely worse than that of the men who committed this atrocious crime; but if they did not, would it be at all likely that they would pick out ten persons not immediately residing in the immediate neighbourhood or in one locality, but living in different districts? His lordship then referred to the evidence of the approvers, and concluded as follows:—It was the obvious intention of the assassins to slaughter the entire family,

and it was only by the merciful interposition of Providence that the life of poor child whom they saw put on the table was saved. The old and the young, the dying and the dead, all lay huddled together in a most horrible manner, and one of the victims was eaten by some animal, it was supposed a pig. A scene so horrible had never been described before in a court of justice in any civilised country. But, however much the jury might desire the guilty persons to be brought to justice, they should recollect that the law required no victim. If the evidence had satisfied their minds that the prisoner was guilty, they were bound to convict him. If they had any doubt of the evidence, it must be the doubt of firm, natural, reasonable men. He had no doubt they would do their duty as became highly eminent citizens of that great city; that they would discharge their duty between the prisoner and the country faithfully, calmly, impartially, and regardless of consequences, and might God direct them to a right conclusion.

The jury then retired, and after an absence of eight minutes returned into court with a verdict of Guilty. The prisoner having been asked the usual question whether he had anything to say why judgment and execution should not be awarded to him according to law, answered with apparent calmness, ‘I am not guilty.’

Mr. Justice Barry then proceeded to pass sentence, and said:—*Pat Casey*, after a most patient trial, a jury of your countrymen have convicted you of the crime of murder, a crime committed by you and your confederates under circumstances so appalling that I cannot endure to recapitulate them in form. You have been convicted of the murder of John Joyce; in fact, you murdered him, his wife, his mother, his son, and his daughter, and it was only the accidental interposition of Providence which prevented you adding another victim to that scene of slaughter in the person of that poor child who was produced here yesterday. It is not for manow—indeed, it would be useless—to attempt to awaken you to a sense of the position in which your enormous criminality has placed you. Mercy in this world, mercy at the hands of men, you have none to expect; but you shall have what you did not permit your poor victims—time to endeavour to make your peace with that God whom you have so grievously offended: and are told that even sinners whose crimes are equal to yours will not turn to Him in vain. It only remains for me now to pronounce the sentence, the dreadful sentence, of the law; and

dreadful as your crime has been, I am not ashamed to say that I feel (here his lordship's voice quivered with emotion, and he wept)—I feel deeply the position of a man who is sentencing his fellow man to death. Having assumed the black cap, he said:—The sentence and judgment of the court is, and I do adjudge and order, that you, Patrick Joyce, be taken from the bar of this court where you now stand to the place whence you came, and that you be removed to Her Majesty's prison in Galway, and that you be taken on Friday, the 5th day of December, to the common place of execution within the walls of such prison, and that you be then and there hanged by the neck until you are dead, and your body shall be buried in the precincts of the prison in which you shall have been last confined, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.—The prisoner listened with fixed attention to the sentence, but betrayed no feeling except in biting his lips as he was removed from the dock to the cell.

TRIAL OF THE SECOND PRISONER, PATRICK CASEY.

The trial of Patrick Casey, one of the men charged with the murder of the Joyce family at Maamtrasna, was commenced at Dublin on Nov. 15th. The same counsel appeared as at the first trial, and several of the witnesses examined in the previous case were called by the prosecution. The evidence given made it probable that two of the worst of the gang—the men who in all probability planned and directed the murder—were still at large. Their names were mentioned by one of the informers as Nee and Kelly, and it is supposed that they were leaders in a secret society, whose object was the assassination of all obnoxious persons.

John Joyce was the first witness examined. He deposed to being aroused on the night of the 17th of August by his brother Anthony, who lived a short distance from him, and to their going out with witness' son to see the six men whom Anthony had observed on the road, and whom they followed to Michael Casey's house, and afterwards to John Joyce's. Witness and his son and Anthony went to a corner of the yard and concealed themselves behind a little bush. They saw the ten men go into the yard, and make a drive at the door. Some went into the house, and some remained outside. Witness heard strong voices calling and screeching from the house.—Patrick Joyce, son of the last witness, gave corroborative evidence.

Anthony Philbin, one of the approvers, repeated his former evidence,

Thomas Casey (the second approver), brother-in-law of Philbin, was next examined. He said he had known the prisoner, Patrick Casey, for fifteen or sixteen years. The night before the murder, Casey told him to go towards Derry, and bring Philbin with him. I brought Philbin. I told him we had to go. We then took the shortest cut towards Derry, and met the others. Witness then detailed the route taken by the party to Maamtrasna, deposing that two men, not in custody—Patrick Kelly and Michael Nee—joined them on the way. He had known Nee, who asked him once to take charge of a revolver for him, and Nee told him who Kelly was. Kelly, Nee, Pat Joyce, Miles Joyce, and the prisoner were the first to cross over into the yard, and go to the door, which was then burst open. Pat Joyce, Miles Joyce, and the prisoner went in. He was not sure of Kelly and Nee, but he did not see them in the yard again.—Cross-examined by Mr. Stutch: Did you or did you not know that you were going to do anything wrong to John Joyce that night?—I did not know what they were going to do to him.—Had you any suspicion?—Well, I won't say anything about that, because I do not know.—Do you expect the jury to believe that?—I cannot help that. Can you make me tell the truth?—Mr. Stutch: I don't expect I can.—Witness: And then make me eat it. Do you want me to compose it all over again, and to tell a lie?—If you had known it was to kill Joyce would you have given him warning?—Indeed I would not.—Would you have told the police?—I would not.—You kept the secret locked up in your breast from the 29th of June until the present?—I did not know anything that was going to take place. I was speaking with Philbin while we were in custody. I first heard last week that he would give evidence for the Crown. I did not hear that his life would be saved on that account, or that it was in the power of the Crown to do it.—Did that influence you to give evidence also to save your life?—I do not know whether it will be done or not.—Would you give the information for the purpose of saving your neck?—That is not a fair question.—(Laughter.)—The Attorney-General rebuked any spirit of levity being shown in so serious a case.—Witness: If you were dragged into 'a hole of water' by two or three men, maybe you would sooner be out of it than stay there.—Mr. Stutch: Is it to save your life that you are giving this evidence?—I would like to save my life, and so would every body.—Answer me 'Yes' or 'No.'—I

won't answer you.—Why have you told us now about the two other men? —Why wouldn't I tell about Kelly and Nee? I knew they were the authors of it. (Excitement in court.)—The Attorney-General: Now we have got it out. There is the root of the confederacy.—Mr. Stritch (to witness): How do you know that?—Witness: By the way Nee was talking.

Mr. Malley, Q.C., after addressing the jury on behalf of the prisoner, called witnesses to prove an *alibi*.—Mary Casey, cousin of the prisoner, said she was in his house on the night of the murders, and he was there. He got a pain in his back early in the evening, and witness and her mother were engaged during the night in attending him and giving him warm milk. He could not possibly have left the house that night.—The prisoner's mother, Julia Casey, deposed that on the night of the murder, he spent the night at home.—This closed the case for the defence, and Mr. Stritch having addressed the jury on behalf of the accused, and Mr. Murphy, Q.C., having replied, the Court adjourned.

On Nov. 16th Mr. Justice Barry summed up the evidence, and the jury, after an absence of eleven minutes, returned into court with a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to be hanged at Galway gaol on the 15th of December.

TRIAL OF THE THIRD PRISONER, MYLES JOYCE.

Myles Joyce, a man of most repulsive appearance, was on November 17th indicted for the murder of Margaret Joyce the younger, on the 18th of August, at Maamtrasna.

The Attorney-General stated the case against the prisoner. The girl whose death they were inquiring into was only fourteen years of age. So terrible was the circumstances of the crime, so horrible and revolting the cruelty shown by the murderers, that he would probably best consult the public ear and their own by allowing the details to be elicited in evidence. He (the Attorney-General) then went into the case against the prisoner, from which it appeared he was one of the six men who first went to Casey's house. Having described what, according to the Crown witnesses, had taken place till the Joyce family had been murdered, he said that after the crime was committed the murderers made off to their own homes, some of them having wives and children of their own, there to remain till once more the same secret organization which had sent them upon this hellish errand once more called upon them to repeat

the horrors of the vengeance which they had executed on the Joyces upon some family equally helpless as the Joyces. When describing the scene which presented itself to Collins, who first saw the dead bodies, he (the Attorney-General) could scarcely speak of this part of the case without emotion—no due, indeed, except it were some anonymous scribbler outside, could. In conclusion, he said it was not one moment too soon that the arms of justice proved long enough to reach the perpetrators of these outrages, and that jurors should be forthcoming, firm enough to do their duty between the accused and the country. Evidence for the Crown was then given.

Mr. Ryan, C.E., who had prepared the maps of the district, deposed to the details connected with them.

Anthony Joyce, John Joyce, sen., and John Joyce, jun., who had tracked the party to the house of the murdered family, re-stated the facts connected with their eventful journey.

In the course of the evidence of John Joyce, sen., it transpired that the murdered man had been a relative of the first cousin, and that the prisoner now occupying the dock stood in the same relationship to him, a statement which caused great sensation in court.

Anthony Philbin, one of the approvers, was examined, and his evidence was in effect exactly the same as that given in the two previous cases. After his cross-examination by Mr. Malley, Q.C., a Juror asked him, Why did you go with Thomas Casey when he went for you that night? The witness, To oblige my brother-in-law. A Juror, Did you ask him what he wanted you for? The Witness, He said he wanted to see some of the boys, and I started no more questions. The Attorney-General, Not; that was enough.

Next day, the 18th of November, the trial was resumed, when an attempt was made by the prisoner's relatives to establish an *alibi*, but this entirely failed. Mr. Malley made an excellent address for prisoner's defence, but the charge was too well established to shake the jury in their desire to do justice, after the judge had ably summed up the evidence, the jury retired to consider their verdict. When they returned to their accustomed seat, they had found the prisoner 'GUILTY,' and the judge proceeded to pass sentences upon him in a similar manner as he had done in the cases of the two previous prisoners. The execution of Myles Joyce was fixed for the 15th of December, the same day as was already decided upon, for the execution of the two other prisoners,

TRIAL OF THE FOURTH PRISONER,

MICHAEL CASEY.

At the Dublin Commission on Nov. 20th, Michael Casey was placed upon his trial for the murder of Margaret Joyce, aged 80 years, at Maamtrasna. The prisoner was 65 years of age, but looked older in consequence of the whiteness of his hair and beard. He had regular features, and was more prepossessing in his appearance than any of the other prisoners already tried. Upon being placed in the dock he looked anxiously around him, and remained leaning on the bar watching the Judge until he was told by the Attorney-General that he must sit down. The same counsel appeared for the prosecution and the same for the defence as in the other cases. The prisoner was the father of one of the other cases, and it was from his house the four men joined the six on the night of the murder. The prisoner did not understand English, and all the evidence had to be interpreted to him. The prisoner frequently interrupted the witnesses to the effect that they might say what they liked against him, but that they did not see him there.

The Attorney-General, in opening the case for the Crown, said it was at the prisoner's house the whole of the party of the assassins, except two, assembled on the night of the murders. The learned gentleman called the attention of the jury to the evidence which showed the existence of a conspiracy of some secret organisation, which claimed the right to hold the lives of the people of the district in their hands. Kelly and Nee, who seemed to have been the leaders of the expedition, were still at large, and possibly were then haunting the shores of Lough Mask, which had earned an unholy and criminal notoriety. Evidence was then given.

Anthony Joyce repeated his testimony describing the route taken by the party, including Michael Casey. He was cross-examined as to the persons he saw at the wake on the bodies of the murdered people. He did not see the prisoner there. He never heard anything against him. He was a quiet man. Neither he nor the prisoner ever left the townland since they were born.

John Joyce identified the prisoner as one of the party of ten. When cross-examined he contradicted the approver Philbin in one particular, namely, that six men entered Casey's house including Philbin; but Philbin swore that he did not enter the prisoner's house at all, but remained outside when the others went in. In this contradiction he was corroborated by young Patrick Joyce, son of the last witness.

The approver Philbin was called, and gave in detail an account of how the six men met and proceeded to the house of the prisoner. There they had a consultation. He did not go inside, but shortly afterwards some men came out of the prisoner's house, and they proceeded to the residence of the doomed family. Witness declined to swear whether two other men joined them on the way, but he positively swore that three of the assassins broke in the door, and entered Joyce's house. He heard screams and two shots, and then ran away.

This witness was subjected to a rigorous cross examination, which failed to shake his testimony, and the case was then adjourned till next day Nov. 21st. MICHAEL CASEY WITHDRAWS HIS PLEA OF 'NOT GUILTY.'

When Michael Casey was put forward for the resumption of his trial on Nov. 21st., Mr. Malley, Q.C., on his part, at once withdrew the plea of not guilty, and asked that the other four untried prisoners should be placed in the dock.

When the jury had answered their names, the old man, Michael Casey, was put forward.

Mr. Malley, Q.C., said: My Lord, I have now to withdraw the plea of 'not guilty' on the part of the prisoner, and to ask your Lordship to permit the other prisoners to be produced in the dock.

The Clerk of the Crown.—Does the prisoner plead guilty to this indictment?—Yes.

The interpreter having communicated this question to the prisoner, an answer in the affirmative was returned.

By his Lordship's direction, the remaining four prisoners were then put forward.

It had been intimated to the governor of the prison that the attendance of the other four prisoners would be required in court, for it was customary to bring only one of the prisoners down daily. There were not many persons in court at the time. Martin Joyce, Thomas Joyce, John Casey, and Patrick Joyce (Pat), were then put forward. Patrick Joyce and John Casey were men of about twenty or thirty years of age. The latter was made to stand in front of the dock, as the Judge desired to make some observations to him. He was the man who cross-examined the witnesses who tracked the murderers before the magistrates, and the witnesses stated that he was a quiet little man, who would not do anybody any harm if he was let alone. He was a man of middle stature, and in appearance like a mechanic. He had seen more of the world than the others, who bore all the char-

acteristics of peasantry from the extreme West. Martin Joyce was the person who joined Philbin on the road to the meeting, before the murder, at Michael Casey's house, and Patrick Joyce (Pat), the additional name being given to distinguish him from the other, were men of about 40, with unprepossessing features. In the background stood the tall figure of Michael Casey, aged 65. His firm, straight features, sharp piercing eyes, and white hair, struck every one who saw him when put on his trial. The five prisoners presented a pitiful aspect as they stood awaiting sentence in the midst of a group of stalwart warders and policemen. When the four entered together, they glanced inquiringly at Casey, who was there before them, as if for some explanation or hint, and in a low tone a few words in Irish passed between them.

FIVE PRISONERS PLEAD GUILTY AND ARE SENTENCED TO DEATH.

On Tuesday, Nov. 21st, the final scene of the trial of the Maamtrasna murderers was enacted in Green-street, Court-house, after Mr. Justice Barry and special jurors of the city of Dublin had been eight days investigating the dreadful details of the massacre, and in the result the law was fully vindicated, the eight persons indicted being sentenced to death in Galway gaol on the 15th of December.

The Clerk of the court directed the interpreter to inform each of the prisoners separately that their counsel had pleaded guilty on their behalf, and to inquire if they acquiesced. In each case there was practically the same reply, that they were guilty.

Mr. Malley, Q.C.—My Lord, in the presence of your Lordship, I apply to you for liberty to withdraw the pleas of 'Not guilty' that have been put in by them all, and I now withdraw the pleas of 'Not guilty' that have been entered. Now, my Lord, the prisoners having thus withdrawn their pleas of 'Not guilty,' and having pleaded 'Guilty,' it now becomes my duty, on their behalf, to offer a few observations to your Lordship, which I hope, my Lord, you will receive with that kindness and consideration which has already marked your Lordship's conduct both to myself individually and towards every one concerned in these painful trials. After what has transpired during the agonising and lengthened investigation of these cases, it would be useless for me to observe upon the peculiar features they display, as regards the several prisoners. The degrees of participation and grades of moral guilt, though all are equally guilty in the eye of the law,

have been patent to the eye of every observer of these important trials in the court. The dark effects of that mysterious influence which by its terror, and through its instrumentality, has its dreadful working upon the fears, and probably through its fears, on the lives of these unfortunate creatures who have been so cruelly dealt with. That mysterious influence has been apparent during these investigations, and it is impossible to tell to what extent it may have been exercised upon each of the individuals, who unfortunately came within their reach. Bearing these matters in mind, and believing that the Executive is ever willing to exercise its prerogative of mercy where that mercy may be exercised consistent with the public safety and the security of life and property, I appear, with all the earnestness which the solemnity of the occasion and the fearful exigencies of the case require, to that better and tender feeling of the Attorney-General, now that he has faithfully exercised the duties of his high position in having vindicated the law and the rights of society upon the most prominent actors in this painful tragedy, that he will exercise what will be a more pleasing task—that of recommending to the consideration of the Crown the remaining prisoners who have pleaded guilty. I hope, my Lord, it is not presumptuous in me to express an expectation that your Lordship will mercifully endorse that recommendation.

His Lordship, addressing the prisoners, said—Michael Casey, Patrick Joyce, Thomas Joyce, John Casey, and Martin Joyce, you admit by the plea of guilty your participation in one of the most shocking crimes that have ever disgraced a civilized community. You have now made the only atonement in your power to the offended laws of your coun-

a terrible example, and an example which I hope will sink deep into the hearts of your fellow-men—a terrible example of the consequence of joining a secret society. It is not impossible, it is not improbable, that, at your learned and able and faithful counsel has suggested, some at least of you, upon the dreadful occasion, were led to that scene of carnage unconscious of what was to happen. It is not impossible, it is not improbable, that some of you were induced to join in the dreadful deed through feelings of terrorism, the apprehension of the consequences to yourselves, from your secret directors; but that any distinction could be taken

by any jury on the evidence of the case between the guilt of any one and the guilt of any other is absolutely impossible. Those who were proved to have forced open the door of the slaughtered family have been convicted, and their lives are forfeited. No jury capable of estimating evidence could hesitate to hold that those who remained outside in the yard whilst the scene of outrage was being enacted within were equally guilty. It may as I said, be possible that amongst some of you who did not take an actual manual part, so to say, in the deed, that you may not have been fully aware of what was intended; but that is the result to those who join in unlawful societies, and the operations directed by the organisers of these societies. You joined in an unlawful enterprise. There is nothing to distinguish you from the others engaged in it. You all appeared to act with a common purpose, and let it be perfectly understood that those who join in unlawful operations of that kind—each and every one is responsible for the act of the other. There is one of you to whom I would wish to make special reference, and I regret that I believe that none of you understand what I am saying. I refer to the case of John Casey, the man now in the dock, who is put forward with the view of my calling attention to his case to what was the evidence given with respect to you, John Casey—I use the very words of the witness—‘You were a quiet little man if you were left alone,’ and you, the quiet, little, well-behaved man, are now about to receive sentence of death for your participation in that dreadful deed on that night. It remains only for me now to pass upon you, and each of you, the dreadful sentence of the law. As regards the eloquent appeal made on your behalf by your counsel, the acceding to that appeal is not with me, but with the Executive Government. For myself, I shall only say that, personally, I shall be very glad indeed if those with whom the decision rests will see their way to some final conclusion. For me it only remains to pass on you the sentence of the law. His Lordship then, without, however, assuming the black cap, sentenced the five prisoners to be hanged in Galway gaol, on the 15th of December, the same day as that which was fixed for the execution of Patrick Joyce, Patrick Casey, and Myles Joyce, previously convicted.

EXECUTION OF THREE OF THE MAAM-
TRASNA MURDERERS, SCENE ON THE
SCAFFOLD.

The five men who pleaded guilty, on November 21st, at the Dublin Commis-

sion, to having assisted in the horrible massacre of the Joyce family at Maamtrasna, were reprieved on December 12th, the death sentence passed upon them being commuted to penal servitude for life. The other three prisoners who were sentenced to death for the same crime were executed in Galway Gaol on Friday morning, December 15th, Marwood being the executioner. The names of the doomed men were—Pat Joyce, Pat Casey, and Myles Joyce. The convicts were aroused at six o'clock, and shortly afterwards made their confessions to the Rev. Mr. Newell, and received the last sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church. They all refused to eat or drink anything. The representatives of the press were not admitted to witness the process of pinioning, but from inquiry it was learned that each of the condemned men was pinioned in his own cell, and that while Casey and Pat Joyce bore the operation with the greatest firmness, Myles Joyce, during all the time it was proceeding, asserted his innocence of the crime with great vehemence, and resisted Marwood slightly. At a quarter-past eight o'clock, the first of the condemned, Myles Joyce, made his appearance. He was supported on each side by warders, and his arms were pinioned behind him. On seeing the group of press men gathered around the door, he uttered a number of exclamations in the Irish language protesting his innocence. He was followed by Pat Casey, who did not utter a word, but walked firmly along. Last of all came Pat Joyce, who during the progress of the trial attracted attention by the cool manner in which he conducted himself, and who now also, on the eve of death, displayed the same coolness. He was immediately preceded by Marwood, carrying a number of ropes, and was followed by the Rev. Mr. Greavan, repeating the Litany for the Dying. Pat Joyce alone repeated the responses, which he did in a low but firm voice.

The procession then proceeded about 200 yards to where the scaffold was erected, in a yard next the one in which Walsh was executed. The prisoners, with the exception of Casey, mounted the steps without assistance, and were placed in position by Marwood under the three ropes which were dangling from the cross-beam. After this was done, Myles Joyce, turning to the knot of spectators, made a number of exclamations in the Irish language to the effect that he was innocent of the crime. The other men did not say a word. On Marwood going up to Myles Joyce, to adjust the rope round his neck, he re-

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sisted slightly, and, apparently labouring under great excitement, made a motion as if to push him away. The Rev. Mr. Greaven, who had been standing at the front of the scaffold repeating the usual prayers, seeing this, went up close to the unfortunate man and uttered some soothing advice to him. Joyce then—though he talked loudly all the time—allowed the noose to be put around his neck, and the other two men permitted a like operation to be performed in their cases without the least resistance. The executioner then drew the white cap over Pat Joyce's face, then over Casey's, and finally over Myles Joyce's. The latter, however, who continued to talk all the time, most vehemently twisted his head in some manner after the cap had been drawn over his head, and Marwood had again to arrange the noose around his throat, the other two continuing all the time perfectly passive. Myles Joyce even then did not cease speaking, and continued thus:—'I am going before my God, and I am as innocent as the child unborn. I neither raised hand nor foot against the people. I had neither hand, act, or part in the murders.'

At this instant Marwood drew the bolt, and the three men disappeared from view. There was scarcely a quiver of the ropes by which Patrick Joyce and Casey were suspended, but there was apparently severe struggling on the part of Myles Joyce, for the rope he hung by violently oscillated, and Marwood who stooped down could be seen for several minutes afterwards endeavouring to do something—it could not be seen what—with the noose. Marwood afterwards, in reply to the reporter, explained that Myles Joyce by some means or other had got his arm or his hand entangled with the rope, and that he had been trying to push it down. Death, he was positive, was instantaneous, and nothing could have been wrong with the rope, as he had used it at executions before at Limerick, York, Liverpool, Bodmin, Cornwall, and Worcester, as well as at Galway before, in the case of Patrick Walsh, the young man who was hanged for the murder of a constable. Beside, he gave all the men a drop of equal length—nine feet. One of the other ropes he used at the executions of Dr. Lamson and Lefroy.

The scaffold was a substantial-looking structure raised about twelve feet from the ground, and was erected by workmen brought down from Dublin all the local tradesmen having refused to do the work. The prison was surrounded by sentries all night, and a body of police were on duty outside on the

morning of the execution, to quell any disturbance which might arise. But scarcely a dozen persons assembled around the place, even after the black flag had been run up to show that the sentence of the law had been carried out.

On looking down from the platform into the trap in which the men were hanging, the upper parts of their bodies could be discerned, their heads drooping to one side. All wore their own clothes. Myles Joyce was apparently between forty and fifty years of age, with short brown whiskers and moustache. Pat Casey was a short, impulsive-looking man, with a countenance strongly indicative of brutal ferocity, while Pat Joyce was younger by a few years than the other two, and far better looking. Hopes were entertained of the reprieve of Myles Joyce by his friends and relatives almost up to the last moment. A memorial was sent by his wife to the Lord Lieutenant, stating that he was innocent of the crime, and that the other men who had taken part in it were ready to swear he was not with them on the night of the murder. His Excellency, however, after reviewing the facts of the case, found he had no option but to allow the law to take its course.

The three Joyces who followed the party on the night of the murders, and by whose aid the perpetrators were afterwards brought to justice, returned to their houses, after receiving the sum of £1,250 from the Government as a reward for the information that they gave. The authorities offered to send them out of the country free of expense, but they positively refused to go, and also declined protection, alleging that the feeling of the people of the district was so strong in their favour that they did not need it.

THE JOYCE COMMUNITY IN CONNEMARA.

Something like half a century ago the wild and desolate region known as the 'Joyce Country,' and still further renowned later in the wildest carnage of modern times, was peopled by a race of giants. When O'Connell visited Galway he expressed a desire to see some specimens of the race, and in order to gratify this wish a deputation formed amongst them was introduced to him. O'Connell, himself of colossal statuesque proportions, was considerably amazed at these stalwart sons of Erin. Addressing them in Gaelic, which was the only tongue intelligible to them, and of which he was so thorough a master, he commended their peaceable disposition, calling them 'gentle giants, living in solitude, the home of freedom and peace.' *O tem-pora, O mores!* The 'Joyce Coun-

try' formed a part of the vast territorial property of the late Mr. R. Martin, of Ballynahinch Castle, who represented the county of Galway in the House of Commons. In the House he went by the *sobriquet* of 'Humanity Dick,' on account of his having introduced the first measure for the prevention of cruelty to animals. His numerous duels in Ireland, and especially his faction fights with the family of the O'Flahertys—next to his own the most powerful family in Connemara—won from his tenantry and dependents the distinguishing title of 'Brave Dick.' He was the most improvident of men, even amongst an improvident race—as, for instance, though marble and coal abounded on his own immense domain—a domain boasting an *avenue* of thirty miles long—he sent to England and other countries for these commodities. He left an only child, a daughter, of such accomplishments and learning as to give her the title of 'blue stockings' in the days before there were 'girl graduates,' sweet or otherwise. The vast property reverting to her proved to be a *damnata hereditas*, and, though she wrote several novels, which met with a fair success, she evidently died in great poverty in New York, after having been for some time supported by the respectful tributes of the descendants of the loyal and humble tenantry of 'Brave Dick of Connemara.'

GALWAY TRIPLE EXECUTION: INTERVIEW WITH MARWOOD.

An interview with Marwood, the executioner, at his home at Horncastle, was thus described by a newspaper correspondent:—'Now, sir, will you take a seat, and say what you require of me?' said my host, as he bowed out with profuse politeness a caller who was still with him at the hour of my appointment. 'What do you want to know?' he continued; 'what can I tell you about Ireland? Have you been to Galway?' I replied that I knew the city well, and told him the story of how the chief magistrate had once found his own son guilty of murder on the high seas, and not only sentenced him to death, but as the story goes, hanged him with his own hand. 'The chief magistrate, did you say?' interposed my host. 'Yes, the warden of Galway; a great man;' and then I told him the whole story of how James Lynch Fitz-Stephen sent his only son to Spain on commercial business, and found some time afterwards that, returning with a Spanish friend, they had conspired with the crew to throw the Spaniard overboard and seize for their own use a valuable cargo. After many many months, stricken with horror, one of the crew revealed the cir-

cumstances. The young man was tried before his own father, was found guilty, and sentenced to death. But the people of the town waited upon their mayor, and, depending partly on the fact that the young man was an only son, pleaded that his sentence should be commuted. 'You shall have my answer if you will call at mid-day to-morrow,' said the warden calmly, and the deputation went away in good hope. Next day when they went to the house they found the body of the young man suspended from one of the front windows. This was the answer of the stern warden of Galway to the appeal for mercy. 'A splendid fellow,' said Marwood, 'I should have done the same myself. If I can only get some of them to go with me I shall have a look at that house when I go back to Galway in the beginning of the year.' From this time the tongue of my entertainer was loosened. He felt on quite the same mental plane as the historical Mayor of Galway and began benignly to give me his experiences. I interrupted him by putting the question plainly whether it was or was not a fact that in the case of Myles Joyce there was something so far wrong that the rope had to be readjusted by the executioner's foot. 'What have you seen in the papers?' he asked. I showed him the story as told in a semi-local publication. 'It's not true,' said Marwood; 'those Irish papers do tell such lies.' And he went to a little 'cup-board,' and brought out a sheet of paper with a newspaper clipping newly pasted on. 'Look there,' he said, 'that's the fact. You see it states that the jury at Galway wanted to see me, but that the coroner thought it was only curiosity, and would not allow me to be called.' 'But reporters as a rule tell the truth,' I interrupted, with a regard for the dignity of the profession which will not, I trust, offend seriously the Recording Angel, 'and it is stated that you stooped down and said, "Bother the fellow." Is that true?' The man looked a little confused, but answered, with more promptness than I had expected, 'Well, yes; I believe I did say so. You see the fellow was so loathsome. Neither the priest nor me could make him stand. And he threw himself about so, after his arms were fixed, and the rope got under his wrist as it was fixed across his breast—you know when they stand patiently and properly it always lies loose on their shoulder just before they drop—and when I looked down the pit he was hanging crossways like. His head was a little to the side, owing to the rope being caught in the arm, and he did not hang straight and proper like the

other two. But he did not suffer anything, any more than the others. He was a wild, bad-looking fellow, and kept jabbering and talking. I couldn't understand a word of his 'lingo,' and I don't think the priest knew much of it, for he seemed frightened. But there was enough force of the rope on his neck to finish him in very little time. He was dead as soon as the others, though the doctor said he was 'strangled.' I looked myself, and I did see that his neck was not broken.' I here ventured to mention to Marwood how the *St. James' Gazette* had suggested that in such cases it would be better to use a little chloroform. My host opened his eyes very wide indeed, and regarded me with an air in which a certain *suspicion* of disgust was distinctly perceptible. It was as much as to say, 'You—you, who have just told me admiringly that story of the warden of Galway, and you let yourself down by the weak suggestion that it might be better to use chloroform.' Marwood, however, only looked this. And he said with a fine moral indignation, 'No, no, that would never do: it's too like poisoning. No chloroform, no chloroform; no, sir, let a man meet his fate like a man. It's the rope I believe in; there's nothing else frightens them like that. We mustn't have no poisoning brought into the business.'

On August 19th some labourers on a boycotted farm near Keadue, Boyle, were fired on, and a quantity of hay maliciously burned. Three men named Ward, Grundy, and Reilly, were, on Aug. 20th, sentenced respectively to seven years, two years, and eighteen months' imprisonment, with hard labour, for endeavouring to intimidate Mrs. Kenny from giving evidence as to the murder of her husband in Seville place.

MURDER OF DANIEL LEAHY.

The feeling of horror at the murder of Daniel Leahy, which was committed on August 20th, near Killarney, was general. 'A more inoffensive and upright man did not live in the County Kerry, and a more wanton, causeless outrage was never committed in this or any other country.' These were the words in which Mr. S. M. Hussey, agent of the Kenmare estate, described the character of the dead man, and of the crime of which he was the victim. That this opinion was endorsed by a great majority of the inhabitants of the Killarney district was shown by the cortege that accompanied his remains from his late residence at Scardeen, to their last resting place beneath the shadow of Muckross Abbey. The dwelling

house of the deceased consisted on the ground floor of a kitchen, parlour, and bed-room, out of which the unhappy old man was dragged to his death. Upstairs there were other bed-rooms, where his son and daughter and the servants slept. The staircase springs from the kitchen up through the ceiling with a narrow opening, and one can easily understand how a small number of armed persons from below could prevent any number of persons above from coming to the rescue of Mr. Leahy when he was being murdered. It is hardly fair to give this explanation for the satisfaction of the servants who were upstairs, and against whom the reputation of cowardice might be made. Another fact curious enough, is that the deceased man, notwithstanding the well-known disavowal with which rent-warners, drivers, and other employees of the landlord had been regarded for three years previous, never kept firearms in his house, so that the marvel is that the miscreants who slew the old man did not destroy the other inmates as well. The house was within no great distance of the spot where Mr. Arthur Herbert, J.P., was murdered in open day, being only nine or ten miles distant in a direct line. Twelve months before Mr. Leahy resigned the position of rent-warner on the Kenmare estate, and this step might have induced the opinion that he need not apprehend danger. It is scarcely credible, but the fact is beyond question that after the unfortunate Leahy had been shot twice, and before the third shot was fired, the murderers demanded whiskey, and on Mrs. Leahy saying that there was none in the house, they took the keys of the dairy from her, and helped themselves to milk. As well as the shooting there were several wounds inflicted by bayonets found on the body of the deceased.

The authorities believed that thirty men were engaged in the attack; but it is hard to see how any estimate could be formed of the numbers, except from the statement of the old woman, who believed fifteen persons were present. On examination in the morning, a conical bullet, suitable to a Martini-Henri rifle, was found in the floor of the kitchen where the murder was committed.

The body of the murdered man was interred, Aug. 22nd, in Muckross Abbey, and the funeral was one of the largest seen in the district for a long time. Six men who were arrested for complicity in the murder were brought up before Mr. Bodkin, R.M., and on the application of Mr. Alexander Murphy, Crown Solicitor, were remand-

ed for a week. There was a police patrol a short distance from Dealy's house at the time the murder was committed, but they heard nothing of the occurrence until the alarm was given from Daly's house.

CHAPTER XX.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THOMAS QUINN—TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF PATRICK WALSH—MURDER OF WILLIAM HICKES—MURDER OF HENRY HUNT—MURDER OF THOMAS BROWN—ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. G. H. SCOTT AND MR. JOSEPH HOGAN, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE OTHER UNLAWFUL ACTS COMMITTED IN THE MONTHS OF SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1882.

ON the 1st of September 235 of the Dublin Metropolitan Police were dismissed, in consequence of which many of the remainder declined to perform duty. Information was received on the 7th of Sept. by the Athlone constabulary of the murder of a man named Thomas Quinn on the preceding day, at Edenderry, King's county. Quinn was in the employ of a man named Gill, and was driving along in his cart, drawn by an ass, when shots were fired with fatal effect, the man being killed at once, and the donkey also shot dead. No cause could be assigned for the outrage. On the same day the dismissed Dublin Police were, except the ringleaders, pardoned and re-installed in their former positions. A woman named M'Cormack was shot dead by a process-server at Bootypatrick, Glenties, on the 14th.

TRIAL AND SENTENCE OF PATRICK WALSH.

On the 22nd of August, in the Court-house, Green-street, before Mr. Justice Lawson, Patrick Walsh was put on his trial on an indictment charging him with the wilful murder, on the 24th of April, 1881, of Martin Lyden, of Bannogue, near Letterfrack, in county Galway. After a very lengthy evidence for the Crown, Mr. Malley made a very able speech in the prisoner's defence, in which he attempted to show that the prisoner had no occasion or cause for the commission of the crime, and that the wounded man's recognizing him could not be relied upon in consequence of the delirious state of his mind at the time.

After witnesses had given their evidence for the prisoner, Mr. Murphy re-

plied on behalf of the Crown, and the Judge summed up the evidence.

Mr. Justice Lawson said that they had heard the case with great attention and at considerable length. It had been spoken to ably by the two counsel who represented the prisoner, and he need not say it had been spoken to with great ability by the learned Solicitor-General and by Mr. Murphy. Their verdict in the case would be founded on the evidence, and on the legitimate result of that evidence taken as a whole. It would be unnecessary for them to consider at what verdict they might have arrived if there was nothing but the direct evidence in the case, and leaving out the circumstantial evidence, nor was it necessary for them to arrive at any conclusion as to whether the circumstantial evidence without the direct evidence would be sufficient to attach guilt to the prisoner. He was sure that they would look at the case as a whole, and take all the circumstances into consideration, and conscientiously ask themselves the question, whether it was possible to reconcile all these facts with the innocence of the prisoner. His Lordship then explained to the jury the nature of the charge, and reviewed the evidence at considerable length, reading in extenso the material portions. The case was of such importance that he had thought it necessary to read the evidence at some length, and he had endeavoured to do so faithfully, and it was for the jury to draw their own conclusion. He could only say that if they were convinced that Martin Lyden told the truth that night, and identified the prisoner at the bar as having taken part in that assault on the house that night, it was their bounden duty to find him guilty.

The jury retired, and after an absence of about half an hour returned into court.

Mr. Geale (the Clerk of the Crown)—Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed to your verdict?

The Foreman—We have.

The Clerk of the Crown—You say the prisoner Patrick Walsh is guilty of the murder with which he stands charged?

The Foreman—We do.

The prisoner was asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

The prisoner made a rambling statement, in the course of which he entered into the details of his movements on the Saturday previous to the day of the murder, and also on the day of the murder till seven o'clock. Having referred to his presence at the wake, not specifying the time of his attendance there,

he was entering into a fierce denunciation of his accusers and loud protestations of his innocence when Mr. Justice Lawson said, he could not allow him to proceed any further.

The prisoner, continuing, uplifted his hands and spoke of the awful position in which he was placed, and expressed the greatest horror of the crime of which he had been found guilty. He was about to refer to the condition of the land where the Lydens had been herding, and about which there was to be a great lawsuit, when Mr. Justice Lawson said—'I cannot hear you further. You have been found guilty by a jury of your fellow-countrymen of a most cruel murder. I think I never saw a case more clearly proved in a court of justice; and your protestations of innocence I disregard. They can only add to your guilt, if that can be possible. You spared no one on the night the Lydens were murdered. You went, leading a party of six or seven men, all of whom remain undetected except you, and who, I suppose, are ranging about in the neighbourhood of Letterfrack. You went that night and dragged those two creatures naked into the street out of their beds, and hurried the old man and the son into the presence of Almighty God, and shot them without mercy. The case has been proved against you, in my opinion, as clear as if twenty witnesses had sworn they were present and saw the deed committed. Under those circumstances I am bound to tell you that your days in this world are numbered. I can hold out no hope to you. I believe you are a person on whom any observations I might make could produce no salutary effect, and therefore I will refrain from making them. I now discharge my most painful duty, and pass upon you the sentence of the law. His Lordship then pronounced sentence of death in the usual form, directing the execution to take place in Galway gaol on the 22nd of September.

The prisoner again endeavoured to address the court.

Mr. Justice Lawson—Remove the prisoner.

The prisoner was then removed by two warders from the dock, and some commotion was occasioned in the vicinity of the court-house by the lamentations of the mother and friends of Walsh.

EXECUTION OF PATRICK WALSH.

Patrick Walsh was hanged on the morning of Sep. 22nd, for the murder of the Lydens (father and son). When about to step upon the trap, he protested his innocence of the crime for which he was about to suffer death. Without

flinching, he returned from Marwood to the governor of the prison and said—'I am going before my Maker. I have to declare my innocence of the murder. I never did it. Witnesses spoke falsely against me. The unhappy man resigned himself to the executioner, who did his work with his usual terrible precision. The circumstances of the crime for which Walsh was convicted and punished will be too well remembered to render their recapitulation necessary. Suffice it to say that on the night of 21st of April, 1881, a dreadful outrage was perpetrated at a secluded country place called Granogue, near Letterfrack. John and Martin Lyden were present, that night dragged out of their beds by a party of armed men and shot. John Leyden, the father of the other victim of this crime was killed outright, but Martin lingered for three weeks, and then died. Walsh on his trial, which took place in Green street Courthouse, in Dublin, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, of August, was only indicted for the murder of Martin, though the issue involved was that of his participation in the outrage which led to the death of both men. Martin, who was 20 years of age, followed the occupation of a herd, and in 1877 was placed in charge of a grass farm, from which the father of Walsh had been evicted by the landlord. Before his death in the presence of Walsh, he made a deposition, in which he said that Walsh and another man pulled him by the legs from the house into the roadway, and fired four shots at him, and that another man who was firing at his father exclaimed, 'the job is done, you will not herd any more,' thus indicating with clearness the motive for which the crime was committed. Upon this evidence chiefly, supported by the finding of a Russian gun of a bore suitable for the bullets which were extracted from Lyden's body, and other minor circumstances in addition to the motive imputed, the Crown relied in the prosecution. The prisoner was defended, and a great reliance was placed in an *alibi*, which was sworn to by a number of witnesses, whose testimony, if accepted, would have rendered it impossible for Walsh to have been present at the murder. It was attempted to show on behalf of the accused that Martin Lyden had not been consistent in the statements which he made before his death, that identification was impossible in the darkness of the night of the murder, that the crime was not the result of private vengeance, since it was carried out by means of combination, and that it was necessary to impute guilt on the ground that Walsh was

connected with some secret organisation. After a two days' trial Walsh was found guilty, and on being asked whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he declared his innocence, and stated that the charges had been planned against him by the sister of the deceased. From the date of his conviction to his execution, little was heard of Patrick Walsh. On one occasion it was stated that an effort to have the death sentence committed was being made from an influential quarter, and there was reason to believe that since he returned from the West his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant had the circumstances of the case under his careful attention. No reason appeared, why the law should not take its course, and Walsh's execution was ordered to the representatives of the press. This, therefore, was the first execution, for some time in Ireland which had so far been public. At a quarter to eight o'clock on the morning of Sep. 22nd, a crowd of fifty persons assembled in front of the gates, and at a spot which commanded a view of the staff on which the black flag is raised, a crowd had gathered, amongst them, the mother and sister of the man, who at that moment was receiving the last offices of his religion at the hands of the prison chaplain. A guard of soldiery was stationed at the gate, and a cordon of military, with fixed bayonets, surrounded the prison walls. This force was strengthened by the presence of a body of Constabulary, under arms. At a quarter to 8 o'clock the death bell tolled, and gave the signal for an outburst of lamentation from the relatives of the condemned man. Almost at the moment that the bells in Galway struck the hour of eight the procession, on its way from the condemned cell to the gallows, issued from the hospital, where Walsh had passed the night, and in which in close proximity Marwood had his quarters. The governor of the prison and the sub-sheriff, Mr. Redington, with glow-sticks, came first; then a couple of warders, uncovered; then Walsh. He was a man of low stature, stoutly built, dressed in Cornishman frieze. He walked not without difficulty, the more so, that his intelligence was keenly alive to his situation, for his eye noted the objects and the persons whom he encountered on his last short journey. The Rev. Mr. Greaven, P.P., reading the religious service in deep tones, which were not louder or stronger than those of the man who again and again responded; 'have mercy upon me.' Marwood was encountered half way

along the path which led to the gallows, at which he had been waiting, and with dexterity, placed the leather straps around the body and arms of Walsh. The procession resumed its way, and in less than a minute the scaffold was reached. The ascent is by an earth walk, which has been built to a level with the trap. When this had been traversed, Walsh said something in a low tone to the priest, who called the governor near. Addressing Captain Mason, Walsh uttered a denial of guilt. A few seconds afterwards the drop fell. The inquest was held at ten o'clock, when the usual formal evidence was given, and the usual formal verdict returned.

On Tuesday night, Sept. 26th, a young man named John Keane, son of Charles Keane, Kiloff House, Labashella, land agent to Messrs. Barclay, was found dead on the roadside near his own house. His father had, a short time before, proceeded against some of his tenants, and served writs of ejectment upon them.

MURDER OF WILLIAM HICKEY.

It appears that on Sept. 26th, while Hickey was cutting hay on a boundary ditch between his own farm and that previously occupied by the Carrolls, Patrick Carroll came up. An altercation, in which threats were used, ensued. The result was that summonses were issued, which were heard at the next petty sessions court, when the magistrates ordered both men to be bound over to keep the peace. Carroll perfected his recognizances, and Hickey came to Templemore on Wednesday, Sept. 27th, the day of the murder, for the like purpose. He called at the office of the clerk of petty sessions (Mr. Patterson) about five in the evening, but as one of his sureties was not immediately available, and as there was difficulty in getting a magistrate, it was arranged that he should return on the following morning at ten o'clock, and perfect the recognizances. He was then slightly under the influence of drink. It appears that about an hour later, just as dusk was setting in, he left town, followed by his brother Daniel and a young man named Devany. Daniel had come into town to protect his brother. They proceeded by the high road until, at about a quarter of a mile on the other side of the railway track, they turned off into a path leading to the deceased's house. William Hickey kept about a hundred yards in front of the other two as they walked through the first two fields, and he was still about this distance ahead when the murderous attack was made. According to the account given by Daniel Hickey and

Thomas Devany, the first thing that attracted their attention was two men standing over the deceased, one of them with his coat off and having a piece of timber in his hand. Daniel Hickey stated that when he saw this he called to Devany to 'Come on, that his brother was killed.' He further stated that the night was light, and that he distinctly recognized the two men as the two Carrolls. The two men immediately made off, apparently without observing the approach of Daniel Hickey, and the two latter did not attempt to give chase, but having gone up to where the man was, found him lying with his face on the ground, and apparently lifeless. He visited the spot the following day where the body was found. It was within a few feet of the ditch at the farther end of the field. An unoccupied, roofless house, about twenty yards to the rear, probably served as a place of concealment, and in any case would account for Devany and Daniel Hickey not seeing the fatal blows given. The whole could only have occupied a minute or two. The Hickeys appear to have been in a state of great poverty. They owed, it was rumoured, five years' rent, so that the statement that he had been murdered on account of having paid his rent may be regarded as altogether baseless. When the house was visited on the 27th, the body was lying on the 'settle' in the kitchen, where it had been placed after the inquest. It was covered by a coarse quilt, provided by the kindness of a neighbour. Indeed, there was not five shillings' worth of furniture in the house. The coffin was supplied on the order of two gentlemen residing in Templemore, who also furnished the money to pay the other expenses of the funeral.

On the 2nd of October a farmer of the name of Henry Bant, was murdered at Caspe, Boyle.

MURDER OF THOMAS BROWNE.

The murder near Castleisland on Oct. 3rd, may be ranked among the foulest and most daring deeds that have stained this country. Thomas Browne, the deceased, was a man about forty-five. He was married and had a family of five children, three girls and two boys, ranging from eighteen to eight. He was a farmer, but by great industry had amassed some means. He resided at a place called Dromouria, a few miles on the Cork side of Castleisland, which became notorious for the deeds of violence which took place within the district. His farm consisted of forty acres of good land, the landlord being a Mr. Fitzgerald, who practised as a lawyer in Australia. On the same property, which consisted of about ninety acres, resided two other tenants, and some time before Thomas Browne purchased the fee simple in the lot, including his farm and those of his neighbours. Between Castleisland and Farrinfore is a highway branching off to Scartaglen, and in the fork formed by the two roads is situated this land. Both roads dominate the scene of the murder, and three boys returning from school were witnesses of the crime. The deceased was working in a field within one of the public roads in full view of Browne's house—a small building. About three o'clock two men, dressed in dark clothes, crossed the field from the Scartaglen road and approached a field where Browne was engaged. When they reached a fence separating the two fields they were observed by the boys, one of whom was eyinned at the inquest and detailed the circumstances, to beckon to Browne. The latter seeing two persons calling him, had no hesitation in approaching them. He joined them in the field next the road. The three were observed to be in conversation for a short time. Browne took off his hat, and appeared as if he were begging their pardon or entreating their forgiveness. The scene impressed the boys, and they watched the proceedings. No weapons had been seen with the strangers, but while the deceased was hat in hand, three shots were fired at him in quick succession. He rushed passed the assassins towards the house, and two more shots were discharged after him, when he fell. The ruffians then walked off, crossing the fields in the direction of Castleisland. The deceased's wife was at the moment engaged in conversation with another woman at the door of her house, which was about three hundred yards away. The woman remarked that there were strangers on the land, but Mrs. Browne said that they were probably persons who were returning from a funeral which had passed a short time previously. The shots were heard, and Mrs. Browne said they were probably sportsmen. She went into the haggart, which commanded a view of where her husband worked, but could not see him in the field. Becoming suspicious, she went down to look for him, and found his dead body in the field. Death must have supervened quickly. One bullet had struck him on the right temple and passed through the brain, and the other had entered the chest. Both wounds were the result of the first shots, as the skin was scorched near the wound on the forehead, showing that the weapon, which was a revolver, was placed close

to the head. An inquest was held on Oct. 4th by Coroner Spring, and the jury returned an open verdict. The crime was reprobated in the locality, and it was believed that the assassins were hired and were strangers. Two important arrests were effected in connection with the murder. Silvester Poff, ex-suspect, and James Barrett, small farmer, were arrested on the information of the woman who was speaking to Mrs. Browne near her door and saw the two men speaking to Mr. Brown in the field the evening before the murder. The prisoners were brought before Captain Plunkett, R.M., and remanded.

Important evidence was given on Oct. 10th, at the inquiry into the charge preferred against Silvester Poff and James Barrett, of having murdered Thomas Browne, at Scartaglen, near Castleisland, a short time before. The prisoner Dunleary, who was charged with conspiracy, was present. The principal witness was Ellen Brosnan, and she completely identified Poff and Barrett, whom she had known before, as the two men she had seen enter the field where Browne was murdered. In the early part of the day she saw the two prisoners, with Dunleary in company, on their way to Scartaglen, and in three hours afterwards she observed Poff and Barrett enter the field and go towards where Browne worked. She became apprehensive that something was to happen, and she went straight to Mrs. Browne and mentioned to her that two men had entered the field. The shots were immediately afterwards heard. It transpired in the course of the examination and cross-examination to which the witness was subjected that a month before she saw Barrett between two trees, and, suspecting his business was not lawful, she cautioned Browne to be careful of himself. The most remarkable part of the woman's statement was that she gave no information to the constabulary, but that, having gone to a priest to tell him she had taken a false oath at the inquest upon Browne he told her not to do so again. Therefore when she was examined on oath a week before she told the whole truth. Poff and Barrett were fully committed for trial, and Dunleary was remanded.

TRIAL OF POFF AND BARRETT.

The prisoners Poff and Barrett, charged with the murder of Thomas Browne, near Castle Island, were put on their trial, Dec. 20th. It was expected that the Solicitor-General would have attended to prosecute, but Mr. Murphy, Q.C., who had been prosecuting in the Dublin trials during the week, came down specially and opened the case for

the Crown. The only additional facts put forward were statements made by the prisoners while they were in gaol awaiting their trial. Poff states that he and Dunleary and Barrett went on the day of the murder into the haggart of Patrick Fitzgerald, and while there Dunleary said it was a bad place to be in, for Browne was to be shot on that day. It was after leaving that they met the woman Ellen Brosnan. Barrett made a statement in substance, and alleged that during the evening he and Poff were hunting rabbits.—Counsel pointed to this statement as showing that the prisoners were at the scene of the murder, that they were knocking about the place during the day, and that they were in company with Dunleary, whom they charged to be the instigator of the crime, while Barrett and Poff, who were cousins, were believed to be the instruments.—Mrs. Brosnan was examined, and deposed to having seen the prisoners enter the field and go towards the spot where Browne was at work. Suspecting something wrong, she went up to acquaint Mrs. Browne, and while speaking to her she heard shots fired.—A young lad named Moran, who was returning from school, and who saw the murder perpetrated, was examined. He said he could not recognize the assassins, but they wore long coats. The witness was closely questioned in reference to statements he had made since the last trial to a girl named Mary Lyons, who was staying in the same house. His admissions to her of what he had seen were at variance with his original testimony, and appeared to show that he was not telling all he knew of the occurrence. The boy stated that the prisoner Barrett was a relative of his father. He heard it stated that Browne intended to become the landlord of his father's lands.—The case was not concluded at the rising of the court.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

Judge BARRY summed up to the jury Dec. 22nd in the case of Silvester Poff and James Barrett, charged with the murder of Thomas Browne. His Lordship made a careful and impartial analysis of the evidence adduced on the trial, commenting on the statement made by the prisoner Poff, that Dunleary told him it was a dangerous place for them to be in, because Browne was to be shot that day, and said the fact that these men to whom that terrible announcement was made never went back to give a word of warning to save the unfortunate man's life indicated a state of society, a condition of demoralisation, that was absolutely appalling.

The jury, after half an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of 'Guilty.'

Both prisoners strongly protested their innocence, and one declared that he never handled a revolver or fired a shot in his life.

His Lordship then sentenced the prisoners to death. He said—Sylvester Poff and James Barrett, you have been convicted by a jury of your fellow-countrymen of the crime of murder—a murder committed under circumstances of peculiar audacity and atrocity. Apparently without any personal ground of hostility against the unfortunate Thomas Browne, you shot him in the broad noonday on his own land, almost in the sight of the woman whom you made his widow, and the children whom you made orphans. The details of the crime have been described so fully and with such detail to all who heard them in this court during the progress of the two patient trials which you have had, that I shall not now harrow my own feelings by any attempt to recapitulate them. I have only to say that for the life which you have taken your lives are forfeited, but that you have had and shall have an opportunity, which you denied your victim, of endeavouring to make your peace with the God against whose laws, as well as the laws of man, you so grievously offended. I shall not, by any words of mine, recall you to a sense of the only reparation you can now make to that offended Maker. Words of mine would be feeble to describe the awful position in which you now stand. I feel the awful duty which devolves upon me. In this world you can expect no mercy. The only mercy you can look for will be the mercy of that God who we are told hearkens to the repentant prayer even of the greatest offenders. For me it only remains to pass on you the dreadful sentence of the law. His Lordship then assumed the black cap, and sentenced the prisoners to be executed in Tralee Gaol on the 23rd of January.

The prisoners reiterated their protestations of innocence, and it was alleged that Poff stated after leaving the dock, that this would not put a stop to the work in Castle Island.

DOUBLE EXECUTION OF POFF AND BARRETT, DURING PROTESTATIONS OF INNOCENCE.

Sylvester Poff and Thomas Barrett, the two men convicted of having murdered a farmer named Thomas Browne, in broad daylight, on Oct. 3rd, at Castleland were hanged on Tuesday morning January 23rd, '83, in Tralee gaol. Browne was a husbandman of good repute, who held a farm at Dromultan,

near Castleland, under Mr. Robert Fitzgerald. On the date in question he was working in a field near his house, when two men subsequently identified as the now executed criminals, went up to him, and, apparently without any warning, shot him dead. A boy named O'Connor witnessed the occurrence, which took place in the afternoon, in a neighbourhood where many persons were passing to and fro. The two men were convicted, and, when Mr. Justice Barry passed sentence of death, both declared their innocence, and Poff, as he was leaving the dock, cried, 'Our death won't put an end to the work in Castleland.' After their conviction, the two culprits were attended by the Rev. Father Riordan, the chaplain of the gaol, and two other priests, and were very attentive to the ministrations of the reverend gentlemen. Marwood arrived at Tralee on Thursday, January 14th, and at once directed his attention to the erection of the scaffold, which was built by workmen from Dublin, no local men being obtainable for the purpose. As another proof of the feeling in Tralee it may be stated that most of the shopkeepers left their shutters up for the greater part of the day of execution. The wretched men did not pass a restful night on Monday. Barrett rose about six o'clock, and Poff three-quarters of an hour after him. Neither took any breakfast or other refreshment, but at seven o'clock they were waited upon by the Rev. Father Riordan, who administered the sacrament to them, and celebrated mass in the chapel of the hospital. The culprits were conducted into the presence of Marwood a few minutes before eight o'clock. Whilst they were being pronounced, Poff cried out, 'I declare before my God that I am innocent of this murder. I never murdered Browne, or took any part in it; but I forgive them that have sworn against me.' Barrett made a similar statement, declaring that he neither murdered Browne nor took part in any outrages. They mounted the steps of the scaffold unassisted, and took their places on the drop without making further observations. Marwood quickly accomplished the final operations, and at two minutes past eight the bolt was drawn. The men appeared to die instantaneously. The following statements in writing were left by the culprits in their respective cells when they proceeded to execution:—'The dying declaration of James Barrett.—I declare solemnly before God and my Judge, I did not murder Browne. I had no hand in the murder and I don't know who did it. I never

had anything to do with any murder or outrage. Never injured a hair in a man's head. God forgive those who swore away our lives. I forgive them, and I hope God will forgive me my sins.—James Barrett.—'Dying declaration of Sylvester Poff.—I am now going to die. I am about to appear before my God and my Judge, and I declare most solemnly, in His presence and before heaven and earth, that I am innocent of the murder of Thomas Browne and of any other murder or outrage. I had nothing to do with the murder of Browne, and I do not know who did it. I forgive all those who brought me to all this. I hope God will forgive them and have mercy on my soul, and provide for my poor family. God help them.—Sylvester Poff.'—It was all along believed by the great bulk of the people in the county that the condemned men were innocent, and the dying declarations left behind them were accepted by the people as conclusive proof of their innocence. Reporters were not allowed to witness the execution, and they were also excluded from the inquest, but six reporters succeeded in getting themselves sworn as jurors. Great dissatisfaction was felt at the conduct of the sub-sheriff and the prison governor for excluding reporters, and the jury appended a rider to their verdict to that effect.

On the night of October 3rd, John Murphy, a rent-warner on the estate of Mr. Ambrose, county Kilkenny, was beaten by two farmers named Hart, whose sister he had called on for payment of rent. One of the Harts felled him with a blow on the temple, and the other inflicted a murderous wound on the back of the head. The Harts were arrested. The Recorder had under consideration in his County Court on Oct. 5th, three appeals from sentences under the Crimes Act. A man named Rea, a farmer, from Mitchelstown appealed from a sentence of six months passed upon him for taking forcible possession of a farm. The case was adjourned, but it was stated that the severe sentence passed in the case had a beneficial effect in restoring order in the town. It was mentioned that Mr. Eaton, R.M., that forty cases had been tried in the district, and with the exception of one more this was the only case in which the extreme penalty was enforced. His worship affirmed the decision in a case in which a man named Loche was sentenced to two months for intimidating the servant girl of a boycotted farmer. Two smiths, who had refused to forge the horse of a boycotted clergyman at Castlemartyr,

the same day, appealed against a sentence of two months. They pleaded guilty and apologised, and the Court reduced the sentence to twenty-four hours. On October 6th, two outrages were committed at Ballina, county Mayo. The statement as regards one of these was to the effect that while Mr. George H. Scott and Mr. Frankland Froome, both land agents, were that night about nine o'clock, driving between Killala to Ballycastle they were fired at from behind a hedge. The ball grazed Mr. Scott's ear and passed between Mr. Froome and the driver, who were seated on the other side of the vehicle. Mr. Scott discharged five shots with his revolver in the direction from which the shot had come, and then drove into Ballina. It was said that both gentlemen had been fired at on a former occasion. The second outrage was that on Mr. Joseph Hogan, a shopkeeper and grazier, as he was walking through one of his fields near Crossmolina, where he lived, a man walked up to him and fired deliberately with a revolver, wounding him in the thigh. Mr. Hogan's assailant fled, and the shot attracted several persons to the spot. At Coalisland Chapel, in the county Tyrone, a man named Hamilton, who was boycotted for having taken a boycotted farm, attended mass on Sunday, October 8th, accompanied by two policemen. As soon as he entered, the congregation left, and one of the police escort had to help the priest to celebrate mass. Three men were sent to prison under the Crimes Act for intimidating Hamilton. He was hooted from another chapel the previous Sunday. On October 10th, an attack was made on the house of Widow Dwyer, at Inlinstan, Tipperary, and her son was badly wounded. Several other houses in the neighbourhood were also fired into by moonlighters. On the night of October 12th, a draper's assistant named Browne was savagely assaulted in Westport. He wounded one of his assailants, a car-driver named Reilly, with a knife, inflicting what was believed would prove a fatal wound. Reilly's deposition was taken, and Browne was arrested. On October 17th, three farmhouses near Murroe, Limerick, were attacked by moonlighters, who stole arms, ammunition, and money. A man named Russell was tried on October 18th at Kildorrery under the Crimes Act, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment for intimidating the caretaker of an evicted farmer. The prisoner, who was a carpenter, was engaged in erecting a Land League hut for the evicted tenant when the intimidation occurred. Mr. Eaton, R.M., con-

demned Land League huts as agents of terrorism which had brought many of the evils from which the country had suffered, and he expressed his opinion that additional police force should be placed there at the cost of the people of the district. On October 22nd, the house of James Sullivan, at Hawers, near Castletown-Berehaven, was attacked. The same night an attack was made upon Patrick Dwyer, the postman who traveled between Cullen and Tipperary. The assault took place near Limerick Junction. Dwyer alleges that the man seized him and knocked him upon the ground. One of the mail bags which he carried was taken away, and it was subsequently found on the road, having been ransacked. No arrests were made. The house of a tenant-farmer named Philip M'Dermott, residing at Ballinascrew, was broken into on the night of October 23rd by four men, wearing masks, with their coats turned inside out. After frightening a servant girl and taking away a gun belonging to M'Dermott, they took their departure. Early on the morning of October 30th a horse, belonging to Nicholas Bergin, farmer, near Tipperary, was found covered with gas tar, on which were stuck newspapers. A portion of the animal's tail was also cut off. The only reason assigned for the outrage was that Bergin had used machinery on his farm. Two farm labourers, named Fennessy and Body, were arrested on a charge of being concerned in the case, and on being conveyed to the Ballydavall Police-station Body obtained permission to retire to the rear of the barracks. On getting into the yard he leaped the boundary wall and made good his escape into the Ballydavall wood. The country was scoured by the police for the escaped prisoner. The same day, at Wicklow Quarter Sessions Mr. Parnell, M.P., obtained ejectment decrees against three of his tenants on the Avondale estate for non-payment of rent.

CHAPTER XXI.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE MR. JUSTICE LAWSON—JAMES M'ENRALL SHOT—A DETECTIVE OFFICER, POLICEMAN COX MURDERED—BRAVERY OF SERGEANT DANVERS—ATTEMPT TO MURDER MR. DENIS J. FIELD—ATTEMPT TO MURDER LORD VENTRY'S GAMEKEEPER AND POLICE GUARD—ATTEMPT TO MURDER

HARTLEY HERNON—ASSAULT ON CONSTABLE DUNASH—SENTENCES UPON MOONLIGHT RAIDERS, WITH OTHER STARTLING EVENTS WHICH HAPPENED IN THE MONTHS OF NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1882.

News received from Killarney late on the night of Nov. 1st, stated that moonlight outrages had been committed at Coolmagort, between Killarney and Killarlyn. The tenants on the property of Mr. O'Mahony, J.P., were warned on the previous day not to pay their rents without reductions or they would be visited by Captain Moonlight, and notices to that effect were left behind. Night attacks for a different object were also made on the same night some six or seven miles at the Cork side of Killarney. Several houses were entered by five men disguised and armed, their purpose being to extort money under threats of violence. They succeeded in two places in getting a considerable sum of money, but in the house of a man named Gleeson they failed to enforce compliance with their wishes. The owner was placed on his knees and shots fired over his head. Gleeson's wife became insensible from fright, but no further violence was done.

A daring outrage was committed at Listowel. A farmer named Galvin had been boycotted, and on Thursday, Nov. 2nd, a parcel of goods was being conveyed to him from Listowel. The carrier, a man named Kenny, was overtaken by a horseman, who made inquiries as to his business, and detained him on the road until four men with faces blackened, came up. The goods which were labelled for 'Galvin' were seized and thrown about the road, and Kenny was threatened. One of the party was arrested and identified by Kenny.

On the 6th of Nov., Michael Malley, aged 18, was sentenced by the Dublin Commission to seven years' penal servitude for 'moonlighting' at Tulla, county Clare. Cornelius O'Shea, for the same offence, was sentenced to a similar term of imprisonment.

The Galway hounds, headed by Mr. Persse and Lord Clanmorris, were prevented from hunting on Saturday, Nov. 11th, both at Cregg Clare, where they first assembled, and at Castletaylor. They then went to Rahassane Park, the residence of the late Mr. Bourke, and here were again met by a large crowd, who stoned the huntsmen and killed some of the hounds. Mr. Mollan, R.M., was so severely struck that he had to go to Gort to get his wounds dressed. The

huntmen and the police and soldiers who were with them for protection were driven from the cover, amid cries of 'Farnell,' 'Dillon,' and the 'Land League.' Eight arrests were made.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER MR. JUSTICE LAWSON.

Considerable sensation was caused in Dublin, on Saturday night, Nov. 11th, by the attempt made in one of the principal streets of the city, to murder Mr. Justice Lawson. The right hon. gentleman was proceeding from his residence in Fitzwilliam-street to the King's Inns, where he was to dine. Judge Lawson had in common with nearly all the Irish Judges, been attended since the Phoenix Park murders by two police-constables in plain clothes, and this escort had been doubled since the Special Commission at which he presided, and at which he sentenced Walsh and Hynes to death. It was believed that this guard of four trained men would be sufficient protection against outrage, and when it became known in the city that, notwithstanding these safeguards, an audacious effort had been made to murder him, a strong feeling of indignation and alarm prevailed. The facts of the outrage were as follow:—Judge Lawson left his residence in Fitzwilliam-street about five o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of dining with the benchers at the King's Inns. He was accompanied by his son, Mr. Henry Lawson, and both were on foot. They were attended by two constables of the B. Division Metropolitan Police in plain clothes, and by two army pensioners. The policemen walked in front on the same side of the street as the judge, while the army pensioners walked behind, and on the opposite side. The evening was clear. The party proceeded down Merion-square, through Clare-street, into Leicester-street, and were passing the Kildare-street Club, when one of the pensioners named McDonnell, observed a man rushing across the street in advance of the judge, and apparently making towards him. The man had his right hand in the breast pocket of his coat in a suspicious way. The pensioner unseen by the man sprang on him and caught him by the right arm and throat as he had placed his feet on the kerb stone, within a couple of yards of the judge, and in front of him. The man seemed so surprised by the suddenness of the movement that he scarcely made any resistance, and before he had time to recover he was seized by the other members of the escort. Judge Lawson, seeing the state

of things, escaped into Kildare-street Club with his son. It was found that the man had in his right hand, concealed in his breast, a seven-chambered revolver. All the chambers were loaded. A crowd assembled, but it did not transpire till afterwards what the nature of the scuffle was. The constables placed the man in a car, one of them holding the revolver, the other holding the man by the collar, while the pensioners held themselves in readiness to resist any attempt at rescue. In this way they proceeded to College-street Police-station, which is five hundred yards from the scene of the occurrence. As news of the affair had spread an excited crowd surrounded the police-office. The man, who was thirty-four years of age, was of active build, and had he succeeded in his object, and in escaping from the grasp of the escort, would probably have escaped altogether. He declined to give any information beyond that his name was Corrigan; but the police did not believe him, and having communicated with the detective department, two members of the detective police who were acquainted with the criminal classes of the city were shortly in attendance, and they identified him as a returned convict who had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude thirteen years ago, for firing at a policeman by whom he was pursued after he had stolen a watch. The man, seeing that further concealment would be useless, said his name was Patrick Delany, and that he was a carpenter, and lived at 131, Cork-street, Dublin. He is a married man, and has four children. A number of cartridges were found in his pockets similar to those in the revolver, and it was discovered that he had attempted to throw them away while driving to the police-station. The charge entered against Delany was for running up in front of Judge Lawson, seizing a loaded revolver which he had in his pocket with intent to shoot the judge, and for feloniously intending to discharge the revolver with intent to murder. It was believed that Delany had accomplices, and that he mistook one of the pensioners for one of his friends, for he pushed up against him when passing and whispered—'Is it all right? we have him now,' and then passed across to the Judge. The end of the revolver was out of his pocket when he was passing, but it could only be seen by a person standing close to him. He had it altogether out when he was seized, and a severe struggle took place for the possession of the weapon, during which McDonnell's hand was severely cut. The police were confirmed in the

belief that Delany had accomplices by the fact that some men stopped a passing tramcar between the pensioners and Delaney at the time the attempt was made, but they did not enter the car. The effect of this would have been to hide Judge Lawson and his would-be assassin from view had McDonnell been in pursuit. It was believed that the tramcar was included in the calculations of the attempted assassins, as it would have facilitated escape. The part of the street where the attack was made was well lighted, while Merrion-square and Claoe-street were comparatively in darkness. Judge Lawson, who did not seem disconcerted by the occurrence, remained for a short time in the Kildare street Club House, and then left in a cab for the King's Inns. The Lord-Lieutenant and Countess Spencer waited on Judge Lawson at his residence after morning service on Sunday, and congratulated him on his escape from the hand of the assassin. The revolver taken from Delaney was of the same pattern and make as those used in the Dorset-street tragedy and other shooting affairs in the city. Nothing transpired as to the motive of the outrage.

At the southern police-court, Dec. 18th, Peter Delaney, house carpenter, aged thirty-five, was brought up on remand before Mr. Curran, Q.C., charged with having, at five o'clock on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 11, seized a six-chambered loaded revolver, in Leinster-street, close to the Kildare-street Club, a couple of paces in front of Mr. Justice Lawson, with intent to murder the Judge, who was then on his way to the King's Inn. The utmost precautions were observed, as the accused was brought down to court under a strong escort of mounted police, and the greatest care was taken in admitting persons into the court. Mr. Murphy, Q.C., Crown Solicitor, appeared for the prosecution. The prisoner, who was represented by Mr. Gerald Byrne, solicitor, presented a far better appearance than on the former day.

After a very careful inquiry into the facts of the case, the prisoner, who stated that he would reserve his defence, was committed for trial.

TRIAL AND SENTENCE OF DELANEY.

At the Dublin assizes on Wednesday, Jan. 3rd, 1883, Patrick Delaney was charged with conspiring to murder Mr. Justice Lawson. The facts of the case were so clear as to be practically indisputable. On the morning of the 11th of Nov. Delaney was seen loitering in the neighbourhood of Justice Lawson's residence, and when the latter left his house with his son, the prisoner follow-

ed on the opposite side of the street. Shortly afterwards Delaney crossed the street in the direction of the Judge, and raised his hand with the apparent intention of taking something from his breast coat pocket. He was immediately knocked down by a constable named McDonnell, who had been detailed with others to protect the learned Judge, and it was then discovered that he was armed with a loaded revolver.—The prosecution sought to demonstrate that this attempt to assassinate Justice Lawson was the outcome of one of those conspiracies which they all knew to exist.—The jury, after five minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty, and Justice O'Brien, in sentencing the prisoner, said he had been found guilty of a crime that could hardly be pardoned for heinousness and wicked audacity. No word of his could truly express or represent the state of society that made it possible for such a person as the prisoner, armed and equipped by a secret council of wicked persons, in the open street and in the noonday, to assail the life of a most eminent servant of the State. The prisoner was sentenced to penal servitude for ten years. It appears that he had been previously before that court. In 1870 he pleaded guilty to robbery, and was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. On the same occasion he was indicted for maliciously shooting at an officer of the law with a revolver, with intent to murder. He had also shot at another person, who sought to stop him after the robbery.

Five shots were fired at midnight on the 14th of Nov. into the dwelling-house of a tenant-farmer named James Ryan, near Enily, county Tipperary. Three of the shots shattered the post of the bed in which Ryan slept, the other two lodging in his clothes hanging on the wall. Ryan had paid his rent, and that was alleged to be the cause of attack.

The house of Mr. Redmond Roach, J.P., at Maglass, Castleisland, was attacked on the night of Nov. 12th, by a band of armed men, numbering about forty. They fired several shots, and peremptorily demanded admittance. After taking two guns they made off. Mr. Roach was very popular in the district. James McEnnal, a farmer, was shot and severely wounded near Oldcastle, on Nov. 17th, because he would not give up a farm.

On the same day, Nov. 17th, an Englishman named Edward Whittington, a native of Lancashire, was arrested on his arrival at the North Wall, for having twenty packages of dynamite caps

In his possession. The arrest was effected by detective-officer Ronan. The prisoner was subsequently brought up at the police-court. Acting-inspector Ronan deposed:—At six o'clock this morning, on the arrival of the Holyhead boat at the North Wall, accompanied by another officer, I saw the prisoner on the platform of the London & North-Western Railway Company. He was carrying a parcel, wrapped up in brown paper. We went up to him and asked him if his name was Worthington. I think he said it was not Worthington, but Whittington. I told him we were police officers, and asked him what he had in the parcel. He said he did not know. He had come from Melting, and had brought the parcel from there, and that he was going to New Ross. I asked him did he know where New Ross was. He said that he was never in Ireland before, and that last night at Lime-street station in Liverpool he got instructions to bring the parcel to New Ross from a man, and that he got money from the man to pay his expenses. I said I should make inquiries about the parcel and what was in it. We brought him to Exchange Court, where we opened the box and found it to contain 20 packets of dynamite detonators of a dangerous character.—The witness here produced two boxes of them, and on opening one of them handed it to his worship. Mr. Morphy said they were very dangerous if they met with the slightest concussion. If the one his worship had in his hand was to fall, his worship was a gone man. Most active inquiries were made, and he asked for a short remand. It was an offence to have these detonators without a license in one's possession in England. On the label the maker boasted of its great power.—In reply to the Bench, the prisoner said he had no question to ask the witness.—Mr. Keys said, considering the present state of the country, persons should be most careful about bringing such things into the country.—The prisoner asked leave to send a telegram to his people, which was granted.

A respectable farmer named McEnvoe, of Corallen, was returning with one of his servants from the fair of Oldcastle on the 18th of Nov., when he was stopped just outside the boundary bridge by some men. They asked him if he would give up the farm formerly held by his brother. McEnvoe determinedly replied he would not, whereupon one of the party fired a shot from a revolver over his head. Persisting in his refusal, McEnvoe endeavoured to drive off; whereupon one of the men

stepped upon the axle of his car, and deliberately fired two shots at his head, one of which lodged in the head and the other in his neck. The men then decamped. The servant drove home with the wounded man as fast as he was able. Medical and clerical aid was summoned, but McEnvoe remained unconscious, and no trace of the bullets could be found.

MURDER OF DETECTIVE COX.

On Saturday night, November 25th, an outrage occurred in Ireland in connection with the then disturbed state of the country: it took place in Dublin. An attack was made on the officers of the law, one of whom was shot dead, while a man who took part in the attack was wounded. For some time before, the detective force of Dublin had been employed in watching men believed to have taken part in the Fenian outrages in Dublin. Specially picked constables had been told off, and their duty was to watch the houses frequented by these men, to obtain any information that could be obtained concerning them. Some of these were men who were arrested under the Peace Preservation Act, now expired, on suspicion of having taken part in the Park murders and other outrages. Others were persons known to be associates of these men since their discharge from prison. For this duty the detective force of the Dublin Metropolitan Police had been augmented from the ranks of the ordinary Dublin police force. Since the passing of the Crimes Act these detectives had been active, and numerous searches for arms were made in houses in the lower quarters of the city, but not with much success. It had been noticed that gangs of suspected men had frequented Sackville-street and the adjoining streets almost nightly, and drink in public-houses in the bye-streets. From nightfall on Saturday November 25th, the detectives observed the movement of one of these gangs. A little after ten o'clock a party suspected to be members of a secret society were seen coming from Earl-street, which leads into Sackville-street. They passed down Sackville-street into Middle Abbey-street and went into a public-house. Constable Eastwood, who first noticed them, with his companion Constable Cox, summoned other members of the force. Six detective policemen were got together at the corner of Middle Abbey-street and Sackville-street, and waited. There is a laneway leading from Abbey-street to the quay, which is called Bachelors'-walk. The constables saw five men in the laneway, watching. They left the laneway, and

walked down Abbey-street towards Capel-street, fifty yards. The detectives followed them, dividing into two parties, each consisting of three. They walked at the other side of the street from that on which the suspected men were, Constables Eastwood, Cox, and Stratford walked in front. Constables Knighton, Williams, and Beatty followed 20 yards behind. The first were armed with revolvers, the second three with sticks only. When the first three reached the *Nation* newspaper office they crossed over towards the other side of the street. This movement of the police was followed by three shrill whistles from a pea-whistle carried by one of the gang, which at once halted and faced the police. Cox, Eastwood, and Stratford were half-way across the street, and Eastwood saw a revolver in the hand of one of the men. He called to Constable Cox, 'Arrest that man!' at the same time pointing at the man who carried the revolver. This man stepped off the footway, stepped out nine paces, and aiming at Constable Cox, fired two shots at him. He was within a yard of the policeman at the time, and the bullet struck the officer in the head, mortally wounding him. The constable did not instantly fall, but grappled with his assailant. Constable Eastwood drew his revolver and fired at this man, who fell to the ground with the officer. Constable Stratford fired several times at the person who had attacked his comrade, and fired at the other members of the gang. Shots were exchanged between the attacking party and the two detectives who carried revolvers, at least twelve shots were discharged. Eastwood tried to grapple with one of the gang, and at the same time he was seized by some one from behind. Looking round he saw a man whom he knew to be named Devine. This man struck him a blow in the back, and he fell. He tried to rise, and two shots were fired at him. One passed through his hat, the other through the cloth of his coat at the elbow. The officer's revolver fell from his hand. It was picked up by a passer-by and restored to him. Eastwood cried out, 'You do not dare to fire.' Whether Devine would have fired it was not possible to say.

At that moment Sergeant Danvers, of the 1st Battalion King's Own Rifles, who had been walking down the street, rushed up. Constable Eastwood called to him in the Queen's name to assist him. The soldier grasped Devine by the throat with his left hand, and, drawing his sword with the other, threatened to kill him if he resisted. Eastwood grasped Devine, and when

putting his hand across the man's chest, felt two revolvers under his coat. About fifty people had collected. The police ordered the crowd to fall back, and they did so. The occurrence occupied a small space of time, before it had concluded the other members of the gang made off. They were probably unaware that only some of the policemen were armed with revolvers. While the fight was in progress, Constable Williams received a blow on the head. He wrenched the revolver from the hand of the man who had shot Cox. The latter and his assailant were placed on a car and taken to Jervis-street Hospital, not far distant, but when Cox was examined it was found that he was dead. It was stated that one man known to the police as a bad character so persistently and closely followed the car that a detective on it had to threaten to shoot him if he did not get out of the way. A medical examination of Cox's body showed that the bullet which killed him entered at the base of the skull and severed the spinal column. The constable must have turned his head sideways when he was fired at. There was no other wound on his body. He was twenty-five years of age, and during the four years he was in the force, on ordinary police and detective duty, he had a good character. The deceased was unmarried. The murderer of the constable gave his name as Christopher Dooley, of 34, Upper Kevin-street, gauner, aged 30. He received one bullet-wound in the head. A second bullet lodged in his neck; another in his arm; while his wrist was broken by a fourth shot. He was living, and could speak. He asked 'should he die,' said 'he did not care for that—they were all good men.' It was thought that he could not recover. Devine was taken a prisoner to the Store-street Police-station. When searched two revolvers were found in his breast-pocket. In his coat he had a pea-whistle—most likely that with which the signal was given before the attack. Four bullets were found in his pocket. The revolvers were six-chambered, and fully loaded. He gave his name as John Devine, a house-painter, and lived near Britain-street. He was about 30 years of age, and very dissipated living.

At the inquest, which took place on the 29th of Nov., after a careful inquiry, the following verdict was returned:—that Constable Cox was killed on the night of the 25th of November, by a bullet wound in the brain.

The five prisoners who had been apprehended, charged with being concerned in the murder of Sergeant Cox, were examined the same day as the inquest

took place, Nov. 29th. Their names were Robert Woodward, James Dowling, William Ryan, Joseph Poole, and Thomas Devine. After a number of witnesses had been examined and their evidence questioned, the magistrates decided to commit them all for trial at the Special Commission on Dec. 6th.

The City grand jury returned nine bills against James Dowling, Thomas Devine, and Joseph Poole, for the wilful murder of Constable Cox in Abbey-street, Dublin, on Saturday, the 25th of Nov. At the trial which took place in Jan. 1883, Poole, Devine, Ryan and Woodward were variously punished for the part they took in the attack on the detectives, while Dowling, who was suffering from his wounds in the hospital, was not brought up for trial until the 7th of Feb. For the defence it was submitted that while Cox was lying on the prisoner during the scuffle he was shot by another constable named in mistake for Dowling.—The jury, after a quarter of an hour's consultation, found the prisoner guilty on the first count—shooting with intent to murder—and the Judge sentenced him to penal servitude for life.—When leaving the dock Dowling pointed to Constable Eastwood and said, 'There's the man who fired the first shot.'

About half-past ten on the night of Nov. 27th, large mobs congregated in the neighbourhood of James-street hospital, where the man Dowling, who shot Constable Cox, was lying wounded, and the threatening aspect of the mob caused great alarm. Reinforcements of police were sent for, and they paraded in the vicinity of the institution. The object of this assembling of a mob was not known. Some people asserted that it was intended as a covert movement to get off the police, so as to rescue Dowling while the constables were dispersing the crowd. There was a good deal of excitement in Dublin. Bodies of police patrolled the locality with swords drawn. The mob dispersed on the arrival of the constables, a force of whom took up position opposite the entrance to the hospital. There was a considerable force also inside the hospital. 'Hospital about being attacked,' was telegraphed to all the police-stations of the city, with a direction to send all available men to the spot. Some of the divisions sent as many as forty men to the scene; but those who had first arrived from the Safford-street station were sufficient to disperse the mob.

RECOGNITION OF SERGEANT DANVERS' BRAVERY.

On Dec. 9th Sergeant Danvers, of the Rifle Brigade, was presented with a

massive silver salver and wine stand by the Provost and students of Trinity College, Dublin, in recognition of his gallant conduct on the occasion of the assassination of Constable Cox. At a full-dress parade of detachments (with the bands) representing the different cavalry and infantry regiments in the garrison, besides the other branches of the service, held at the Royal Barracks, Dec. 14th, Sergeant T. Danvers, 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifles, was the recipient of a good conduct medal and a gratuity of £5 presented to him by command of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge. Major-General Lord CLARINA, commanding the Dublin district, read a communication from the Horse Guards, stating that His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief considered that the conduct of Sergeant Danvers on the occasion of the affray in Abbey-street, Dublin, was deserving of special recognition and reward. His Royal Highness had great pleasure in granting Sergeant Danvers a good conduct medal and a gratuity of £5 in recognition of the courage and gallantry displayed by him on the occasion in question. His Royal Highness requested that Lord Clarina would be good enough to cause this mark of recognition to be issued as a regimental order, and to have it read at the head of the regiment. A second letter from Lord Wolsely was read, conveying the desire of the Commander-in-Chief that the ceremony of decorating Sergeant Danvers with a medal and presenting him with a gratuity should be made, in as public a manner as possible, and in the presence of a full-dress parade of the troops of the Dublin garrison. Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen expressed a wish that Sergeant Danvers should also have a substantial recognition of his bravery by receiving a pension for life of £5 annually, which wish was complied with. The loyal citizens of Dublin and other parts of Ireland, made a one shilling subscription on his behalf, and nearly £400 was raised, and given to him for his gallant conduct.

On the evening of Nov. 27th, a rumour prevailed in Dublin to the effect that an Emergency man had been attacked in Gardner-street. It appears that a summons-server named Mallon, connected with the Court of Conscience, proceeded to serve a summons at the lodgings of a man named Heffernan, in a tenement house in Lower Gardner-street. Heffernan's two sons, Edward and John, assaulted him, and they were joined by a man named Thomas Brady who was there. In the scuffle Mallon

received an injury said to have been caused by a table-knife—a cut on the back of the neck. Mallon proceeded to Summer-hill police station and informed the police there. Edward and John Heffernan were arrested and lodged in Summer-hill station.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF MR.

DENIS J. FIELD.

Dublin was astonished and dismayed on the evening of Nov. 27th, by the intelligence that another assassination had been perpetrated in a well-frequented thoroughfare, and under circumstances that created feelings of horror. The details of the outrage—the striking resemblance of which, in the manner of its execution, to the Phoenix Park murders, were at once recognised; furnished evidence that a most daring attempt, planned with consummate regard to the probabilities of success, was made on the life of a respectable citizen within a few yards of his own house, and at a time of the evening when the thoroughfares of the city leading to the outlets were thronged by persons returning home from the day's business. Mr. D. J. Field, stationer, of Westmoreland street, left his establishment at 6 o'clock, and proceeded on foot by Sackville street and Rutland square, towards his residence at 14, North Frederick street. It is certain that his movements were watched. Having reached the corner of Hardwicke street—distant thirty paces from the house which he hoped in a few moments to enter in safety—he was midway over the crossing of Hardwicke street, when, without a moment's warning, he received a thrust from a sharp instrument from behind, which caused him to fall backwards to the ground. It was then he saw he was being assailed with murderous intent. With savage vigour the would-be assassin drove a long sharp instrument, which must have been a sword or a sword-cane, into Mr. Field's body, the gentleman being unable to rise, and holding up his left arm in the hope of affording himself some defence, and struggling as violently as the helplessness of his position and his strength would allow. In the scuffle, the weapon was broken, but no trace of it was found. Leaving his victim in the belief that he was killed, the assailant rushed up Hardwicke street, where it was observed that a car was standing near an archway, with another man on it besides the driver. Mounting the car with desperate celerity the words were heard—'Drive away, for Heaven's sake, as fast as you can,' and the car

dashed off at a furious pace. Attracted to the spot by the extraordinary character of the scene, several persons saw the enactment of the main incidents of the tragic affair—saw the two men and the driver, and the car; and observed the rapid flight of the party. Mr. Field, whether by accident, indifference or design, was rendered no assistance. With difficulty—and the extent of that difficulty can easily be conjectured, when it is stated that he had received no less than seven wounds, in one of which a lung was pierced—he struggled to his feet, never having uttered a sound—paralysed by alarm and loss of blood—and tottered along the few yards which intervened between him and his home. He knocked, and kicked at the door. It was soon opened, and the sickening sight that met the servant's gaze caused a cry of pain to escape her, and that brought the other inmates to the door. Their grief was indescribable. The gentleman's face was covered with blood, and it streamed over his clothes from his throat and face. Reaching the hall, he sank into a chair and almost lost consciousness. He was assisted to his bedroom, and there the blood was washed from his face, and a messenger for medical aid was despatched. Dr. Henry Kennedy, Dr. Wyse, and Surgeon Kelly, residing in Rutland square, were soon in attendance, and with their help the wounded gentleman was got to bed. Mr. Field received seven wounds—namely, two in the back to the left of the spine in the vicinity of the shoulder-blade—it is feared that one or both of these penetrated the left lung; two in the left forearm, one in front and one behind; one penetrating the left cheek and cutting the tongue; one in the neck at the right side under the remus of the lower jaw; a slight wound in the right side which was of no great importance. The surgical inspection showed that the wounds were inflicted by a sharp instrument, probably a sword-cane. One of those attracted to the spot by the sight of the struggle between the two men could not get sufficiently close to the men in time to render assistance, but seeing one man lying on the ground, and the hurry in which his assailant made off, the gentleman referred to, in company with another, who was an eye-witness of the scene, ran after the car in the hope of being afforded some means of overtaking it. They saw it driven along Hardwicke street and into Dorset street, and both the pursuers kept it in view until it reached Synnot place, at which point it passed from their view, and further effort, so far as their following it, was

concerned, was considered useless. The occurrence was reported to the officials at Store street Police Station, and inspectors Doherty and Lavery visited the scene, and made an investigation into the circumstances attending the outrage, but the prospects of bringing the criminals to justice were very faint. So far as motive for the perpetrators of the crime is concerned, under ordinary conditions none could be found with any shadow of justification. But it may be mentioned that Mr. Field was one of the jurors who tried and convicted the younger Walsh of the murder of Constable Kavanagh at Letterfrack, and he was the juror who requested Mr. Norris Goddard to convey a message to his (Mr. Field's) business establishment to the effect that as he had been sworn on the jury he would not be able to return that day to attend to business. It should be borne in mind, in this connection, that the jury recommended the prisoner to mercy, and that upon their recommendation the death sentence was commuted. Since then Mr. Field had not been summoned as a juror. He was a gentleman of about 48 or 50 years age, and of full habit of body. After some weeks, and contrary to expectation, Mr. Field recovered from his wounds.

THE OUTRAGE ON MR. FIELD.

In connection with the terrible outrage on Mr. D. J. Field, a new phase was developed on Nov. 28th, beyond the fact that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant caused the following proclamation to be issued:—

A PROCLAMATION.

By the Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland.

SPENCER.

Whereas Mr. Denis J. Field, of Westmoreland street, in this City, was on the evening of the 27th of November instant, about six o'clock, at North Frederick street, in the City, feloniously and maliciously stabbed and wounded by some person or persons who immediately afterwards got on an outside car, which was waiting in Hardwicke street, and drove off rapidly through Hardwicke place:

Now We, John Poyntz, Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, for the better apprehending and bringing to justice the offenders and their accomplices, hereby offer a reward of

FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS

to any person or persons who, within three months from the date hereof, shall give such information as will lead to the conviction of the said offenders, or their accomplices, or any of them.

And a further reward of FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS for such private information as shall, within the said period, lead to the same result.

And We hereby promise that every effort shall be made to insure that the name or names of any person or persons who may become entitled to the said reward for private information shall not be disclosed or made public, and that the said reward shall be paid in any manner in which such person shall desire.

Any person having any information to give, may communicate it to the Assistant Under-Secretary for Police and Crime, Dublin Castle; to the Superintendent of the Detective Department of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, Dublin Castle; or to any other Government Official in Great Britain or Ireland.

Given at Dublin Castle, this 28th day of November, 1882.

By his Excellency's command,
R. G. C. HAMILTON.

THE PREVENTION OF CRIME ACT.

DUBLIN PROCLAIMED UNDER THE
ELEVENTH SECTION.

The following proclamation appeared in the *Dublin Gazette* of Nov. 28th:—

By the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council in Ireland.

A PROCLAMATION.

SPENCER.

Whereas it appears to Us to be necessary for the prevention of crime and outrage that the hereinafter-mentioned section of 'The Prevention of Crime (Ireland) Act, 1882,' should be in force within the county of the city of Dublin:

Now, We, the Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, by and with the advice of the Privy Council in Ireland, by virtue of 'The Prevention of Crime (Ireland) Act, 1882,' and of every power and authority in this behalf, do by this Our Proclamation, declare that from the date hereof, section eleven of 'The Prevention of Crime (Ireland) Act, 1882,' shall be in force within the County of the City of Dublin.

This Proclamation shall be promulgated by the same being published in the *Dublin Gazette*, and by a printed copy thereof being posted at every Police Station or Barrack, and every place in which Petty Sessions are held respectively, within the said county.

Given at the Council Chamber, Dublin Castle, the 28th day of November, 1882.

H. Law, C. S. Woulfe Flanagan.

GOD save the QUEEN.

The following is the section of the 'Prevention of Crime (Ireland) Act, 1882,' above referred to:—

Sec. 11. (1.) In a proclaimed district, if a person is out of his place of abode at any time after one hour later than sunset and before sunrise under circumstances giving rise to a reasonable suspicion of a criminal intent, any constable may arrest that person and bring him forthwith before the nearest available justice of the peace, and such justice, after inquiry into the circumstances of the case, may either discharge him or take the necessary steps, by committing him to prison or taking reasonable bail with two sufficient sureties not exceeding fifty pounds each, to bring him as soon as may be, and within a period not exceeding seven days, before a court of summary jurisdiction acting under this Act, and if on such person appearing before a court of summary jurisdiction acting under this Act, and the case being heard, the court believes that such person was out of his place of abode, and not upon some lawful occasion or business, he shall be guilty of an offence against this Act; so, however, that the term of imprisonment awarded shall not exceed three months.

(2.) Upon the hearing of a charge under this section against a person, that person may, if he thinks fit, be examined as an ordinary witness in the case.

The following were also issued:—

A PROCLAMATION.

By the Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor for Ireland.

J. SPENCER.

Whereas certain atrocious crimes have lately been committed in the city of Dublin, evidently the work of a secret society:

And whereas we, being determined to afford every protection to peaceable and law-abiding citizens, have, this day, with the advice of the Privy Council, issued a Proclamation, declaring section eleven of the Prevention of Crime (Ireland) Act, 1882, to be in force in the city of Dublin:

Now we, John Poyntz, Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, hereby give notice that these powers will be so used as not to interfere with the comfort or convenience of any peaceful and law-abiding citizen, but will be directed against persons believed to be engaged in prosecuting criminal designs.

Given at Dublin Castle, this 28th day of November, 1882.

By his Excellency's Command.

R. G. C. HAMILTON.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

In the Queen's Bench, on Nov. 29th, the Law Adviser applied for a writ of

habeas corpus to bring up four prisoners from Spike Island for trial at the Cork Assizes. They were at that time undergoing a term of seven years' penal servitude, for which they were sentenced at the last Munster Winter Assizes, for a grievous assault upon Patrick Sullivan, at Skibbereen, on the 1st of Nov. 1881. It was intended to bring them for trial at the approaching assizes for the wilful murder of Patrick Sullivan, important evidence being forthcoming to sustain the capital charge. The motion was granted.

An extraordinary affair occurred near Cork on the night of Wednesday, Nov. 29th. Four men of the farming class were removing cattle from Ballypheham farm, near Cork, where impounded cattle were placed. Two men of the rifle brigade, and two bailiffs were in charge of this place. One of the soldiers and an emergency man named Heasling went with the party to the entrance to the farm in order to open the gate and let the cattle out. A dispute arose, and high words were exchanged. The conduct of the drivers of the cattle became so menacing that the soldier, in order to frighten them, fired his rifle in the air. The men closed in upon him and seized the rifle, which, after a struggle, they succeeded in wresting from the soldier, who called the emergency man to his assistance. A second struggle for the weapon took place, but the four men proved too strong, and managed to retain the weapon. They subsequently drove to the police-station, and handed it over to the police. They were kept in custody, however, until the affair was sifted, and they were then lodged in the Bridewell on a charge of assault, and of taking away the rifle. During the struggle the emergency man, Heasling, was struck with a stick or with the butt of the gun, and received a severe cut across the forehead. The names of the defendants were Michael McMahon, Jeremiah Lyons, Thomas Buckley, and Edward Murphy.

Four men were arrested near Oughterard, Nov. 29th, for attacking a man named Welby, whose depositions were taken, his life being pronounced in danger. On the same day at the Northern Divisional Police-court, Dublin, Matthew Hefferan, John Hefferan, and John Brady were charged on remand with having assaulted a bailiff named Mellon, and seriously injured him. The defence was that the prosecutor was a trespasser, as the writ which he was serving was not legal. The magistrates, however, returned the three prisoners for trial to the Commission.

A daring attempt was made on the life of Constable Dunash, of the Cloonacall police-station, near Tubbercurry, county Sligo. On Wednesday evening, Nov. 28th, he went to a place called Leintrim North to purchase turf from a farmer named M'Intyre. He got safely to the bog, which is half a mile distant from the police barracks, but in going there he had to pass through a field where a number of people were digging potatoes. After the lapse of half an hour he was returning through this field, but before he reached the road he observed a man behind a bush, to whom he said 'Good evening,' but received no reply. He observed that the man had his face disguised by having it covered with a red pocket-handkerchief. The next thing the constable saw was the man take a gun from behind his back, and present it at him. The constable rushed forward and struck the man a violent blow on the head, knocking him down; but the gun went off, and the contents lodged in the arm, near the thumb, of the constable's right hand. The man attempted to rise, and the constable caught him, and a struggle ensued; but the would-be assassin shouted out, 'number eight,' and in reply another man rushed from behind another bush, who pulled the constable to the ground. This man fired at him with a revolver or pistol. The bullet struck the knife in the constable's pocket, but did no further injury. The constable got on his feet, and drawing his revolver, fired four shots at his assailants. He got away, but a third man rushed out from behind another bush, who called on the others to come on. The constable fired a fifth shot at him, and he thought with some result, for the man showed signs of weakness. The constable then got away, and fainted from loss of blood when he got to the police barracks. These men had their coats turned. The scene of the outrage is one of the wildest districts of the county. Constable Dunash was a vigilant 'potteen hunter,' and he was with the police on the occasion when they fired on the mob in Tubbercurry.

Boyle, Lord Ventry's keeper, and his protection sub-constables M'Blean and Kerr, were fired at on the night of Nov. 30th at Ballynahall Cross on their way home about eight o'clock. On coming near the Cross they heard a whistle, and immediately shots were fired. M'Blean was wounded in the back. Kerr returned the fire, and a regular cross-fire over a hedge was maintained for several minutes. The police walked to Cordel Barracks and reported the matter to Sub-Inspector Davis, who, with a party

of men, scoured the country in different directions, and effecting close on twenty arrests on suspicion, lodged the prisoners in barracks awaiting investigation. This crime showed great audacity and cool preparation. The intended victim was a man named Boyle, caretaker and rent-warner, in the employment of Lord Ventry. Boyle had been under police protection, having received several threatening notices. He was in Tralee the day before, having business with Lord Ventry's tenants about preparations for the Arrears Court. He returned to Castleisland by train, due to arrive at six o'clock. His movements were known. No doubt arrangements were planned accordingly. He made some delay at Castleisland, and then set out with his escort, consisting of Sub-constables M'Blean and Kerr. They had not proceeded more than two miles from Castleisland when, at a point near Ballynahallagh, the party were fired upon. The constables returned the fire; but the night was dark and the constables could only direct their shots to the point whence the assassins' fire came. The constables fired two or three rounds after their assailants, who appeared to have retired after the first round, and to have sent another volley towards the constables. M'Blean was removed to Castleisland, where he was seen by a doctor. The bullet entered by his chin and passed round by his neck, causing serious injury, but not endangering life.

The Gazette of Nov. 30th contained the monthly return of agrarian outrages reported to the constabulary in November. They amounted to 89, of which 13 were cases of incendiarism, 39 of taking and holding possession, 3 of firing at, 1 of assault endangering life, 1 of highway robbery, 8 of killing, cutting, and maiming cattle; 52 of intimidation, 6 of injury to property, and 1 of firing into a dwelling. 9 of the outrages were committed in Ulster, 24 in Leinster, 18 in Connaught, and 38 in Munster. This does not include the city of Dublin.

A Sheriff's bailiff, named Lavin, residing at Ardeash, county Roscommon, was returning home late on the night of December 6th, when he was attacked and beaten so savagely that he became unconscious, and was robbed of £12 and eight ejectment decrees. His assailants escaped. The Curraghmore Hounds met the same day at Calrick-on-Suir, and proceeded to Ballinacina, on the estates of Lord Waterford, where they were met by a number of farmers, who prevented the hunt. On going to Ballyneal similar obstruction was encountered, and a short run was only had by the

field proceeding to Ballydum, where they were apparently not expected. So great was the opposition to Fox-hunting in this district that the meets were arranged by private circular, instead of being advertised as heretofore. On Dec. 8th, at the Ulster Winter Assizes, at Belfast, before Justice Harriou, six prisoners, named James Smith, Patrick Donohoe, Matthew Kelly, John Reilly, Patrick Kelly, and Francis Shields, were indicted for that they, at Drumartin, county Cavan, on July 3rd, did arise in arms at night to the terror of Hugh Murphy, and unlawfully caused him to open his door by threats and malice. There were two other counts, charging them with attempting to intimidate him to compel him to abstain from working at his trade as stonemason. The prisoners were all found guilty, and ordered to stand aside.—In another case Charles Lynch and George Bird were similarly indicted for a visit to the house of a farmer named Peter Taffe, also in county Cavan. The jury found Lynch guilty, and came to no findings as to Bird. Both prisoners were put back, the former for judgment along with the others, and the latter to be tried the next morning by another jury. At Loughrea, on December 8th, the prisoners charged with the murder of Lord Dunnsdale's bailiff were brought before the magistrates. The widow of the murdered man swore that she saw one of the prisoners (Lyan) shoot her husband and walk away with a gun under his arm. She also swore that the other prisoner (Keogh) was one of the party. In answer to one of the prisoners, Mrs. Connor admitted that she stated at the inquest on her husband that she could not identify any of the party, but that was not true. The prisoners were remanded. A man named Walsh, who had recently returned to Westport from America, where he had been for some years, purchased the interest of one Widow O'Hara in her holding of land at Moyhastin, near Westport, on the estate of the Marquis of Sligo. He went to live on the farm on the night of Saturday, December 9th, and on the morning of the 11th he was fired at, it was alleged, by other tenants resident on the same townland, who were anxious to have the holding which he purchased. Fortunately he escaped injury. On the 11th of December four men, named Lyons, Macmahon, Murphy, and Buckley, were charged at the Douglas petty sessions with assaulting an emergency bailiff named George Haslip, and with forcibly taking away the rifle of Private John Midlane, of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade. Some cattle belonging to

Lyons, one of the defendants, had been seized under a writ for rent and placed on the emergency farm at Balliphehane, near Cork. Lyons discharged the debt, and, receiving an order from the sheriff for the release of the cattle, took the other defendants with him to Balliphehane. After the cattle had been delivered up by the bailiff, an altercation occurred between him and the defendants. The soldier, apprehensive of violence, discharged his rifle, with the view of frightening the defendants and attracting the attention of the police. The defendants then closed in, and, after a struggle in which the Emergency man and the soldier were assaulted, took away the rifle. Buckley, who seemed to be the most violent, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for each assault, and the other defendants were each fined £3 and £1 costs. At the Cork Assizes on December 11th, David Fleming was placed upon his trial for maliciously wounding John Cullotty at Carker, near Castlesand, on the 17th of April, with intent to murder him. Counsel described it as one of the most atrocious crimes committed in the district. The prosecutor, John Cullotty, was a farmer, and had a family of eight children. He was a rent-warmer on the estate of Miss Butteel, and the fact that some writs and ejectments were served a short time before the attack might account for the occurrence. On the evening of the 17th of April, Cullotty was sitting at home with his children. His wife had gone out, to attend to her avocations in the dairy. There was in the house a schoolmaster, named Fleming, whose conduct was not praiseworthy. Two men entered, one being taller than the other, and both were disguised. The tall man was a stranger, and first confronted the schoolmaster, until his confederate, who the Crown alleged was the prisoner, pointed to Cullotty. Catching Cullotty by the collar, he invited him into the yard to speak to him. Cullotty, divining his mission, seized him, and a struggle ensued. The assailant drew a revolver, but Cullotty caught it, and would have wrested it and defeated the intended assassination had not the second man, the prisoner, struck him two blows with a spade on the head, and knocked him insensible. The taller man then fired his revolver twice into Cullotty, the bullets entering his legs. The right leg had since been amputated.—Mary Cullotty, the eldest daughter, aged fourteen, deposed that during the struggle her father pulled the disguises off the faces of the men, and she recognised the prisoner, whom she had known at school. The school-

master left the house immediately the men approached her father, and he and his brothers ran out. She was endeavouring to assist her father when the prisoner struck her and knocked her aside.—The defence was an *alibi*.—James Fleming, the schoolmaster, who was in Cullotty's house at the time of the attack, stated that the smaller of the two assailants was stouter and taller than the prisoner. He made off at once when the strangers entered.—Sub-inspector Davis stated that Fleming, the teacher, told him he could not have interfered on that night for the defence of Cullotty, as his school would have been boycotted.—The jury found the prisoners guilty of all the crimes in the indictment with the exception of the first, which charged them with shooting at with intent to kill.—Sentence was deferred.

The trial concluded Dec. 12th, at Wicklow, before Chief Justice Morris, of John Carroll and Patrick Carroll, farmers, residing near Templemore, county Tipperary, charged with the murder of William Hickey, at Gurteen, near Templemore, on the 27th of September, 1882. The Attorney-General, in stating the case, said that the holdings of the prisoners' father and of deceased's father were interlaced. Both families were tenants of the same landlords, and the Carrolls, although their holdings were small, were apparently well to do, but the word had gone forth that no rent was to be paid in Ireland, and at the time of the occurrence the Carrolls had been put out of their holding, and were living with some persons named Burke. On the day of the murder, Carroll and his son Pat had been in Templemore for the purpose of giving bail for his good behaviour, to the Hickeys, and the deceased had also gone to town for a like purpose. On the same day another tenant on the property was building a hayrick, and the Carrolls, it appears, were assisting him, with a number of other persons. The Carrolls transacted their business in Templemore and returned to work at the rick. At the last load of hay was being brought in from the field, the deceased, with his brother and a man named Devaney, was coming home from Templemore. The road lies over a bridge called the Surr Bridge, and near this spot, at a stile leading from a bank or double ditch, the deceased William Hickey lost his life. The scene of the murder is not more than five minutes' walk from the hayrick, and death of the victim must have been instantaneous. Two brothers of the murdered man, David and Edward Hickey, said they saw the two prisoners at the bar kill their

brother. The latter was walking some 100 yards in advance of his brother and the other man, and being a little 'merry' was singing to himself as he went along. The two prisoners, who were engaged on the rick, left it, and ran down towards the deceased, one of them having a pitchfork in his hand. At the particular instant of death Hickey was not in sight, but his two brothers heard the song along the pathway. They saw the two Carrolls running towards him, they heard a sound like iron striking against a stone, which was the prong of the fork striking into the unfortunate man's head; the song ceased, and Wm. Hickey lay dead on the ground. The doctor states that the wound which caused death was one which struck the jaw and passed upwards into the brain. There were several wounds about the body, all such as would have been inflicted by a sharp instrument, such as a fork. The jury convicted the prisoners of manslaughter.

On Dec. 12th, Mr. Justice Harrison continued the Ulster Winter Assizes at Belfast. Thomas McCann was indicted for feloniously firing at Patrick Hanlon, on 14th July 1882, at Lurgan, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was ordered to stand aside.—Almost all the seditious cases from county Cavan were disposed of. Seven prisoners who were convicted on Dec. 8th, of an offence under the Whiteboy Act, committed in county Cavan, were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.—William Hamilton, who took a farm in the townland of Corr, near Coal-island, county Tyrone, belonging to Major Deane Mann, had to get an armed escort of police to protect him. On Sunday Dec. 10th a large number of the constabulary from the district of Dungannon proceeded to Clone Chapel, where Hamilton worships. As soon as the party arrived at the chapel they found all the doors barred. The parish priest came upon the ground to celebrate mass, but found it impossible to gain an entrance, so he left, and there was no service held.

Judge Lawson opened the Winter Assizes for County Tyrone on Dec. 12th. A farmer named Milmartin, from Arran Island, county Galway, was indicted for shooting at and wounding a bailiff named Hernoux. The latter swore he saw the prisoner fire at him, and the bullet lodged in his cheek. The prisoner was convicted, and Justice Lawson sentenced him to penal servitude for life. On proceeding to and from the Court the Judge was guarded by military, police, and detectives.

At the Winter Assizes in Cork, on Dec. 12th, James Parker and John Eiken were placed on trial before a special jury on a charge of having attacked the dwelling-house of Michael Walsh, at Abingdon, in the county of Limerick, on the 10th of October. The prisoners were caretakers in the employment of the Property Defence Association, and at the time of the alleged occurrence they were employed in the protection of two farms near the residence of Walsh. From the evidence it appeared that about eight o'clock on the evening in question three men entered the house of Michael Walsh; they were disguised and armed with guns. One who acted as leader said 'a revolution was soon to take place, and America would send them help. They wanted to get any arms that were in the house.' A gun was given up, and the leader handed it over to one of his party, whom he called 'Number 10.' A demand was then made for money to buy powder for Parnell. It was refused by Walsh, when two of the men presented their guns at him. The wife, taking alarm, said she would give them what they required, and handed over £1. The question in the case was altogether one of identity. Walsh identified Parker as the person who acted as spokesman during the visit; and a servant man, who was in the house, identified both Parker and Eiken as two of the assailants. Mrs. Walsh, on the other hand, was unable to identify either of them; and on one occasion, before the magistrates, she alleged that a man named Eiken was spokesman. For the defence, evidence of an *alibi* was given. One of the persons in the house also identified Parker.

A young man named Lavin, of Ballyvaughan, county Mayo, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude at Sligo Assizes, Dec. 13th, for attempting to boycott a merchant named Henry. It was proved that the prisoner wrote a threatening notice calling upon the people of the district to shun the merchant.

At the assizes at Sligo on Dec. 14th, Judge Lawson sentenced John Tuleidy, of Crusheen, county Clare, to penal servitude for life for shooting at a gamekeeper named James Forde, at Creggs, near Crusheen, on May 20th, 1881, with intent to murder. Prosecutor swore that a party of men attacked his house, and that he took a gun and shot one of them. The shot was found in the prisoner's back.

Thomas Cassidy and P. Fegan were committed, at the same time, of attacking a dwelling-house at Cldon, county Leitrim, stealing arms, and threatening to shoot the occupants. A sentence of

seven years' penal servitude was passed on each.

A desperate encounter took place on Saturday night, Dec. 16th, in Castlegar, county Galway, when two farmers assailed a bailiff, Martin Grealish, and his companion named Connor. The bailiff's son came to the rescue, striking one of the assailants a violent blow on the head with a hatchet. He lay in a critical condition for some time. The assailants were tenants, and the bailiff was employed on the Clanricarde estate.

On the same night, Dec. 16th, between eight and nine o'clock, the detective police, the metropolitan police, assisted by the Marines, made a raid on several public-houses in the city of Dublin, in which suspected members of secret societies were searched for. During the day the inspectors in the outlying districts were informed that they and several men would be wanted at night for special duty. Thirteen inspectors had command of men numbering over 100 policemen, a number of detectives, assisted by 150 Marines. The watches of the inspectors were all set at the same time, and at eight o'clock they entered the various public-houses suspected, and searched all the persons found upon the premises. An hour was appointed, and at this hour the raids in different parts of Dublin took place simultaneously. The public-house which figured in the fatal affray with the detectives on Nov. 25th in Abbey-street, was entered, and forty-two men were searched. In Talbot-street another house was entered, where 105 men were subjected to search. The other houses were in Capel-street, 40 civilians searched; in Great Britain-street, 14 men; in Lower Bridget-street, 20; in Cook-street, 7; in Middle Gardner-street, 8; in Lower Gloucester-street, 17; in High-street, 42; in a second public-house in Capel-street, 32; in Cork hill, 50; in Augher-street, 60; on Burgh Quay, 12; in Wine Tavern-street, 20; and on Sir John Rogerson's Quay, 30. No arms or seditious documents were found upon any of the civilians except in one instance, when a revolver was found upon a man, but it was not deemed necessary by the police to take him into custody. The people did not offer any resistance whatever, but several of the owners of the public-houses strongly objected and condemned the conduct of the authorities. The police-constables conducted the searches while Marines remained outside the houses. Great excitement prevailed in the districts at the time, but the search was quickly got through, not lasting an hour. No disturbance whatever took place. The raid was or-

dered by the Executive, and was under the Arms Act, which has never previously been put in force in the city since it became law.

At the Connaught Winter Assizes at Sligo on Monday, Dec. 18th, James Kean, Michael Sylver, John Connell, Michael Cahill, William Coen, Thomas Holland, and John Fahy, who had been found guilty of a riot on a recent occasion, when they attempted to stop the Galway Hunt and assaulted several members of the club, were brought up for sentence. Mr. Justice Lawson, addressing them, said he had no doubt they had acted under the influence of designing people, who took the steps to drive every gentleman out of the country and get rid of landlords. The prisoners had, with others, assembled and brandished sticks and committed assaults, but fortunately one gentleman, Col. Mollen, had a revolver, and when he drew the weapon they fled. Sylver and Kean were the worst, for they had followed one of the prisoners after he had been arrested, and Sylver had had the audacity to call the prisoner a coward for going with the constable. These two prisoners would each be sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment; all the other prisoners would have to go to gaol for twelve months, with the exception of Holland, who would be discharged, because he expressed regret, stating that he would not offend again if let off from custody. In dealing with this case, his Lordship also took into account the fact that he had not attempted to get rid of the constable when called a coward by Sylver. One of the prisoners asked if they would be allowed the time they had been in gaol. Mr. Justice Lawson; 'I will not allow one hour.' On the same day Mr. Justice Lawson sentenced two men found guilty of moonlighting to seven years' penal servitude.

John Reilly, a native of Cavanagh, county Cavan, was captured at an early hour on the morning of Dec. 19th, at Dunfermline, by Superintendent Stuart, of London Mills city police, on a charge of committing a dastardly moonlight attack, in conjunction with another, on Thomas Fitzpatrick and Francis Fitzpatrick, staying at Portanure, on Nov. 25th. Mr. Stuart saw a description of the man who was 'wanted,' and detected the prisoner by the same. He had been employed as a pit-sinker at a colliery near Dunfermline, and had lived with his brother. Reilly admitted that he was the person described in the *Gazette*. Reports stated that the Fitzpatricks were in a dangerous condition.

A Claremorris correspondent of Dec.

19th said—According to a private letter received by a well-known Mayo Nationalist from an Australian friend, Clark, alias Lanty Morre, the informer who swore against Messrs. Weldon and McHugh as being implicated in the murder of Minor Young, J.P., at Castle-reea, three years before had been shot dead while passing through a farm. Weldon and McHugh were tried at three different assizes on the capital charge. They spent a year and a half in prison before they were discharged at Carrick-on-Shannon Assizes. Weldon afterwards left the country; and McHugh, who still resided near Castle-reea, was imprisoned eighteen months under the late Coercion Act. Clark was sent out of the country by the authorities. It transpired that he was sent to Australia, and his death was attributed to the agency of some secret society.

At the Limerick police-court on Monday Dec. 19th, Stephen Hickey was charged with attempting to assassinate George Troon, a private in the Scots Greys. From the evidence it appeared that Hickey attempted to stab the soldier in the back with a large clasp knife. Fortunately, a coloured seaman of the name of Joseph Smith, who was in company with Troon, saw Hickey in the act of striking, when he dealt the prisoner a blow with a stick on the wrist, knocking the knife out of his hand. The prisoner was remanded.

Whilst a farmer named Peter Duran was returning to his home in the townland of Sturgeon, county Armagh, on the night of Dec. 22nd, he was attacked by six men, dragged from his cart, carried to a bog-hole and thrown in. His assailants then fled, and after a struggle Duran was able to get out and return home. The police were out scouring the country all night, but were unable to make any arrests. No motive could be assigned for the outrage. On the same day, Dec. 22nd, at Kilmacthomas, county Waterford, special sessions, before Messrs. Smith and Thynne, resident magistrates, thirty-four tenant farmers and labourers were charged under the Crimes Act with having on the 24th of November formed part of a riotous assembly at Gadenmorris on the occasion of the Cuffraghmore Hunt. The evidence went to show that the members of the hunt were attacked by a mob of four or five hundred people, who yelled and shouted and conducted themselves so riotously that it was declared advisable to abandon the hunt. Some of the prisoners were sentenced to a month, and twelve to fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour.

On Saturday night, Dec. 23rd, po-

lice patrol on duty at Dicks Grove, near Farranfore, county Kerry, and within six miles of Castleisland, surprised a party of men in a field. The men were called upon to stand, but immediately ran away. The police discharged their rifles, and one of the party fell, wounded in the leg. The injury was not likely to produce any serious complications. Captain Plunkett, superintendent R.M., proceeded to investigate the affair. It was thought the men were engaged in illegal drilling.

Mr. Timothy Harrington, one of the secretaries to the Irish National League, and belonging to Tralee, was served on the morning of Dec. 23rd. with a summons, commanding him to appear at Mullingar on the 30th of that month to answer a charge of inciting to intimidation in his speech delivered at Mullingar on Sunday, Dec. 17th.

A report received at Castleisland stated that on Saturday night, Dec. 23rd a moonlight party was surprised by a police patrol. Shots were exchanged, and one of the marauders was wounded in the leg. Some of the marauders were captured, and to-day a bullet was extracted from the leg of one of them. An attack was made on the night of Dec. 24rd. on the house of a cottaged farmer named Dwyer, residing near Kiltelly, by a gang of disguised men, who demanded money. On being refused they fired several shots round the house, and some dogs and geese were killed. On Sunday night Dec. 24th. a riot which at one time threatened to have serious consequences occurred between civilians and soldiers in Denmark-street, Limerick. The civilians attacked the military, and a free fight ensued, the soldiers using their belts with effect. The number of civilians being increased, the military were badly handled. Eventually the police dispersed the rioters, and restored order. On the same night, a man named Ereton was standing outside his own house near Tulla, two disguised men fired two shots at him and decamped; both shots missed. No arrests were made. Sub-Constable Gosgrove, on furlough from No. 2 Barrack in Enniskillen, was on Saturday night, Dec. 23rd. severely beaten. Gosgrove was going from Arva to Carrigallen, County Leitrim, when he was attacked by some men who stoned him so severely as to nearly kill him. He knew his assailants, who were arrested and remanded. Gosgrove's life was in danger. On Dec. 27th. the Tipperary hounds met at Fethard. They were met by a large number of pedestrians with 'cur dogs.' Skouting was kept up while the hounds found a fox, and a run ensued.

Several gentlemen were assaulted with stones and sticks. At Rathkenny the huntsmen were again assaulted with stones. On Dec. 30th. the hounds were stoned at Searcy Grove. On the night of Dec. 28th about midnight, the police patrol from Tralee were attacked by Moonlighters, between Tralee and Castlemaine, on a mountain road. The Moonlighters took the horse and cart from the police, and threatened to assassinate them if they offered the least resistance. The police returned to Tralee. Mr. Pollock's hounds were stopped Dec. 29th at Ballycissane. A number of farmers met them, and gave such an opposition that the dogs had to be withdrawn. Though several police were present, no arrests were made.

CHAPTER XXII.

DISCOVERY OF THE GREATEST SECRET SOCIETY EVER KNOWN IN IRELAND, THE ASSASSINATION SOCIETY OF DUBLIN—APPREHENSION OF TWENTY-ONE MEMBERS OF THAT SOCIETY—MOST STARTLING DISCLOSURES GIVEN BY THE FOUR INFORMERS, FARREL, LAMIE, KAVANAGH, AND JAMES CAREY—THE EXAMINATION OF THE MEMBERS BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES, GIVING PROOF OF THE 'IRISH INVINCIBLES' BEING CONCERNED IN SOME OF THE DEADLY MURDERS WHICH WERE COMMITTED IN THE YEARS 1880, 1881, AND 1882; PARTICULARLY THOSE OF LORD CAVENDISH AND MR. BURKE, AND THE ATTACK UPON MR. FIELD.

The truth that 'the steps of Justice are slow but sure,' was never better illustrated than in the capture of the great Assassination Society, which took place in Dublin at the latter end of January, and in the month of Feb., 1883. The audacity, cruelty, and wickedness of any body of men never had been more fully and forcibly shown than in the conduct of these villains. In broad daylight they attacked the victims they had marked out for assassination, and for a time had succeeded in getting off scot free; but 'murder will out,' and the innocent blood that they so plentifully shed in various parts of unhappy Ireland cried for vengeance, for a time, it seemed in vain, but at last the cries

were heard, the guilty ones were taken, and the two years' reign of terror in Ireland seemed to be at an end.

For many weeks between the commission of the Phoenix Park murders and the month of February, 1883, the magistrates and the leaders in the Criminal Department held private and secret consultations and investigations in Dublin Castle, after which it was currently reported that before the end of January, 1883, the authorities would apprehend the real perpetrators of the murders of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke. There was not much attention paid to this statement, as most people thought that the guilty parties had successfully baffled the vigilance of the detectives, and would never be apprehended; but on the night of the 19th of January, 1883, twenty-one persons were seized in Dublin, and brought up for their first examination before the magistrates on the 20th of January. The prisoners' names were — James Carey, Town Councilor, builder, 19A, Denzill-street; Joseph Hanlon, carpenter, 29, Camden-street; Laurence Hanlon, carpenter, 29, Camden-street; Peter Doyle, coach builder, 14, Wexford-street; Thomas Martin, compositor, Fontenoy-street; Joseph Brady, stone cutter, 22, Anne-street; Timothy Kelly, Redmonds-hill, coach builder; John Dwyer, 6, Chatham-street, tailor; Henry Bowles, 11, Fishamble-street, tailor; Edward M'Caffery, van driver, 21, Peter-street; Joseph Mullett, 6, Temple-cottages, clerk; James Mullett, publican, 12, Lower Bridge-street; Peter Carey, mason, 7, South Gloucester-street; William Moroney, 19, Bride-street, shoemaker; Daniel Delaney, carpenter, Clanbrassiel-street; Daniel Carey, carpenter, Mount-street; Patrick Whelan, clerk; George Smith, blacklayer; Edward O'Brien, shoemaker; and Michael Fegan, blacksmith, of Buckingham-street. Sufficient evidence was given of this number of men being members of a secret organization to warrant the magistrates in remanding them for a week, for further examination. On Saturday, January 27th, an approver, a man who had belonged to the secret society of whom the men in custody were members, whose name was Farrell, gave evidence of a very damaging character to those who had been apprehended. He proved the existence of a very formidable secret society, known as the Assassination Society of Dublin, of which all the men in custody were members. Joseph Brady, Timothy Kelly, Michael Kavanagh, John Dwyer, and Joseph Hanlon, were proved to have been connected with the attack on Mr. Denis J. Field, on the

27th of November, 1882. One of the principal witnesses against them was a girl named Alice Carroll, who saw the persons named on the car just before and after the attack, the car was driven by Michael Kavanagh. Several other witnesses gave evidence as to these men being seen at the scene of the attempt to murder in North Frederick-street. William Lamie, an approver, gave evidence of the existence of this secret society of which he had been a member, and identified many of the men in the dock as being members of it—of seeing some of them at secret meetings administering the oath and transacting business in planning murders, of which the murder of Bernard Bailey, in Skipper's Alley, in February, 1882, was one. At the conclusion of the evidence the inquiry was adjourned to Saturday, February 3rd, 1883.

On Saturday Feb. 3rd, in Kilmainham Court House, Dublin, the greatest excitement prevailed, it being understood that evidence would be produced with the object of implicating some of the accused in the Phoenix Park assassinations. The two magistrates were as before, Mr. Keys and Mr. Woodlock. Eight prisoners were placed in the dock, namely, James Carey, Peter Carey, Joseph Brady, Timothy Kelly, Laurence Hanlon, Edward O'Brien, Edward M'Caffery, and Peter Doyle. James Carey looked distressed or ill. The rest presented their usual look of defiance. Edward O'Brien, presented a wild aspect.

When the men were all identified, the clerk read out the charge against them,—that they did, on the 6th day of May, 1882, feloniously, wilfully, and of malice aforethought, kill and murder Lord Frederick Cavendish and Thomas Henry Burke. When these words were read out all the prisoners laughed, especially Brady, and the man with the wild countenance joined in the demonstration.

John Fitzsimons, an old man, was the first witness. He gave his evidence with great precision. This witness, who was obliged to wear glasses when reading, had some difficulty in identifying James Carey and Peter Carey, but, standing up on the table and peering at the prisoners in the dock, he at length identified each. He had taken a room as tenant under James Carey, in a house in South Cumberland-street. The room was in the upper part of the house, and over it there was a loft. To the loft there was no access from the room, but it could be reached by a ladder, and up into this loft he sometimes saw 'Mr. Carey' go with one or two

young sons 'for the purpose of repairs,' James Carey used to bring a ladder with him for the purpose and to take it away again. From the loft there was access to the roof through a broken window. James Carey used to call on witnesses for the rent of his room on Mondays, and did so on the Monday following the murder. [Here Carey exclaimed from the dock, 'Very little rent you ever paid.' Soon after the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke, James Carey (who had not then attained the distinction of being a member of the Town Council of Dublin) was arrested under the Coercion Act as a suspect, and the witness, taking a table and chair, climbed into the loft, and found under a heap of rubbish a rifle and two knives, which he removed to a more 'convenient' place between the ceiling and the roof. A fortnight after this—on Saturday evening, the 29th of July—Mrs. James Carey and her son, and Peter Carey and a stranger came with a ladder. Carey, the boy, and the stranger went up into the loft, Mrs. Carey remaining at the foot of the ladder. After a short time they came down and the party went away. The weapons were now produced in court by Inspector Smith, who had them in his charge. The rifle is a nine-shot Winchester repeating rifle, and the knives, two beautifully-finished instruments, which, though sworn to be now in the same state as when found, glittered brilliantly. The handles were of short black horn, just of sufficient length to grasp with the hand. They were surgical instruments and bore on the blades the name of Weiss and Son, 62, Strand, London. They corresponded with the evidence given by Dr. Porter at the inquest on the bodies of the murdered gentlemen in May, 1882, as to the size and strength of the weapons with which the wounds were inflicted. One of the knives was in a case.] Fitzsimons said he lost no time in communicating with the police, and about eleven o'clock that night Inspector Smith, with another detective, went to the house, ascended into the loft, and carried off the two knives and the rifle. On the following Monday evening, July 31st, Mrs. James Carey, Peter Carey, and Mrs. Peter Carey came to the house. Witness was asked whether they inquired of him if the police had been there, but Dr. Webb (prisoners' leading counsel) objected, and the question was not pressed, but witness was allowed to say that the party of visitors did not on that occasion ascend to the loft.

Inspector Smith deposed to his going to the house in South Cumberland-

street, ascending into the loft, and there finding between a broken 'cove ceiling' and the roof the knives and the rifle. This evidence produced a profound sensation in court, and a woman's loud sigh was audible at one side. The prisoners who had been sobered by the startling evidence of Fitzsimons, having regained some of their real or affected buoyancy of spirits, were smiling and almost laughing. Dr. Cameron, to whom the knives had been submitted for examination as to the presence of bloodstains, was to have been next examined, but he was absent and was sent for, but did not arrive. Later on his evidence was given. Dr. Porter, who holds the appointment of Surgeon to the Queen in Ireland, was examined, stated that the knives produced would have effected the wounds he had found on the bodies of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke. It afterwards appeared from the evidence of Dr. Miles, of Steeven's Hospital, who had measured the knives, that the blade of one was exactly 11 in., and the other a shade over 10 in., long. Dr. Porter stated that the knives in question were surgical amputating knives.

The next evidence produced was equally startling. The witness was one who had never before been produced. His name is Stephen Hands, an Englishman, who lived at Strawberry Beds, Phoenix Park, for two years. His evidence was to the effect that on the evening of the murders he and his wife were walking into town from Strawberry Beds, through the Phoenix Park. After they had turned into the main road, between the Phoenix column and the Gough statue, and had passed the road that runs off to Chapelzod, they saw on the right side four men lying on the grass, faces down, side by side, with their heads pointing to the pathway, from which they were lying a short distance. Both he and his wife noticed the men, but he only saw the face of one of them. Being asked if he saw the man now in the dock, the witness said he did. All faces in court were turned to see which of the eight men he would identify, and a murmur of surprise was heard when he pointed out, not one of those whose names have been so prominently mentioned in the case, but a wild-eyed, half-starved, young man, with black moustache and beard and shaggy hair. The name of this prisoner—pointed out by the witness as occupying the central position of the front row in the dock—was Edward O'Brien. Continuing his evidence, he said that his wife and he stepped aside on seeing these four men in the grass, and she

made an observation to him, which, he was not allowed to repeat in evidence. Exactly opposite, on the grass at the other side of the road, were four more men lying side by side, faces down, and heads pointing to the road. None of these looked up, and he had no opportunity of seeing their features. A few yards further on the road was a horse and car. There was no driver on the box seat nor anyone on the car, but a man was standing beside it. This man he recognised as the man in the corner of the dock at the end of the front row. This was Joseph Brady, who smiled on finding himself thus identified. On the car witness saw a number of coats thrown. The horse was facing towards the place where the Chapelizod road branches off. Further on he saw a cab and horse. There was no driver in the seat, but a man was standing beside it whom he did not notice. Further on, as he and his wife pursued their way, they met the Lord-Lieutenant and another gentleman riding, followed by a servant, and saw them turning off to the Viceregal Lodge. Sarah Hands corroborated the evidence of her husband. She explained how it came to pass that she made an observation to her husband in reference to the first group of four men. Witness and her husband were crossing the grass, when she suddenly noticed the men, and she stepped aside to prevent her dress from touching the face of one of them. It was then she made the observation to her husband, and after she had gone on a little she turned and looked again at the man, and she now identified him as Edward O'Brien, the wild-faced man. Witness being asked if she could identify the man she saw standing at the car, said it was the fourth man from the right in the front row. This was Joseph Brady, who had changed his place in the dock. George Godden, an assistant employed in the Deer-keeper's Lodge, deposed that when returning that evening from a garden he cultivated at Chapelizod, he met a car driving rapidly with five men on it, two being seated on each side and one in the driver's seat. He noticed it when about 200 yards off, and he noticed one man who occupied the seat next the horse on the same side that witness was walking. The witness was asked to look if he saw that man in court, and he identified Joe Brady. Dr. Cameron, the borough analyst, had now arrived, and he proved that one of the knives still contained traces of blood, there being two small stains, one on each side near the handle. There was a slight appearance like rust near the point, the nature of which he

could not ascertain. A young man, named Francis Joseph Powell, a farmer, living at Strawberry Beds, deposed that on the fatal evening, while on his way through the park to town, he saw four men standing in a clump of trees on the right side, and about ten yards further on a car beside the path with the horse's head towards Dublin. There was no one on the car, but a man standing near it seemed to be a carman. The four men in the clump of trees were not doing anything. He could identify two of them, namely, the man called Joe Brady and the first man in the back row with the sandy beard. The man thus indicated, Edward McCaffrey, here smiled and nodded. The carman turned round as witness passed, and he only saw his side face. He might recognise him by his side face again, but he did not recognise him amongst the men in the dock. At this stage of the proceedings the evidence was broken off, and all the prisoners, the remaining thirteen being brought in for the purpose, were remanded till Monday, Feb. 5th.

On Monday, Feb. 5th, the magisterial investigation was continued. There were now three charges against the prisoners, or some of them—namely, the general charge of conspiracy to murder, the charge of attempting to murder Mr. Field, and the charge of murdering Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The first charge was gone into on the first day on which evidence was given. The charge in connection with the attempt on Mr. Field's life occupied the second day, and Saturday Feb. 3rd, was devoted to evidence regarding the Phoenix Park assassinations. The evidence on Monday Feb. 5th, related to all the three branches of the investigation. At twelve o'clock Michael Kavanagh was placed in the dock, and some time later Joseph Brady and Timothy Kelly were put beside him. Mr. Keys and Mr. Woodlock having taken their seats on the bench, a servant girl of fifteen, named Mary Brophy, was placed in the witness-chair. Her evidence showed that she saw Kavanagh on three occasions standing beside the car in Hardwicke-street, in front of her mistress's house, about the time that the attack was made on Mr. Field a few yards off. On one of these occasions she spoke to him, and it was not five minutes after she had entered the house the last time of seeing him that she heard cries of murder, and came out and saw the car with three men and the driver driving off, and followed it for some distance. Witness would not know any of the three men she saw on the car.—This

witness was the only one examined with reference to the assault on Mr. Field.

There was then placed in the dock, besides the three before-named prisoners, James Carey, Peter Carey, James Mullett, Joseph Mullett, and Patrick Whelan, and these eight men—four of them being men who were not so charged on Saturday—were charged with the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The prisoners laughed when the charge was read. The first witness was a *Mr. Devlin*, who deposed to having, in March, 1877, let to James Carey a room in Peter-street, Dublin, which he said he wanted for a reading or lecture-room. Another witness gave evidence of this room having been used as a meeting-place by 50 or 60 men, and stated that a man stood at the door, and if witness happened to pass through the yard in that direction this man tapped at the door or kicked with his heel. James Carey was there almost every Saturday, and witness had heard the persons visiting the room say they were waiting for him. Witness used to see Joseph Brady there. A *Mr. Winter* gave evidence that five years ago he let a hall in Prussia-street to one Patrick Whelan (whom he could not recognise as any of the prisoners) and a man named Cullen. He received back possession a year and four months since.—*Police-Inspector Marshall* described finding in December, 1881, a quantity of arms, ammunition, dynamite, &c., including a dozen hand grenades, on premises in Brabazon-street and Cross Kevin-street. In the latter place, Whelan's address, there was found a book which contained entries relating to dealings in arms and to the affairs of the Fenian organisation. This seizure was made on information supplied by a man named Bailey, who in Feb. 1882, was murdered in Skipper's Alley.—Evidence of the arrest of Joseph Mullett and the discovery of certain arms and documents at his home had been opened, when, on the application of the Crown counsel, the counsel, the prisoners, with the thirteen other men in custody, were returned till Feb. 10th. On that day the prisoners were ten in number, Joseph Brady, James Carey (T.C.), Timothy Kelly, Lawrence Hannon, James Fitzharris, (known as 'Skin-the-Goat'), who was the last man apprehended, Daniel Delaney, James Mullett, Edward O'Brien, William Moroney, and Michael Fegan. Two other men, who had not before figured among the prisoners charged with the Phoenix Park murders or the outrage on Mr. Field, appeared for the first time. They were placed, not in

the box, but in front of it, in charge of two constables. One was Daniel Delaney, who was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for the attempt on Mr. Justice Lawson. The second was Thomas Doyle, who was only arrested on February 9th. Never did the mention of a single name cause greater emotion than the call of the first witness—Michael Kavanagh. A murmur of sensation rose in the court, and the prisoners shared in the excitement. The utterance of the unexpected name changed their whole demeanour. Whispered words were passed from one to the other. Last week Kavanagh was in the dock; now, under the protection of the Crown, he appeared as an informer.

Michael Kavanagh stepped forward to take his seat in the chair reserved for witnesses. Amidst profound silence, he proceeded to relate his dreadful story of the Phoenix Park assassination as well as that of the attempted assassination of Mr. Field. He said he was the owner of a horse and car on the 6th of last May, and was in Dame-street, with four passengers that day; the passengers were Joe Brady, Tim Kelly, and two other men whom he didn't know, during the passing of the procession of the Lord-Lieutenant. [Witness identified Patrick Delaney as one of the four.] He was at Wren's public-house, and while the four men remained there he was, with his car, waiting till the procession passed. Then he drove with them to the Royal Oak public-house, near the Phoenix Park. From the Royal Oak he drove on, entered the park by the Island Bridge Gate, and, wheeling round the Wellington Monument, came to the park main road. About the George Statue the four men got down, and he heard one of them say, 'There is no sign of Skin.' Here Fitzharris exclaimed from the dock, 'By G—, it is not I don't call me nick-names,' but the witness continued his narrative. Fitzharris soon drove up with a cab, and passed on and stopped further up the road. Patrick Delaney sat on a seat on one side of the road, and he saw 'Mr. Carey' sitting on a seat on the other side. Brady and Kelly walked towards the Phoenix Column, Brady first telling the witness to wait where he was till he should be wanted by the two other men. Those were the two men on the seats, James Carey and Patrick Delaney. Before the men had walked on, Kavanagh asked one of them what was the 'mission' they were on, and he replied, 'Watching the Secretary.' While Carey was seated a strange gentleman spoke to him, and he made some answer. Soon Delaney told

witness to 'look sharp,' and Carey and Delaney got upon the car. At that time he had noticed two gentlemen pass by (these were Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke). They were linked, and one had grayish hair and was taller than the other. Witness drove on past them at a moderate pace to some distance up the road where there was a number of men—he could not say how many. Kelly and Brady, and others whom he did not know were in that 'crowd,' as well as the strange man who had been on the car. As he drove up, Delaney or Carey, he could not say which, waved a white handkerchief, and when he pulled up the car these two men joined the others. Some one said 'It's the tall man' (Mr. Burke), and again some one said, 'Mind, it's the tall man.' [The witnesses mentioned that while waiting over down the road, a car passed, driven by a man named Noud, with Mr. Nolan, of Capel-street, seated on it, Mr. Murphy stated that this evidence was given with a view to the corroboration of the witness.] Soon he heard one of the two gentlemen who were walking on say 'Oh!' and he looked round. 'What did you see, then?' the witness was asked, he made a pause, his lips quivering with emotion, he answered, 'Saw the gentleman lying on the ground.' 'Was that the grey gentleman?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And where was the other?' 'He was like as if he had an umbrella in his hand, and he was on the road also. I did not see him tall.' The witness went on to say that after the murder the same four men that had been on his car before got up, and he drove as fast as he could by the Fifteen Acres, crossed the river at chapelized, passed Inchicore, and came to Teinure, where the Dublin trains stop. Here Tim Kelly got off, and Kavanagh drove on with the other three men to a public-house at Leeson Park, where they had some drink, and Joe Brady paid him £1 for his services, and left him. Along that drive from the park he had passed another carman belonging to Baggot-street stand. Next day, Sunday, Joe Brady, came to Kavanagh's lodgings and gave him £2 more, and he afterwards bought some harness for him. The car remained unaltered for some time, and then Kavanagh got it painted, sending his brown mare to grass while the work was done.

Having finished his story of the park murders, the attention of the witness was next drawn by counsel to the attempted murder of Mr. Field, the similarity of which to the first outrage in its objects and method had led to the revealing of the greater mystery. Being asked to identify Hanlon and Kelly in

the dock, the witness identified Kelly, but said he could not see Hanlon; and the Crown counsel called in vain on Hanlon to turn round in the dock that his face might be seen. When the prisoner persisted in disregarding the order, counsel told the witness not to trouble himself with further looking round. *William Noud*, car-driver, gave evidence as to Kavanagh being in the Park on the 6th of May. *Samuel Jacob* a young, intelligent-looking lad, gave evidence as to seeing the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke committed, and seeing one of the murderers run from one of the bodies to the other after they had fallen, to give the finishing stroke to them.—The inquiry was then adjourned until Thursday the 15th.

The resumed hearing on Thursday, Feb. 15th., made it clear that the examination was approaching to a close. The three hours over which the day's proceedings extended were devoted exclusively to minor witnesses, or at least to witnesses whose evidence covered ground gone over to corroborate that of the informer Kavanagh. A man named Carey was identified as the fourth occupant of the car which Kavanagh drove. The occupants of the car were identified as Joseph Brady, Timothy Kelly, Patrick Delaney, and Thomas Caffrey. At a quarter-past twelve the nine prisoners—James Carey, T. C., Joseph Brady, Timothy Kelly, Joseph Hanlon, Daniel Curley, Patrick Delaney, James Fitzharris, Thomas Caffrey, and Michael Fagan—were placed in the dock, the prisoners charged with the Phoenix Park assassination. The witnesses were *Patrick Cahill*, a farmer, who recognised one of the four men on the car. That was the third man now in the front row in the dock, Thomas Caffrey. The next witness was *Michael Glynn*, an elderly man of a well-to-do appearance, residing in Dublin, who also recognised Caffrey. *Thomas Huxley*, gardener, in the employ of Mr. Guinness, recognised Timothy Kelly. *Patrick Murray* saw a car, the driver of which he did not notice, and a cab with the horse's feet on the grass slope. The cabman he recognised as the last man in the row in the dock, James Fitzharris. Mr. Murphy asked for a remand of all the prisoners till Saturday, Feb. 17th, which was granted.

On Feb. 17th, when James Carey appeared at the court as an approver, amazement filled every person there. The prisoners appeared astounded. James Mullett forced his way to the front of the dock, and beckoned to his solicitor, who went to consult with him. Carey's manner when he ap-

proached to be sworn appeared to be nervous, but well under control. His first disclosures were with reference to the connection between some of the officials of the Land League and the Fenian-Brotherhood. In reply to Dr. Webb, he said, 'I am no informer; I got no one arrested.' When M'Caffrey's name was first mentioned that prisoner flushed; on Feb. 10th he was charged with being concerned in the Phoenix Park murder. Since then, he seemed conscious of the gravity of his position. About this point James Mullett entered into conversation with M'Caffrey and Joe Mullett. The witness then described the purposes for which a man named Walsh came to Ireland, and the formation of the society of Irish Invincibles. Joe Mullett smiled when some of his fellow-prisoners' names were mentioned. When Carey stated that James Mullett, M'Caffrey, and Peter Doyle were members of the Invincibles Society, some of the prisoners tried to interrupt the witness, and Mr. Murphy had to request the police to keep order. Great excitement was manifested when Carey stated that it was the object of the society to remove all tyrants of the country, and added that Mr. Foster and Earl Cowper were suggested by the Englishman as the first to be removed, and it was left to the discretion of the Irish Invincibles to select the others; witness stated the first contribution from England of fifty sovereigns was handed to James Mullett. After a marked hesitation the witness answered Mr. Murphy's query as to who suggested Mr. Burke's name; he ultimately said that it was amongst themselves the Under-Secretary was named for assassination. Then Carey mentioned the first attempt to carry out their plans on Dec. 1st, 1881, and the selection of men necessary for their murderous designs, Joe Mullett listened with attention. On hearing that P. J. Sheridan, of Tubbercurry, was disguised as a priest, and was known as the Rev. Father Murphy, several of the prisoners laughed. Carey stated that he suggested to Sheridan that knives should be sent over; but M'Caffrey flushed when he added that this prisoner advised some cord to be put round the handles, to give a better grip. Another sensational item was the evidence as to Byrne, secretary of the Land Confederation of Great Britain, the purchase of knives, rifles, and revolvers by him, and the method of transfer of the arms with the aid of this man's wife. The discussion as to the arrangements for 'removing' the public officers, the first being Mr. Forster, created a hum of excitement, and the

cool manner of Carey and his details of dates and places were remarkable. There was a struggle between counsel, and Mr. Murphy endeavoured to get out the contents of telegrams sent from London to M'Caffrey apprising him of Mr. Forster's movements. Quite coolly Carey mentioned methods intended to be adopted for the assassination of Mr. Forster in Brunswick-street. The horses were to be shot, and the occupants of the carriage and any bystanders who interfered were to be disabled. The witness's calm manner when speaking of the Chief Secretary's removal was indescribable. The details of the second plot to assassinate Mr. Forster, and part of the arrangements, the stationing of signallers, and the body of men who were to be the murderers, were terribly clear. This seems to have been the most carefully planned attempt, and it seems a miracle that the Chief Secretary escaped through the assassins who lay in wait for him. Details of further attempts on a similar line were given. These attempts failed, owing to the passing of an ammunition waggon under a military escort, when Mr. Forster was surrounded by murderers. The fiendish persistency of the assassins watching from morning until late at night, day after day, for an opportunity to assassinate Mr. Forster in Brunswick-street was detailed by the witness, and his track, of the intended victim through the city, and his exertions to secure a successful termination to their plot. Mr. Murphy always alluded to the murderers as the 'Invincibles.' Witness then described their search for the Secretary in the carriages at Westland-road terminus. 'He wasn't in the carriage,' said Carey, and he immediately added, with a significant nod of his head, 'if he was he wouldn't be alive to-day.' Had the Secretary been there he would hardly have escaped from the fifteen men who sought his life. The mysterious 'No. 1.' was referred to by Mr. Murphy, and great sensation was caused when witness stated that he could recognize him. Mr. Murphy adding, 'I hope you will have an opportunity of identifying him.' The most intense excitement hushed the court when the evidence with reference to the Park assassination was given. For the first time the full details of the planning, contriving, and arrangement of the crime were described. Carey mentioned the names of two men now in custody, and stated that Edward M'Caffrey was not in the Park on the 6th of May. The witness described the careful watching by the assassins of Mr. Burke's movements and their arrangements for his

'removal.' Carey described the appearance of the mysterious stranger, 'No. 1.' Money was no object to this personage, and he told Carey the murderers could have a thousand pounds if they required it. At this stage the witness left the table, and as he passed the dock he was greeted with hisses by the prisoners, and one of his former comrades shouted, 'You are a perjured scoundrel.' On the return of the witness more questions were asked as to the mysterious 'No. 1,' and the assembly of twenty of the gang near the Royal Oak Tavern, on the 5th May last. James Mullett smiled when the witness stated that he was in Dundalk Gaol, at the time, and O'Brien said 'You are a liar' when his name was mentioned. Mr. Burke having disappointed the murderers on the 5th of May, they arranged for the attempt on the fatal Saturday. Carey states he was not familiar with Mr. Burke, and on the morning of the 6th mistook Mr. Burke's brother for himself. To make sure of his victim he procured the aid of a carpenter employed by the Board of Works who knew the Under-Secretary's appearance. According to the informer's account, this man was an innocent tool in Carey's hand, and did not know the purpose for which his aid was required. This man was arrested Feb. 16th. His name is Joseph Smith. When he stated that Smith did not know what he was there for, there was some movement amongst the prisoners, and he added, in answer to some remark from prisoners' counsel, 'I will save every innocent man I can.' He stated that Kavanagh, the driver, at first was 'right enough,' but that he got excited afterwards when they stopped the car. Again, the hour and the minute were told by the witness when he mentioned the Secretary's first appearance; and amidst painful excitement, and a silence broken only by the voices of counsel and the witness, with graphic language, and dramatic manner, Carey described the approach of the victims, the hurrying away of the scouts, to warn the gang, the signalling and the grouping of the assassins. His voice was almost inaudible. He mentioned the names of the seven men who were waiting to do the murderous work. With an obvious effort he raised his voice to describe the fatal scene, the departure of Smith, and last consultation between Curley, Brady, and Carey. The actual details of the murders were told three times by Carey—first, as he himself caught glimpses of the deadly work when he made his way from the scene; second, Curley's account; and, thirdly, Joe

Brady's description. It would appear that seven men were stationed for the work. Two of these, Joseph Brady and Timothy Kelly, were armed with knives, and were the men who struck the fatal blows. Close to these were three men armed with revolvers—Curley, Bagan, and Hanlon—and in the rear Delaney and M'Caffrey. The murderers allowed Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke to pass. Then Joseph Brady caught the Under-Secretary by the shoulder, and with his left hand drove the amputating knife through his body. Lord Cavendish then struck the assassin, who turned on him, struck his uplifted arm the terrible blow that caused the compound fracture of the bone, then drove him out on the road, and there hacked him to death. Timothy Kelly had, during this encounter, pierced Mr. Burke's body with wound upon wound, and Joseph Brady, leaving Lord Cavendish's body on the road, came over to the footpath where Mr. Burke lay, cut his throat, and then wiped the bloody weapon on the grass. Kelly, Brady, P. Delaney, and M'Caffrey then got on the car and drove towards Chapelizod. The others in the cab drove in an opposite direction. When Carey was describing Brady's share in this murderous work, this prisoner seemed overcome with emotion. He leaned his head against M'Caffrey's shoulder, and seemed unable to maintain his careless demeanour. Curley laughed heartily when the witness mentioned this strange fact, the detailing of the crime to the mysterious 'No. 1,' and his instructions to have the weapons destroyed. Again, the Land League was brought into the matter by Mr. Murphy asking witness if the prisoners Curley and M'Caffrey received any money whilst they were in prison, and if he knew whence it came, when witness replied that the cheque came from the Land League, and M'Caffrey sent back his first cheque, because it was not sufficient. Carey's brother was for the first time mentioned with reference to the knives hidden in Carey's house, having disappeared, and shortly afterwards he in some degree implicated his son. The last appearance of 'No. 1,' was in October, 1882, at Black-rock railway, 8 p.m.—four miles from Dublin, on the line to Kingstown—when Carey told the strange man of the disappearance of the knives. At the close of the witness' evidence the prisoners were put forward in batches of five for identification by Carey. Thomas Martin, on being identified, said, 'He has seen me in prison, but he could not have known me before,' and Pat Delaney,

who seemed to be almost in the grasp of death, for the first time during the proceedings stood up, and, pointing to Carey, said, 'Mr. Murphy, that's the man I may thank for all my misfortunes since my childhood.' At the conclusion of Jas. Carey's revelations, the Counsel for the defence were completely baffled, they would not cross-examine him, and the trial was adjourned to Monday, Feb. 19th, when nothing of any moment transpired, and on the next day the following prisoners were committed for trial, on the capital charge:—James Mullett, Joseph Brady, Henry Rowles, Thomas Martin, Timothy Kelly, Peter Carey, Edward M' Caffrey, Edward O'Brien, Joseph Hanlon, Laurence Hanlon, Peter Doyle, William Moroney, Daniel Delaney, Joseph Mullett, Daniel Curley, George Smith, Michael Fegan, Patrick Delaney, James Fitzharris, Thomas Doyle, and Thomas Caffrey. Patrick Whelan (who was admitted to bail, himself in £50, and two sureties in £25 each) reduced the number to 20, and these were further reduced to 19 by the death of Rowles a few weeks after his conviction.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GREAT TRIAL OF THE 'INVINCIBLES,' SENTENCE OF DEATH UPON JOSEPH BRADY, DANIEL CURLEY, MICHAEL FEGAN, PATRICK DELANEY, THOMAS CAFFREY, AND TIMOTHY KELLY, FOR THE MURDER OF MR. BURKE AND LORD CAVENDISH; PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE, UPON LAURENCE HANLON AND JOSEPH MULLETT, FOR THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF MR. FIELD; PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE, UPON JAMES FITZHARRIS, FOR ASSISTING MR. BURKE'S MURDERERS TO ESCAPE; PENAL SERVITUDE FOR TEN YEARS OF JAMES MULLETT, EDWARD M'CAFFREY, EDWARD O'BRIEN, DAN. DELANEY, AND WILLIAM MORONEY, AND FIVE YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE OF THOMAS DOYLE FOR CONSPIRACY TO MURDER CERTAIN OF THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

TRIAL OF JOSEPH BRADY.

The trial of Joseph Brady for the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke commenced on Wednesday, April 11th, in the Green-Street

Court-House, Dublin. The Crown was represented, by the Attorney-General for Ireland, the Solicitor-General, Mr. James Murphy, Q.C., and Mr. Peter O'Brien, Q.C. The defence was conducted by Dr. Febb, Q.C., Mr. Richard Adams, and Mr. D. B. Sullivan.

Brady was conveyed from Kilmainham Prison under an escort of mounted police and military, and with armed police and marines following on cars. The prisoner had a van devoted to himself, while in the second vehicle were the four informers, Robert Farrell, James Carey, William 'Lamie, and Michael Kavanagh. The cavalcade attracted a good deal of attention as it swept through the streets, but no excitement was manifested. Brady was twenty-five years of age, powerfully built, and about five feet eight or nine inches in height. He had a shock head of black hair, carelessly brushed, while some little whisker and moustache covered the lower portion of a broad, full, and good-humoured face. He was dressed in a long frieze coat which he had worn heretofore, and had improved in every way since his confinement. He was a storecutter. Judging by his conduct in the dock, his spirits did not appear to have suffered in any way. The continued smile, which was attributable to bravado, did not rest on his features. Brady's laugh was pleasant and broad. While the jury were sworn, he rested his left hand on the rail in front of the dock, while his right was placed behind his back, playing with a short piece of pencil. Not till the jury had taken their places did he regard them; when his eyes swept their countenances and took in their different faces. During the delivery of the address by the counsel for the Crown, he rested his body on his arms placed on the bar in front of him, and still played with the pencil, yet sharply scrutinizing the countenance of the Attorney-General as he spoke. As the details of the awful assassinations were brought forth he appeared unmoved and regardless of the feelings of those around. When the announcement of the adjournment was made, he looked round and, catching sight of some familiar face, he smiled, and bowing, left the dock.

Judge O'Brien took his seat on the Bench at eleven o'clock, and in half-an-hour the twelve men on whom rested the issue of life or death in one of the most tragic cases which have ever occupied a jury's attention fixed into the jury-box. With but three or four exceptions, they were all men of mature age, with grey hair and whiskers.

The Irish Attorney-General (Mr. Porter) commenced his opening speech for

the prosecution, introducing the case in a calm manner, and sketching, in a comprehensive way, the evidence which would be submitted in support of the charge which he asked the jury to investigate and decide upon. Prefacing his remarks by an appeal to the jury for an impartial consideration of the case, he paid a fitting tribute to the qualities and worth of the murdered gentlemen, and touched upon the circumstances connected with their position at the time of their awful end. With careful dodging steps he showed who were the conspirators in Fitzharris' cab, and who were on Kavanagh's car on May 6, what Carey and Curley did, and how Joseph Smith helped to identify Mr. Burke, until he brought the audience to the moment when the gang of assassins were waiting close to the New Acres and the Phoenix Monument and their two victims were approaching along the main road from Dublin. He described the exact process of the murder, how Brady, a man of Herculean strength, had driven the amputating knife through Mr. Burke's body at one blow, how he then turned on Lord Cavendish, and with a slash cut through flesh and tendons, had fractured the arm in two places, how he followed him into the road and despatched him, returning afterwards to cut Mr. Burke's throat. Why nobody interfered was a mystery. People at a distance thought it was a scuffle; those near were paralyzed with fear. The two bicyclists did not like to think what was happening, and rode on to the Phoenix Monument. The evidence, Mr. Porter declared, would not merely rest on Carey's evidence, or that of Kavanagh, the driver of the car. The Attorney-General took care to say that he was not there as Carey's apologist. But there was sufficient evidence, apart from informers', to show that Brady was on the field of the murders on that day, and was seen driving away on the car towards Chapelizod. In concluding, the speaker said it was a melancholy and painful thing to have anything to do with a trial on a capital charge, but the jury and he must do their duty, and this case would result in a severe lesson being taught persons who entered into those conspiracies, and involved themselves and their families in disaster. Another lesson to be learned would be that amongst those who joined such societies—notwithstanding what oath was taken—there could be no confidence or safety, when, as in this case, the light was let in. When there was knowledge gained by those outside the whole union dissolving, and the members were only too

ready to come forward to save themselves at the expense of the wretched band which they had belonged to. There was another lesson which was demonstrated by this case. It showed how little assurance could be placed by assassins in those who urged them forward, and whose shameful killings they carry out, to the ruin of themselves and the disgrace of the nation. If further illustration was required of this, they had it in the melancholy fact that the chief agent, who was ready to do their business in this conspiracy, was now, in the time of his danger, deserted by those persons, and obliged to appeal to the Crown and the Government, whose officials he was employed to assassinate, for mercy and clemency to provide him with counsel for his defence. The jury would have to do their duty to their country, to themselves, and to their God.—At the conclusion of the learned Attorney-General's address there were symptoms of applause in court, which were immediately checked.

The first witness was Robert Farrell, a young man of respectable appearance, who was the first of the prisoners to turn up. His evidence was a recapitulation of the testimony given at the inquiry, and was not considered of great importance at the present trial, as he could not give direct evidence bearing on the assassination with which Brady was charged.

The name of the notorious informer, James Carey, Town Councillor, was next called, and created a deal of sensation. With every head stretched forward and breath almost held, so great was the excitement, the scene at this point was very striking. A hush fell on all present, and every eye was strained to the door through which the witness was to approach the table. In a moment or two after Farrell had disappeared Carey coolly walked in. With hair and whiskers carefully trimmed, and dressed in a drab tweed, with cloth upper boots, gold watch-chain, and a ring on his finger, he presented a dandified appearance. The 'observed of all observers,' he approached the witness table, and ascended the steps leading thereto, with the right hand, holding his hat, swinging by his side, and the left concealed in his trousers' pocket. Still with hand in pocket, he dropped his hat on the chair and lifted the sacred book to be sworn. He kissed the book and sat down, and crossing his legs, placed himself in a comfortable position. He spoke in a low tone of voice, and had to be directed to speak more loudly. He spoke coolly and calmly—supplied the links of his story which

riverted the guilt on Brady. His examination was regarded with the greatest interest, and every ear was bent forward to catch the words he uttered. During the delivery of his testimony Carey had occasion to look straight at Brady, and their eyes met, and Brady cast a look on the approver, which spoke volumes. Carey quickly shifted his position, and, turning his back on Brady, looked at him no more till, when leaving the witness table, he was brought face to face with him, and received the same look. Carey's evidence was the same as that given by him at the preliminary examination. Describing the occurrences of the 5th and 6th of May, he stated that on the 5th, after waiting with others, including the prisoner, for Mr. Burke to come out of the park, witness either directed Brady about twelve o'clock to go to the gate lodge to inquire whether Mr. Burke had gone to town, or he went to ascertain himself. Brady went, and returned with an answer that Mr. Burke had gone from the lodge. The object of the party was to assassinate Mr. Burke, and the mode of assassination was to be by knives, or, if necessary, revolvers were to be used. Arrangements were made for a meeting in the evening at Kingsbridge, and about twenty members of a party, including Joe Brady and Tim Kelly, assembled. Witness was present. The object was the murder of Mr. Burke, but a messenger was despatched to ascertain if he had left his office, and brought an answer that he had gone away early. The party arranged to meet at Kingsbridge the following morning—the 6th of May—to watch for Mr. Burke. Brady, Curley, and witness were at the Castle some time before to see Mr. Burke. It was not arranged, but there was an understanding among the four that Brady was to be the man to see about the knives. Witness was to be signalman. Witness was in Wren's public-house several times on the 6th of May, and saw Brady there several times, and Kelly, Caffrey, and others. He saw Kavanagh with the horse and car opposite Wren's public-house in the afternoon, but saw him first there about half-past eleven. He saw Fitzharris' cab there too, and recollected going into it in Essex-street. He saw the men leaving Wren's public-house and going towards Kavanagh's car, and witness went to Fitzharris' cab, and drove with Joe Smith and Harlon to the park by the quays. Afterwards he saw Kavanagh's car in the park. Joe Brady, Timothy Kelly, Patrick Delaney, and Thomas Caffrey were on the car. He had no idea of the num-

ber of men that would be there that morning, but on the previous evening they were all told that any who would lose their employment by absenting themselves on that day need not go there. Smith was there to identify Mr. Burke, and witness was to look after Smith, and give the signal when they approached. Smith and others sat on a seat, and the former said, 'Here is Mr. Burke.' Witness, on looking down the road, saw two gentlemen. He and Smith got on Kavanagh's car, and told him to drive as fast as he could to the group of men who were higher up the road. Witness displayed a white handkerchief. Kavanagh appeared excited, and on coming to the men Smith said Mr. Burke was the man with the gray suit. Brady, Curley, and witness then entered into conversation, and discussed what they should do with Smith. Brady said, 'Send him to hell out of it.' Thereupon witness told Smith to go home. Witness asked what part he would take in the matter, and Brady said, 'You can go away: we do not want you.' Witness walked away and as he did so said, 'Mind, the man in the gray suit.' Subsequently witness saw Brady and Kelly getting nearest to the two gentlemen, and then saw Brady raise his left arm and strike Mr. Burke. Witness saw no more, but went on to Kilmainham, and meeting Smith, they took the tram, and proceeded to College-green. About nine o'clock the same night he met Curley in Holles-street, and an hour afterwards he met Brady at the corner of Danzille-street. Witness' wife was with him at the time and Brady walked with them on the pathway. Witness said he heard that it was Lord Frederick Cavendish who was with Mr. Burke, and Brady, answered 'I do not know who it is, but only for himself he would not be the way he is now.' [Brady at this point took copious notes of the evidence.] Witness said that Brady described how, when he struck Mr. Burke, the other gentleman, Lord Frederick Cavendish, struck him with his umbrella, and called him a ruffian. But for that he would have escaped. Lord Frederick Cavendish, on hitting him in the face, ran out on the road, and he followed him and finished him there. After the murders witness dropped cards having the words on them, 'Executed by order of the Irish Invincibles,' into the newspaper offices. They had a meeting the following night, when Brady and Curley gave an account of what occurred to 'No. 1,' and exhibited the knives, which were ordered to be destroyed.—The court at this stage adjourned, the

jury being removed to an hotel in charge of special constables and bailiffs.

On Thursday morning, April 12th, Carey was cross-examined by Dr. Webb. The informer shifted himself uncomfortably in his seat as the doctor proceeded to fix on him a severe look, and asked him—'Carey, do you make any profession of religion?' 'I do not make profession of it,' he replied. 'Don't chop logic with me,' said Dr. Webb. 'do you make any profession of religion?' 'I am a professed Roman Catholic,' was the reply. 'Are you a member of a religious society?' 'I was.' 'Till when?' 'Till I was arrested.' 'Was it a sale of the sodality that you were to receive the Holy Communion at stated periods?' 'Yes, once a month.' 'Did you receive the Holy Communion once a month?' 'No, not every month.' 'But you received it at times?' 'I had the honour.' This answer was repeated by Dr. Webb with scornful emphasis. Carey in reply to further questions, said that he received the Holy Communion as a member of the sodality in 1882. 'While you were steeped to the lips with blood?' asked Dr. Webb; but the witness answered that he was not. 'Were you not one of the directors of the murder of Mr. Burke?' 'No, I was not,' replied Carey, to the amazement of Dr. Webb, who cried, 'What!' and repeated the question. 'If I was,' said Carey, 'it was under compulsion.' 'Was it under compulsion that you took the Communion?' 'No.' 'Was it under compulsion that you joined the Invincibles?' 'No.' 'The object of which was to remove tyrants?' 'I was not told the object till after.' 'Did you sit on court-martials as a Feman?' 'Yes, on traitors!' 'You sat on these court-martials while you were a member of the sodality?' 'There was no necessity for court-martials,' the witness replied, 'for the men were doomed.' Being pressed by Dr. Webb the witness admitted that he was the 'paymaster of the assassins.' 'Were you not in the park to identify the gentleman that was to be murdered?' 'I was only there to see that he was identified.' 'Was it you that held up the white handkerchief as a signal for his assassination?' 'I was one of the two that did it,' replied Carey. 'And were your last words, as you parted with the murderers, "and, is the man in gray?"' 'Yes,' replied Carey, 'that was in order that there should be no mistake.' 'And was that under compulsion?' asked Dr. Webb. 'No,' was the reply of Carey, who seemed desirous to make it clear that he would have only the right man killed. He was questioned

in reference to his movements in the park, and his going over to look at the polo match while waiting for the arrival of Mr. Burke. Dr. Webb drew his attention to the fact that in his original examination he had not mentioned, as he had done last evening, that Kavanagh's car came down the road to where he was at that time from the Phoenix Column. 'Oh!' exclaimed the witness, 'sure, I could swear a lot more if I liked. I only answered what I was asked.' 'You could swear a lot more if you liked?' repeated Dr. Webb. 'Yes,' said Carey, and speaking with deliberation, he added, 'I am more friendly to you than what you think.' Dr. Webb did not press him on this branch of the case, and did not dispute the inference that Carey knew more than he was telling at present. 'Who suggested the employment of knives?' he was asked, and he answered, 'The deposition states that I did.' 'Was it you suggested that the knives with which the murder was perpetrated should be sent to the exhibition?' 'Yes.' 'You suggested that they should be preserved as national relics?' 'I simply said the word.' 'Were you at that time a member of the sodality?' After a pause Carey replied, 'I was.' Suddenly he was asked, 'Was Fitzharris sworn in as an Invincible?' He replied he did not know, for one member was only to initiate one other. 'Have you received the royal pardon?' he was asked, and replied, 'I believe so.' 'Does it depend upon your evidence being considered satisfactory?' 'Certainly not; I made no terms.' 'Had you reason to believe that you would be pardoned before you gave evidence at Kilmainham?' 'I did not know it,' he replied, 'until that day.' 'Was it as your evidence or before?' 'It was the night before when I was informed that my evidence would be accepted in preference to others, and I would be pardoned.' 'And your brother Peter was one of the prisoners at this time?' 'He was to be included in the pardon.'—Mr. Murphy re-examined the witness. He asked him to whom did he suggest that the knives should be preserved as national relics, and he said it was when Edward M'Carthy, Curley, and Brady were present, and also 'No. 1.' 'Is that a portrait of No. 1?' said Mr. Murphy, handing the witness a photograph of a person recognized by persons in court as Patrick J. Ryan, late of Kingstown. Witness replied 'Yes.' Mr. Murphy then handed him a second photograph of the same person which he identified, Mr. Murphy remarking that it would do for the present until the original should be secured. The photographs

were marked by the officer of the court, handed to the jury, and afterwards to the artists to copy, and to the reporters for inspection. One represented Tynan in the costume of the London Irish Volunteers and the other in the costume of a gentleman. In each photograph he wore spectacles and a beard. The photographs bear the name of a photographer having a studio at Peckham. One seems to be a copy of an original photograph which contained two figures, one being that of a lady with her arm resting on Tynan's shoulder. The figure of the lady must have been removed before rephotographing. Before Carey retired he stated, in answer to Mr. Murphy, that the night before Mr. Glynn was examined at Kilmainham he made a statement to Mr. Mallon in Kilmainham gaol in reference to that witness. Carey retired from the table amidst the undisguised disgust of all who had listened to him.

Michael Kavanagh, the man who drove the car to and from the park on the day of the murder, was the next witness examined, and he identified the prisoner as one of the four men who were his passengers, and who took part in the attack on the unfortunate gentlemen. In reply to Mr. Adams, this witness said he did not expect a money reward from the Government, but he expected to have his life protected.

Joseph Smith, a man who was a labourer in the Castle-yard, proved that he was engaged by the members of the murder conspiracy to identify Mr. Burke, who had been selected for destruction. He said he had been a sworn invincible, and was acquainted with the appearance of Mr. Forster and Mr. Burke. He was, he said, paid to point out these gentlemen to his associates, and for this purpose he accompanied not only Joseph Brady and Curley to the Phoenix Park on the fatal occasion, but Carey, the chief approver, as well. On the 6th of May, when he was paid his wages at four o'clock in the afternoon, he saw Brady and Carey in the vicinity of the Castle, and afterwards in the Phoenix Park. He proceeded to give the narrative of the crime. Mr. D. B. Sullivan cross-examined the witness, who stated that he was sworn on a knife as a member of the Fenian organization in a Dame-street public-house, and, according to his oath, he was compelled at the hazard of his own life to obey the orders, whatsoever they might be, of his superiors.

George Godden, a park ranger, identified the prisoner as being present in the park on the day of the murder, and as one of the persons who, after the des-

perate deed, drove away on the car towards Chapelizod.—The next witness was Dr. T. Miles, surgeon of St. Stephen's Hospital, who saw the bodies the day on which the murder took place. When he saw Mr. Burke that gentleman was dead; and Lord Frederick Cavendish, although breathing, was hopelessly wounded.—William Meagle, who at the time of the occurrence was riding a bicycle through the main thoroughfare of Phoenix Park, and saw the attack, identified the prisoner as one of those concerned in it.—Some other witnesses were called in identification of the prisoner, after which

Dr. Webb opened the defence. He said that if the lives of the jurors were extended beyond the patriarchal span, they could look back at the termination of it to this moment as the most memorable moment in their lives. There was nobody engaged in the inquest who could help feeling that the crime had "made history" with a vengeance, and had left a mark on the history of the country which would teach by a potent lesson that good could never come out of evil. It had led to the suspension of all the constitutional liberties of the country, and had led to the prisoner being tried, not by a tribunal selected under a special act of Parliament, a tribunal as to the selection of which the Crown had not only exercised its utmost privileges, but exercised that privilege without sparing in ordering men of the highest respectability to stand by. One of the effects of a crime like this was that it awakened in the mind of the whole community what had been called "a sense of the wild justice of revenge," and there was a cry for punishment—an impulse for immediate vengeance. Society itself turned savage. The law was in danger of becoming lawless; and Justice forgets her emblem, throws away the scales, tears the bandages from her eyes, strikes wildly with her sword, and transforms herself into Vengeance. He warned the jury, if any trace of this feeling existed in their minds at this moment, that they would use every effort to purge their minds. He did not appear as the advocate of the guilty; he was assisting in the administration of the law as much as the counsel for the Crown and the jurors. The evidence by which this charge was supported was as portentous as the crime. No man who listened to the evidence of Farrell, Kavanagh, or Carey, would to the day of his death forget the perjury, the disregard of every law, human and divine; the shamelessness and the atrocity not only avowed, but avowed as one of the most honourable transactions

in life. Farrell was obliged to admit that all he swore before was false. Whatever injury there might arise to society from unpunished crime, there would be a worse evil by the encouragement of triumphant perjury. It was almost idle to speak of James Carey. No words of his could increase the feelings of indignation which must agitate the breasts of the jurors when they remembered what he swore—he, the prime mover of this conspiracy to murder; its concoctor; one of its directors; the man who first suggested the knife as the instrument of murder; who, according to his own confession, was the paymaster of the assassins; the man who set his victim and gave the signal; the man whose last words as he left the gang were, 'Mind! it is the man with the grey suit.' Great as was the horror which passed through the world when the crime was committed, there was a greater thrill of surprise and outraged conscience when they heard that the arch-fiend of the Pandemonium he had created was selected by the Crown and granted a pardon. What would be the sentiment of the civilized world to-morrow when they read what had occurred that day? This man, steeped to the lips in blood, was all the time a member of a religious sodality, desecrating the holiest mysteries of the religion of Christ. It was such a man that was selected for grace, pardon, by what species of moral arithmetic failed to comprehend. Even admitting that the unfortunate man at the bar was guilty, there was no honourable mind which would not sooner take the position of Joe Brady than occupy the place of James Carey. Did the jury think that the men who sacrificed two innocent victims would hesitate to sacrifice a thousand Joe Bradys by perjury while their necks were in a halter? It was on the knife, and not the blessed Evangelists, that Carey should have been sworn, if there were any regard to the dramatic fitness of things. The evidence on which the jury were asked to act was unreliable and preposterous. Evidence would be given to show that Brady was innocent.

The first witness for the defence was a girl named Anne Meagher, who gave her evidence without nervousness. She said that she saw Joe Brady on the day of the murder at the house of her uncle, Mr. Flynn, and at a public-house, and that she went a walk with him at such a time that, if her evidence was correct, he could not have been in the Phoenix Park about seven, engaged in these assassinations.—The Attorney-General, in cross-examination, confined himself to

bringing out that this young lady was a personal friend of the prisoner; that her uncle, Mr. Flynn, was a stonemason at the same works at which Brady was employed, and an intimate acquaintance of his; and in asking as to Brady's exact movements on the day in question. On leaving the witness-chair Miss Annie Meagher ran lightly down the steps, giving the prisoner a smile on her way out, which Brady returned.—Then came a publican, Mr. Little, who swore to Brady having been at his house on the night of the 6th from before nine till eleven. Mr. Little was subjected to some severe 'heckling' at Mr. Murphy's hands, which he did not bear at all well. His anger became so apparent that the judge had to warn him to refrain from using threatening gestures to his cross-examiner.—Mr. Flynn and Mrs. Flynn finished up the evidence for the defence given on Thursday, April 12th, and it cannot be said that the latter lady strengthened the credibility of the alibi started by Anne Meagher. She confessed that she and Anne and Joe Brady's mother had talked over the trial, and that her husband had said to her, 'You remember Joe Brady being here on the night of the 6th, and you will be able to prove it.' Both she and her husband gave no good reason for remembering with such accuracy all that happened on May 6th, whereas they could tell nothing whatever about the 4th or 5th.

The day's sitting was brought to a close a few minutes after six o'clock. Immense crowds of people had gathered in the streets near the court-house, and in Capel-street, to witness the removal of the prisoners and of the informers. These had been brought down in the morning with an escort of police only, but in the evening this was supplemented by a body of dragoons. As the cavalcade passed down Capel-street there were hisses for Carey and cheers for Brady, and so marked were the demonstrations that the police arrested two men and conveyed them to the police-station.

On Friday, April 13th, the trial was resumed. At ten o'clock Judge O'Brien took his seat. The clerk cried, 'Come forward, Joe Brady,' and the prisoner advanced to the front of the dock with more lifelessness than had been observed in his gait at any other moment since his arrest. His face was more pallid in colour, but there was no distinct nervousness. Leaning forward on the railing, he listened with attention to the evidence adduced in his favour. A young man, who gave his name as James Edward Kennedy, was summoned to the

witness-table. He described himself as a clerk, and the substance of his testimony was to bear out that given by the girl Meagher, viz., that Brady was walking with her in the streets of Dublin shortly after seven o'clock.—The evidence for the prisoner having been completed,

Mr. Adams rose to sum up the facts of the case for the defence. He commenced with a protest against the modern practice of trial before the bar of public opinion, and appealed to the jury to dismiss from their minds the statements as to Brady's guilt, which had appeared in the newspapers with an 'indecency which formed one of the greatest scandals and perils of modern society.' The learned counsel then took up the different points in which the informers differed in their stories, and concluded by remarking that the first witness for the defence, Annie Meagher, had sworn that she was in the company of Brady on the evening of the murders, and if they believed her testimony the prisoner was an innocent man. If they set the evidence of that girl—unstained, and without a breath of suspicion—against that of Carey—liar, hypocrite, and murderer by profession—they would declare in favour of the former. The testimony of the witness Little was of enormous importance, as showing the whereabouts of Brady on the evening of the murder from twenty minutes or half-past eight o'clock on that evening: and he (the counsel) refused to believe that the jury were satisfied that the prisoner was guilty of the charge against him in the face of the evidence. They had to decide between the testimony of Annie Meagher, the pure young girl, and that of James Carey, the infamous informer. Let them weigh James Carey against Annie Meagher, and he would await their verdict without fear.

His lordship summed up at 1-30, and remarked upon the gravity of the case they had to consider. He appealed to them to dismiss all prejudice from their minds, and bestow their undivided attention to the evidence before them. That evidence consisted of two branches—that given in the direct examination on the part of the Crown, and that for the defence. He would propose to invert the order of their consideration, and would place before them first the evidence on behalf of the accused. Whatever was their experience and observation of that kind of defence, they must leave such experiences and observation out of their minds. An alibi was challenged usually upon several grounds, one of which was that the evidence rested on an innocent mistake, and another

that it was a wilful misrepresentation. The first witness for the defence was Annie Meagher, who was before the 6th of May keeping company with Joseph Brady, and was the niece of the man Flynn, a fellow-workman of the prisoner. She said that she met him between four and five o'clock, and went with him to Burgess' public-house, when she left and kept his company until ten minutes past eight o'clock. His lordship pointed out that she had not been in his company since the time which she fixed as the 6th of May, and there was nothing which could have tended to fix in her mind the circumstances of that particular evening, or whether she was in his company or not. His lordship remarked that that kind of defence was frequently resorted to and invented, especially by women, and in cases wherein production would assist one of their own friends. His lordship dwelt upon the extreme reticence displayed by the witness Flynn when first asked to give evidence against Brady's conduct, which might be interpreted in two ways. His lordship then reviewed the evidence of the witnesses Kennedy and Little, and the desire of the latter in his cross-examination to fix the time at which he saw Brady as before nine o'clock, and said that the testimony was open to the same comments as of the other witnesses for the defence, viz., that the witness was assigning to one day that which belonged to another. His lordship then went through the evidence for the prosecution.

The jury retired to consider their verdict at thirteen minutes past three, and in forty minutes returned into court with a VERDICT OF GUILTY.

Mr. Geale (Clerk of the Crown)—Joseph Brady, you have been indicted that you, on the 6th of May, 1862, feloniously, wilfully, and of your malice aforethought, did kill and murder one Thomas Henry Burke, and to that indictment you pleaded not guilty, and put yourself upon God and upon your country for trial, which country has found you guilty. What have you now to say why judgment and execution of death shall not be awarded against you according to law?

Brady—I am not guilty of the charge. It has been all paid informers that swore against me here. They would swear against his lordship, or any man in the whole court, as well as me, to clear the guilt of themselves, any of them. I am not guilty of the charge.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

Mr. Justice O'Brien—Joseph Brady, you have been found guilty upon cumulative and overwhelming evidence such

as to preclude any intelligent person from entertaining a doubt of your guilt of this most dreadful crime. Considering that other persons still remain to be tried on the same charge, I desire to abstain, to forbear from dwelling upon the atrocity, the cruelty, and the injustice of that most heinous crime. I certainly will not say a word to aggravate the pain of the dreadful situation in which you now stand. For the life which you have taken your own life must be forfeited. You have now, after the lapse of so long a period of time, having all the advantage of a deliberate and fair trial, and of the highest and most zealous advocacy that the profession of the law could furnish, been found guilty, and have to follow your victims to eternity.

The Prisoner—I am not the first that has been sworn against innocence. That is one thing.

Mr. Justice O'Brien—I think it my duty to declare that I entirely concur in the justice, and the propriety, and the necessity of the verdict which has been pronounced by the jury against you, and I entirely believe the evidence on which that verdict was pronounced. [His lordship now assumed the black cap.] The sentence of the court upon you, Joseph Brady, is that you be taken from the bar of this court to the prison in which you were last confined, and from thence be taken to the jail of the County of Dublin, if that be not the prison in which you were last confined, and on Monday, the 14th day of May, in this present year, you shall be taken to the common place of execution within the walls of that jail, and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and that your body be buried within the precincts of the prison; and may God have mercy upon your soul. The prisoner (bowing to his counsel)—Thank you, Mr. Adams—Thank you, Dr. Webb. The commission was adjourned until Monday April 16th, at 11 o'clock.

A VISIT TO JOSEPH BRADY'S PARENTS AFTER SENTENCE OF DEATH WAS PASSED UPON HIM.

During the time between his conviction and execution, Joseph Brady preserved a placid demeanour. He was closely watched, two warders having him constantly in view, but in other respects the severity of prison discipline was relaxed, there being no particular restriction in the matter of diet, and the principal obligation on him that of daily exercise at the usual hours. He showed no signs of altering his declaration of innocence, and was not affected by the terrible fate that awaited him. He was attended by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, the

chaplain of the prison, who visited him daily. The particulars of a visit to the man's father and mother cannot fail to command some interest. We append a few details.

Anne-street Chapel, the place Brady resided, is fifty yards from the Green-street Courthouse, and Joe Brady's recent home at No. 22, is but twenty paces from that sacred edifice. Anne-street, North, is off North King-street, and is one of those densely populated, now impoverished thoroughfares, that have many evidences of better times gone past. Joe Brady was one of five-and-twenty children—the second eldest boy of twenty; and five daughters go to make up this total. His parents have through life conducted themselves in a manner to merit the respect of those who know them. For the father, forty long years in the employment of the Dublin Corporation was no mean character, and the prisoner, Joe Brady, worked in the same employment for fourteen years. He selected the trade of stone-cutting, and served his apprenticeship under the municipal body for five years, and was a Corporation stonecutter the night two detectives and five marines took him from his bed to answer the charge of having stabbed to death Thomas Henry Burke, the Under Secretary for Ireland. All Brady's brothers and sisters that are left—and the sisters are married and well to do—have succeeded well in the world. The eldest boy is a mate, in foreign parts, whilst another is a tailor in the city, and a third a clerk. All that are alive are respectably occupied. The two whom I met on my visit to Joe Brady's home appeared sharp, bright, intelligent, and decent fellows. The idea of a conviction against Joseph on the capital charge was the last thing they thought of. Neither father nor mother, brother nor sister ever dreamt that the best-starred prisoner of Kilmarnham would there await the heaviest penalty known to the law. Mr. Brady, senior, was close up 60 years of age. He was one of those hardy, well-preserved men that age slowly, and the benefits of temperate, active habits through life he seems to have enjoyed. Standing on a light frame, under the middle height, and erect as a bull-rush. He wore a dark beard, well streaked with white, and his complexion was that of the sunburnt Italian rather than that of a Dublin man, born and reared on the banks of Anna Liffey. A heavy moustache hung from his upper lip, beneath thickly-knit brown eyebrows flashed a pair of coal-black eyes. His features were well and regularly formed, and a fine bold fore-

head was added to by the thinning of his hair in front. Behind, there was a profusion of curls, black as the sloe berry. The mother of the condemned man has changed since the police first took from 22, North Anne-street, her 'best boy,' as Mrs. Brady speaks of Joseph Brady. She has only poorly battled with the blow that has fallen on this once happy home, and grief, suspense, dread, and sadness have combined to mark her as their own. The sentence of Judge O'Brien was the last the family thought to read at the termination of the inquiry. It was possible they thought that those who deceived him into trouble would leave him in a penal prison for some minor offence; but nothing seemed farther from their thoughts than that he would await an awful death in the jail at Kilmainham. The notorious Carey they set down as the originator of all their trouble. He fooled Joe Brady as easily as one would wind a thread round the finger. 'To stamp his villany,' said Mrs. Brady, 'twixt the sobbings of an aching heart, he got my boy to stand for one of his children, and so did Peter Carey, and now they swear to take him from me.' The doom of his son to the ignominious death on the scaffold fell like a thunderbolt on the father, and with a half-dazed expression in his eyes he appeared to me to struggle for a complete realisation of his fearful position. The defence, he argued, was enough to displace 'the arch traitor's oath,' but 'now,' he adds, 'there is no use in looking back, and we must try to do for Joe what religion leaves to console him and me.' For nine years Joe Brady held a collection plate before the door of Church-street chapel, and for years, sir,' Mrs. Brady said to me, 'that boy did not taste food until he first heard Mass.' The terrible news of the jury's pronouncement of 'guilty' came with a crushing weight on the afflicted mother in her house in Anne-street. She had, she said, given up all idea of getting into the court, and the police would not allow her to tarry round the place that she might learn from those coming out of court how the case progressed. 'So you see,' she said to me on Friday evening, April 13th, after the death sentence had been pronounced, 'I came home and hoped.' Bad news travels quickly, and Mrs. Brady was not long in hearing the worst. It was Miss Meagher, one of the witnesses for the defence, who came with the gloomy tidings, and as I entered the parlour soon afterwards I found the broken hearted mother seated on a stool looking headfastly—vacantly—into the fire. She looked up as I crossed the

threshold, and with a sigh resumed her stolid stare between the bars. Her grief was too poignant at first to allow of tears—it was too deeply rooted to permit of any outcrop, but by-and-by her sobs and copious tears marked her affliction. His would be a heart of stone who remained unmoved as this old woman cried for her 'darling boy.' Ah, sir,' she said to me, 'Joe was not the scoundrel at home they say he was abroad, and to his poor mother he never once said an unkind or harsh word, and then, with her apron to her face and beat down with grief, she paced the room half-distracted. Off it, farthest, from the front of the house, stands Joe Brady's bedroom, and looking into it always seemed to intensify this poor woman's grief. Indeed it was a pitiful sight. As he was whilst returning from his work that the father first heard the result of the trial. He too had despaired of ever getting a glimpse of his son in court, and coming home, full of hope for a favourable end to the trial, he met a hurrying *Telegraph* boy, who shattered all his aspirations. At home there was no more consolation than without, for the wife of this much-to-be-pitied man was still bowed down in sorrow. What to say he could not think, and what he thought, and what anguish of mind was his, was easily discernible in his careworn face. There never was an evening meal partaken with so little heart as this shared by these partners for thirty-seven years. Mechanically the old man's tea was taken, but his mind was out in the future, and ill at ease. It was in the evening of their lives that their greatest trial had come, and it had come with no measured weight. The papers, lighted by an oil lamp, only confirmed the ill news of the hour before, and whilst they read of the past and present, they read too, between the lines of a dreaded future.

TRIAL OF DANIEL CURLEY.

The trial of the second of the 'Invincibles,' Daniel Curley, for the murder of Mr. Burke commenced on Monday, April 16th, in the Commission Court, Green-street, Dublin. The Attorney-General for Ireland (Mr. Porter), the Solicitor-General (Mr. J. Nassau), Mr. Jas. Murphy, Q. C., and Mr. Peter O'Brien prosecuted for the Crown; and prisoner was defended by Dr. Webb, Q. C., and Mr. Richard Adams. The proceedings opened with the calling over of the special jury panel, on fines of £100. Notwithstanding this upwards of fifty of the special panel of 200 did not answer to their names.

Curley who was 35 or 40 years of age, of delicate appearance and slight

stature, formed a marked contrast to his fellow-prisoner Brady. His features, which bore the marks of small-pox, were not repulsive, and throughout the day he wore a grave expression. Dressed in a suit of dark drab tweed, he presented the appearance of a superior artisan. On advancing into the dock he stood all attention, without manifesting any nervousness. He was supplied with paper and pencil, and made notes for aiding his counsel in conducting his defence.

After the case had been opened by Mr. Murphy, James Carey was called as the first witness. He gave the details of the conspiracy, the formation of 'The Invincibles' under the direction of Walsh, and Curley's part in the transactions which led to the assassinations. Curley returned to Dublin in Fitzharris' cab, which was followed by a man in a velocipede. Subsequently the four members of the committee of Invincibles held a meeting at which 'No. 1' was present, and there Brady related what had passed in the park. He said that when they passed Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish, the former was speaking to the latter about the attempt on Mr. Forster. The weapons were produced at the meeting and ordered to be destroyed.—He was cross-examined by Dr. Webb.

Asked whether he was not a strict Catholic while a member of this secret society for murder, he said—I did not think the meetings were for the purposes of murder at all. I thought it was playing at soldiers. I suggested the use of daggers, and that was false, playing at soldiers. Mr. Burke's name was not mentioned till the 3rd of May. There were twenty-two attempts on Mr. Forster.

It was a party to only twenty for the purpose of assassinating him, but I would not call it murder at all. It was to remove him. I was never steeped to the lips in blood. I never hurt a hair of a man's head in my life. I am a bricklayer, the prisoner is a carpenter, Mullett a publican, and M'Callrey a van man.—And the publican, vanman, bricklayer, and carpenter wanted to make history?—And so we did.—How did you make history?—By making so many futile attempts on a man we had little compassion for, and who deserved no love.—You, under the sanction of an oath, in a matter of life and death, say that Mr. Forster deserved to be assassinated?—I say he deserved no great love from any Irishman.—Did he deserve to be assassinated?—I did not care what they did with him.—Did he deserve to be assassinated?—I would not cry much for him. (A laugh)—Did Mr. Forster deserve to be assassinated?—As I have told you, I would not care if anything did happen to

him; I would not like to see him go to heaven.—You carry your vengeance against him into the next world?—I do not care.—You would not like him to be saved in the next world?—I would not like anyone to be lost.—Come, sir, you said you would not like him to go to heaven.—I would not like to meet him there. (Laughter).—Do you think Mr. Burke deserved to be assassinated?—No, I think not.—Was he not one of the tyrants you gave your vote to be removed?—He had the name of being as bad as Forster, who got all his information from him.—Did you think Mr. Burke deserved to be assassinated?—We did not think anything about it; we got our orders from 'No. 1'.—You had a wife and six children while all this was going on?—Yes.—In his further cross-examination witness said: Joe Smith came to a meeting of the Invincibles once to communicate the fact that Mr. Forster had not gone. On the 3rd of May he went with me to Waterloo-road to point out Mr. Burke and Colonel Hillier.—Re-examined by the Attorney-General: Whatever your sentiments were with respect to the assassination of Mr. Forster and Mr. Burke, were they shared by Curley?—Witness: Yes.—You were asked if you had sworn Smith on a knife. Were you sworn yourself on a knife?—Yes.—Was the penalty of death mentioned?—Yes; but I did not know of this before.

Robert Farrell (another informer) deposed: I was a member of the Fenian organisation; the prisoner was the centre of the circle to which I was attached. He introduced me to the Invincible organisation, telling me each man was only to know his right and left hand neighbours. He said their purpose was assassination; but I do not recollect his mentioning any class. I remember going, at the direction of Curley, to Ellis Quay, near Victoria Bridge; I met him there. I saw some other men there; they were walking up and down the quay. Curley gave me instructions to endeavour to stop a carriage coming down; 'Tim and Joe would do the rest,' he told me. I had a revolver with me, which I got from Curley. I was there two and a half hours; no violence was done that morning. We met again that evening in John-street, all who had been present in the morning. When there a cab came up: Brady and Kelly got into it, and I on to it. It went to the park, to the neighbourhood of the Viceregal Lodge; we returned along the quays, where we saw Curley, who stood me some drink. I went to the meetings in Brunswick-street about a fortnight after, by Curley's direction. These meetings were held for the pur-

pose of attacking certain men, but no violence was perpetrated. On the morning of the 6th of May I remember being in Wren's public-house, near the Castle. I saw Brady and others there, but I do not remember whether the prisoner was of the number. I left off work about half-past seven that evening.—On cross-examination by Mr. Adams witness stated that he was a Roman Catholic, but not a religious man. He believed it part of his duty to tell the truth, but he admitted that he had sworn falsely before Mr. Curran at the Castle. He did not come forward with his information until he was betrayed himself. It was compulsion. One member used to say, 'Do so and so, or else—.' He had not been promised money for his evidence, but he expected not to be thrown on the streets.—(To Mr. O'Brien): If I was turned out in the street without protection I expect death.—At the close of this witness' evidence the court adjourned.

On Tuesday, April 17th, nineteen witnesses were called to prove the case against Curley, making, with James Carey and Robert Farrell, a total of twenty-one. From the nature of the case sought to be made against Curley, it was necessary to support the evidence of the informers by as much independent testimony as could be obtained. All the informers, too, were examined, and one of them, Peter Carey, made his first appearance in the witness-box in connection with these prosecutions. Peter Carey was in appearance not unlike his brother James—his 'beloved brother James,' as he called him in his deposition. He had a slight impediment in his speech which gave at times the appearance of hesitation to his answers. His manner on the table was, however, much less objectionable than that of his brother. He did not attempt to say smart things by way of retorting upon counsel, nor seek to give an ingeniously ambiguous answer. The two witnesses, Joe Smith and Michael Kavanagh, who were examined before him, were easily disposed of. They had nothing new to tell, and their cross-examination elicited nothing new, save perhaps to emphasise the disagreement between them as to the question which Kavanagh swore he put to Smith about the 'mission' they were on in the park on the evening of the murders.

Peter Carey, disclosed the growth of distrust among the ranks of the Invincibles. Kavanagh had said his car was as 'good as gold.' This phrase, with a double meaning, came to the ears of Curley, who remarked, in less ambiguous language, 'I think Kavanagh

should be wiped out.' This was letting new light on the counsels of the 'Invincibles,' and forthwith Dan Curley bent his head and took notes, not looking up again until Dr. Webb commenced a peppery assault on the witness. He admitted having been a rebel and a traitor, and he could not say he was then a loyal subject of the Queen. In attacking his religious feelings Dr. Webb was at once disarmed by the witness saying that he was not as good a Catholic as his brother James.

Half a dozen witnesses, whose evidence was not of importance, followed, and then a witness new in the case came on the table.—Emma Jones, identified Curley as one of a group of men whom she had seen close to the scene of the murder just before she saw two gentlemen pass through the group; and following this she saw something glimmer, and then she saw one gentleman fall. Frightened at the sight she turned back towards the city, and abandoned her intention of going to the Chief Secretary's Lodge, where she had intended to see a woman who was a servant there.—In cross-examination, as to her opportunity of seeing the prisoner so as to be able to identify him after eleven months, she said she saw his full face.

Two witnesses were then examined, one of whom deposed to Curley being in the park, and another that, to the best of his belief, Curley was the man he had seen there.—James Carey was recalled, and repeated the evidence given in the former trial as to the delivery of cards at the newspaper offices with the words, 'Executed by order of the Invincibles.' He said that it had been intended to place one of the cards on the corpse.—This evidence closed the case for the Crown.

Dr. Webb addressed the jury for the defence. He referred to the excellent character given to the prisoner by the evidence of James Carey—one of those wretches likened by Curran to men who entered the catacombs in the form of men and issued from them as ghouls and vampires, having fed on corpses and fattened on the dead. He impressed it on the jury that informers' evidence must be confirmed by witnesses beyond suspicion, and unless this were done no amount of corroboration by one informer of another was of any weight. The independent testimony produced must point to participation by the prisoner in the crime charged against him. If these rules were borne in mind the prisoner must be acquitted. Never since the so-called Popish plot of 1687 had there been a crisis which bore any resemblance to this. Two hundred

years ago an eminent justice of the peace was murdered in England. Forthwith the nation went mad with excitement. The penal laws were sharpened, great rewards were offered, and from every den of infamy came forth wretches to swear away the lives of innocent men. James Carey was the Titus Oates of this assassination plot, in Ireland, and, like Oates, he had masqueraded in the garb of religion, and had profaned the most holy mysteries of his Church. Traitor, decoyer of the innocent, murderer in heart, murderer in effect, he had made their flesh creep with horror when he told them that he would not only have removed Mr. Forster from the earth, but have consigned him to the torture of the lost. Abortive assassin of Mr. Forster, assassin in effect of Mr. Burke, contemplated assassin of Col. Hilher, contemplated assassin of Kavanagh, contemplated assassin of Smith—the man he had decoyed and sworn upon the knife—that was the man on whose evidence they were called on to consign to an untimely grave an honest, industrious working man that had led a blameless life, and, but for his association with Carey, would have been an honoured citizen. The evidence of Carey was worthless unless confirmed. It could not be confirmed by the Fenian and Invincible Smith. The assassination plot had but one conspirator, the arch-traitor Carey. He (Dr. Webb) would from that court, from under the shadow of that dock, with its atmosphere of death, warn the young men of Ireland to beware of association with such villains. Let them beware of those meetings with their patriotic lands, those convivialities in the public-house, and those secret associations which were denounced by their Church. These trials showed the consequences of engaging in these pantomimes. Turning to the evidence of the informers, the counsel maintained that it was full of the most palpable contradictions. He dwelt upon Kavanagh's confusion of Pat Delany with Joe Smyth, and on the denial of the latter of some words put into his mouth by Kavanagh. Which of them, he asked, was the perjured villain? There was the dilemma. The jury could only escape from one horn to be gored on the other. There were other contradictions as palpable as this between the informers. If there was anything which could be regarded as certain in their evidence it was that of Kavanagh with reference to his movements in the park and the position of his horse and car while waiting to drive off with the murderers. But it was contradicted by Carey, whose

guilt all the water of the sea could not wash out, and who was endeavouring to slip the noose from his own neck on to that of the prisoner. Their story was incoherent, full of contradictions, and incapable of belief even if it had been sworn to by witnesses before whose eyes great rewards had not been dangled; but when it was the story of traitors and perjurers how could the jury rely upon it, and consign a fellow-creature to death? He (Dr. Webb) said positively that Curley was not in the Phoenix Park on the occasion of these murders. He would call the friends who were in the company of the prisoner. He would trace the accused during the whole period which was covered by this trial. To the jury the Almighty had delegated a portion of His prerogative. With them were the issues of life and death. As they valued their own souls let them disregard all passion, prejudice, predilection, and prepossession, and pray to God for guidance.

The examination of three witnesses followed—all to establish an alibi. The first was the father-in-law of the prisoner, who was uncle of the two prisoners named Hanlon, who were to be tried, and one of whom was sworn to in the preliminary investigation as having been present at the attack on Mr. Field. The witness accounted for Curley's movements from half-past six to eleven o'clock on the evening of the 6th of May. He had, he said, gone to Mount-street to meet him, had spent some time in public-houses with him, and had walked with him to his house in Blackhall-street, over two miles away, and back to Mount-street, where he remained with him in a public-house until the closing hour, when he returned to his own house in Blackhall-street. In cross-examination he first denied and then admitted that he had sworn an alibi for his nephew Hanlon (for the 17th Nov.), and that this alibi conflicted with the nephew's own version of his movements.—The second witness merely swore to having seen Curley outside Burke's public-house about seven o'clock in the evening; and the third attempted by an entry in his book to prove the sale about six that evening of half a pint of whiskey to Curley.—At this stage the court adjourned.

On Wednesday, April 18th, proceedings opened with Mr. Adams's speech for the defence. The denunciation of the informers had been exhausted by Dr. Webb, and the only thing left for him to do was to pick holes in the evidence for the Crown and put as good a face as possible on the defence. He suggested that Carey, and not Curley,

was the leader of the gang of assassins that evening in the Phoenix Park. He alleged that the informers had had means of communicating with each other in prison and of patching up their evidence, and he dismissed Carey with the observation that he was a hypocrite in everything save in this, that he did not pretend to express regret for the murderous signs in which he had been engaged. Carey, he added, was seemingly concerned about the company he would meet in heaven. He did not think Carey need trouble himself much about that.

The Attorney-General replied at eleven o'clock. He asked what conceivable motive Carey could have for trying to implicate Curley. It was absurd to say that he wanted to outstrip the other informers to save his own neck. Curley had been implicated in every way before Carey turned informer—in every way save as to his presence in the park. Referring to the identification of Curley by Emma Jones, he said—'There are times when the impending perpetration of a great crime—when a fixed determination of a terrible result, would give expression to a face that would never be forgotten, and so Curley's face might have become embedded in her memory.'

Mr. Justice O'Brien's summing up occupied two hours. Taking first the evidence, his lordship read over the answers given by Hanlon, especially those given in cross-examination and in reply to himself. He noted the fact that there was nothing in the occurrence of the park murders to fix the day on the memory, yet Hanlon, Curley's father-in-law, could not fix any other day that he had seen Curley. He pointed out that Hopkin's evidence was contradictory to Hanlon's, and that Hopkins had not thought of the matter until Hanlon had suggested it to him. As to the entry of whiskey in Burke's book, if Curley got the whiskey, why did he not take it home with him, instead of going to a public-house to have liquor? His lordship commented on the absence of any attempt on the part of the prisoner to show where he had spent Saturday up to six o'clock in the evening, considering that he had been sworn to have been in association with James Carey during the day. Equally was there no explanation offered of his absence from his work on the 5th and 6th of May. Proceeding to review the evidence for the prosecution, his lordship said it must be taken as proved that a conspiracy existed. There could be no doubt that the murder took place, and scarcely any doubt that it was the re-

sult of such a conspiracy as had been sworn to. He took advantage of the opportunity to bring into relief what required to be brought into relief, namely, that Carey seemed to be blamed much more for his having given information than for his participation in the crime itself, an apportionment of the blame from which his lordship expressed his dissent. He reviewed the evidence of the informers and of the independent witnesses, and concluded by an exhortation to the jury to do their duty with the independence, courage, and firmness of men to whom the highest function under the law was assigned.

The jury, after half an hour's consideration, returned into court with a verdict of GUILTY. Curley, on learning the result of their deliberations, stood forward on the highest step of the dock grasping the iron bar. Every eye was fixed upon him, and he seemed so overcome that he stood unable to move, and when asked had he any reason to urge his sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he made several attempts to summon his courage to speak, and in a voice which could scarcely be heard, he declared himself innocent.

CURLEY'S REMARKABLE SPEECH BEFORE BEING SENTENCED TO DEATH.

I say distinctly I am not guilty of the charge I am accused of. I had some remarks to make, but it was not until I heard your lordship's charge that I determined to say this—that it is a biased, unreasonable charge. From the commencement of these trials I expected it. With reference to the identification during my imprisonment, and to the acts of the informers at the time I was identified, and the parties who came up there to identify me, I wish to make a few remarks on the mode of identification of me. On two occasions particularly, and on the occasion this young lady, Miss Emma Jones, and the other two parties were there, twelve or fourteen men were brought out to the yard, and I was to the left. I was pointedly ordered to come and stand in the centre of the men. These are points which are unreasonable. (Pause.) I deny the charge—between me and God, between me and my conscience, I deny the charge. With reference to these two men identifying me at the polo ground. No, I never was there, and I was not in or near the park on the 5th of May. My lord, you will have to be cautious with reference to informers. I do not seek now for redress. I ask no mercy, and I expect none of course. There are other men to be tried by their means. I do not pray for pardon. I expect none from the British government of England. They

are my avowed enemies. I may tell you that, my lord. (Pause.) You analyzed carefully all the evidence given on my behalf, and then you pointed it out to the jury, and you refuted all that evidence. Then, on the other hand, when you were pointing out the evidence of the informers, you put it together, and you said, 'If you believe them, find the prisoner guilty.' Such was your remark. But you did not point out their defects or contradictions, as far as the matter is concerned, as sworn to by several of the informers. I admit myself—I candidly admit—I was sworn in a member of the Fenian organization seven years ago, when I was twenty or twenty-two years old. From that to the present time I worked confidentially for that organization. I was ready to obey their secrets. That was the first oath I ever took, and that I will bring to my grave faithfully and truthfully. I shall never deceive my fellow-men. No, never. If I had a thousand breaths I would lose them before I would deceive my fellow-men. No man will be able ever to point the finger of scorn at me, and say a word against my character—moral or otherwise. The jurymen have convicted me of this dreadful murder, but I may say, as sure as the good God is over me, a rifle, a revolver, a dagger, a sword, or a knife, was what I never carried to the Phoenix Park with the intention of firing a shot or striking a blow, let alone against Lord F. Cavendish or Mr. Burke. Nevertheless I am found guilty of it; and, gentlemen of the jury, there is one thing certain, although you have found a verdict of guilty on the evidence of perjured men, I pray may the Lord make you suffer in this world for acting contrary to your conscience, and giving this verdict. May you suffer in this world for it, but may you expect heaven in the next; heaven to you in the next I say. I had no ill-will against any of you, and as I said before, if I was in your place, and it was my brother that was in the dock, I would find a verdict of guilty owing to the way that the learned judge on the Bench has analyzed the evidence given in my favour, and brushed gently over the evidence of the informers. As I said before, I will never deceive my fellow-men. 'It is better far to die than live, when foul dishonour only life would give.' It is a most unfortunate thing that the Irish Bench is never without a Norbury or a Keogh. I admit I am a member of the Invincible Society. Undoubtedly, unhesitatingly, I admit that. The prisoner then entered upon a not very coherent statement as to his previous life, at the end of which

Mr. Justice O'Brien said:—After a patient trial, you have been found guilty by a jury of your own fellow-citizens, men of great integrity, men who paid the best attention to the case, and showed every anxiety to give every effect to every point. I consider it my duty to express my concurrence in the verdict at which they have arrived. It was impossible on the evidence given in your case to come to any other conclusion than that to which they have arrived; and, whatever other statements have been made, the justice and necessity of the verdict have been confirmed by your own statements. I only express the hope that none of the youths of this country will be tempted to follow the deplorable example you have set, nor to engage in those dark and mysterious conspiracies that have culminated in a crime which must be satisfied with your death, and that of those engaged with you. His lordship here assumed the black cap, and passed sentence of death in the usual form, the execution to take place on the 18th of May. The prisoner, after thanking his counsel, turned to leave the dock, and as he descended the steps exclaimed, 'God save Ireland!'

The first trial of Timothy Kelly, the man who assisted Joseph Brady in the actual murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke, commenced on Thursday, April 19th, and extended until evening of the next day, at forty-eight minutes past five, the jury retired to consider their verdict, when, after an absence of one hour and ten minutes they returned with the reply THAT THEY COULD NOT AGREE. Kelly was then sent back to his cell to be tried on Monday, April 23rd. The cause of their disagreement was:—one jurymen would not consent to send another man to the scaffold, although he admitted that the evidence was strong enough to convict him. On Monday, April 23rd, the youth Timothy Kelly, (who was only 19 years of age) was again placed in the same dock to be tried for the murder of Mr. Burke. The trial lasted until Wednesday, April 25th. The jury retired on that day at half-past one o'clock, and at seventeen minutes past two, the foreman returned into court to say that they could not agree. The judge sent them back for further consideration, but in half-an-hour the foreman returned with the same answer. They were sent back by the judge again, and again; at half-past five they were discharged. Their second disagreement was caused by an obstinate jurymen who would not convict for the same reason as given at the last trial. Kelly was again sent to his cell for another trial.

TRIAL OF MICHAEL FEGAN.

Michael Fegan, the fourth prisoner charged with complicity in the Phoenix Park murders, was put on his trial in Dublin, on Wednesday, April 25th. He advanced unconcernedly into the dock. He was about twenty-two years of age, ~~with~~ a heavy cast of countenance, and of not very prepossessing features. He was slovenly in dress, and did not look as if he took as much interest in his toilet as the preceding occupants of the dock. He was a blacksmith by trade. In reply to the usual question, he pleaded that he was 'Not guilty,' and expressed himself as ready to take his trial.

Carey again gave evidence, and in cross-examination admitted that he would have had no qualms of conscience in 'removing tyrants,' under which designation he said Mr. Forster, Mr. Burke, and Col. Hillier came.—A compositor from the *Irish Times* office was called, but refused to give evidence against the prisoner; but on being told by his lordship he would be severely punished if he did not do so, he was sworn, and stated that he saw the prisoner in the park on the evening of May 6th among a group of men.—Another compositor from the same office, when called upon, said that no power on earth would compel him to give evidence, and threw down the Testament. Persisting in his obduracy, the learned Judge said he should sentence him to twelve months' imprisonment, adding that he had power to give him further punishment. The witness then consented to be sworn, and identified the prisoner as being in the park on the night of May 6th. Counsel for the Crown expressed the opinion that the witnesses had been 'terrorised.'

On Thursday, April 26th, the first witness was Joe Smith. He pointed out Mr. Burke to the band of assassins who lay in wait for him. Smith, when cross-examined, introduced the name of Edward M'Caffrey as one of those in the group assembled at the time Carey said, 'Mild, the man in the grey suit.' This caused counsel for the prisoner to call for the reproduction of Carey. This was done, and Carey's reappearance on the table seemed to arouse the interest of the prisoner, who had been sitting with his back to the jury and in an indifferent state of mind during Smith's examination. As Carey entered, dressed in a top coat, Fegan looked at him with an air of scorn, and relapsed into a smile. Carey nodded towards him, and then composed himself comfortably in the arm-chair awaiting whatever assault was to be made upon him with equanimity. In reply to Mr. Adams he first

contradicted Smith as to the presence of M'Caffrey, and then said he might have been there without his having observed him. The Attorney-General at once twitted the prisoner's counsel for appealing to the evidence of Carey, which they had before professed to consider unworthy of credence.—The next witness was Kavanagh, the carman, who repeated his story without variation.—Then came Peter Carey, who had turned informer, and although Mr. M'Inerney cross-examined him as to the form of oath he took from his brother on a knife, there was nothing new elicited.—Farrell, who followed, terminated the list of informers. All four identified Fegan as having taken part in the expeditions of the Invincibles which preceded the Phoenix Park outrage, and Smith and Carey spoke of his presence in the park on the 6th of May, when the crime was committed.—The only other evidence of importance given for the Crown was that of Fegan's employer, who proved his absence from work on the 5th and 6th of May, and of the detective police who arrested him and found upon him some documents which were relied upon as proof that he had been engaged in collecting money for a secret organisation. Counsel read out one of the entries in the book, which included an acknowledgment of a sum of over £25 received in June, 1881. A large cartridge pouch and belt, which were found at his lodgings in the Artisan's Dwellings, Buckingham-street, were produced. The pouch was capable of holding about one hundred rifle cartridges. With the medical testimony and the evidence of Jacob, who observed the scuffle in the park, the Crown case closed.

Mr. Byrne opened the defence, which differed from that in other cases which have been tried, inasmuch as the prisoner did not deny his presence in the park on the 6th of May, but alleged that he had left it before the murder was committed, and that in no view of the case could the jury do more than find him guilty as an accessory before the act. In support of this contention witnesses were examined to prove the prisoner's presence in the heart of the city shortly before seven o'clock. Two of the four witnesses who were examined for this purpose gave remarkable testimony as to the persons with whom the prisoner was in the habit of associating. They brought him into communication with Joe Mullett and a person named Forrester, who, it was alleged, was one of the centres of the Invincibles.

Mr. Murphy replied on behalf of the Crown. Taking up the case put forward

for the prisoner, the learned counsel argued that the defence only riveted home and made more manifest the connection of the prisoner, with that terrific organisation, which had been described. If the alibi had been a good one, they should have shown some reason for Fegan's absence from his honest work on the Friday and Saturday. That would have been better than 20,000 alibis of pints of porter, and looking at clocks at twenty minutes to seven. What would appear to have been the instructions given to the witnesses was that they should say that at a certain time they were drinking with the prisoner. Nothing was to be said about honest work on Friday, nor the honest pursuit of industry on Saturday. Nothing was to be said about that, for employers kept books and could prove times and hours. With regard to the Crown case, he held that there was ample corroboration of the informers' story to satisfy any right-minded persons—corroboration ten times clearer than would be necessary to convince any reasonable men.

On Friday, April 27, Justice O'Brien summed up the evidence. The charge against the accused was that he was in the plot for the murder of Mr. Burke. If he was privy to that plot, no matter how far away he might be from the scene of the murders on the 6th of May, he would be guilty of the charge in the eye of the law. That was not the case the Crown made out. The crown charged the prisoner with being actually present, participating in the crime. As he had done in the other cases, he would tell the jury that they should not act on the evidence of the informers unless they found it corroborated by independent testimony. The evidence against the prisoner consisted of that given partly by approvers or accomplices, and partly by those who were the prisoners' acquaintances. The case in the latter respect differed from the others which had been tried. James Carey told them that the prisoner, who was sworn in as invincible by him, attended at several meetings held for the purpose of assassination in the streets. Robert Farrell gave similar testimony, and Peter Carey proved that he saw the prisoner at many of those meetings in company with James Mullett. Smith stated that he saw the prisoner among the men he observed in the park at the scene of the murder on the 6th of May. Although counsel for the defence asked the jury to discredit James Carey's evidence, they asked them to rely on it as contradicting Smith when he said that he saw McCaffrey at the scene of the murder. Carey stated that he had not

seen him there, but he admitted that he might have been there without his seeing him. There was other evidence of an important character—namely, that of the two composers who were so reluctant to give their evidence, and who stated that they saw and saluted the prisoner in the park, convenient to the scene of the murders, shortly before they occurred. There was no evidence to show that the prisoner had been unable to attend his work on the 5th and 6th of May, although his employer did state that he was sometimes ill, and that he often saw him unwell at his work. But his presence in the park and his attendance at work on the following Monday showed that there was no ground for the suggestion that illness had kept him from his work. There were four witnesses examined in support of the alibi. His lordship read the evidence of these witnesses in *extenso*, calling attention to the examination. Counsel for the accused suggested that the matters to which the witnesses deposed were indelibly fixed upon their minds on account of the dreadful occurrence on the 6th of May, and the release of Davitt on that day. He left that to the experience of the jury themselves. He had no doubt that any of them would recollect what they were doing when the crime was committed, and who told them first about it, because it was so startling that it must have been indelibly fixed on their minds. But he thought they would find it difficult indeed to recollect any of the minor details of things that occurred four or five hours before. Some of the matters deposed to were highly improbable, and considering the time at which the prisoner was seen in the park, it would be difficult for the prisoner to go from the park to the places at which he was alleged to be at the times specified, if he walked with the greatest expedition. The evidence of Mrs. McMahon and her daughter, Mrs. Forrester, changed the aspect of affairs, and revealed the fact that Mrs. McMahon and her husband were arrested in the house of a man implicated, named Jas. Mullett, that their place was searched for documents, that they left this country for Liverpool next morning, and that Mr. Forrester was at present a fugitive from justice. On that evidence he might make many comments, but he would content himself with observing that the examination and cross-examination of these two witnesses touched the root of this conspiracy, which up to the present had been untouted. He thought they could have little doubt that there was a conspiracy established for assassination

purposes in this city, and that both Mr. Burke and Lord P. Cavendish were murdered by members of a conspiracy. It would be for the jury to say whether the prisoner was a member of that conspiracy and took part in the murder. If they had a reasonable doubt, they should give the prisoner the benefit of it, but they should do their duty firmly and fearlessly and find a verdict according to the evidence.

The jury retired at a quarter to twelve o'clock, and at 20 minutes past twelve they returned with a verdict of GUILTY.

On being asked if he had anything to say, the prisoner replied that he was not guilty of the murder, but that he was a Fenian, and would die one.

Judge O'Brien said that the prisoner's guilt had been proved to demonstration, and no reasonable man who had listened to the evidence could entertain any doubt on the subject. The prisoner's fate afforded an awful warning to the young men of this country as to the dangers besetting those who took part in secret societies. His lordship then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the 28th of May.

The prisoner, who remained firm throughout, thanked his counsel, and was then removed. The Court adjourned till Monday, April 30th.

On Monday, April 30th, James Fitzharris, alias 'Skin-the-goat,' the cab-driver who drove the murderers to and from the park, was placed upon his trial, charged with the murder of Mr. Burke. He was fifty-four years of age, being the eldest of the conspirators. The trial lasted the whole of that day, and until a quarter to one on Tuesday, the 1st, when the jury retired, and in the course of half-an-hour returned into court with a verdict of 'NOT GUILTY.' On the application of the Crown, the prisoner was taken back to his cell to be charged at some future day with being accessory to the murders after the fact, by assisting the murderers to escape.

**PATRICK DELANEY AND THOMAS CAFFEY
PLEAD GUILTY.**

Seldom has there been a more impressive scene enacted within the walls of the Court House in Green-street, than that of Wednesday morning, May 2nd. The sitting of the court scarcely extended over three-quarters of an hour; yet within that limit of time two self-confessed murderers stood at the bar, acknowledged their guilt, and heard the dread sentence of the law pronounced upon them. Delaney and Caffrey, the two men who were sentenced to death

for the wilful murder of Mr. Burke, were, they confessed, two of the seven men who were on the scene of the assassination in the Phoenix Park, and who, with Brady and Kelly, drove away on Kavanagh's car the moment the deed was committed on the 6th of May.

Mr. Justice O'Brien took his seat on the Bench at ten minutes past eleven, and the order to put forward Patrick Delaney was given. Slowly and wearily Delaney advanced to the bar. His features, wan and pale, bore marks of mental anguish, while the settled air of melancholy which hung on him threw many looks of pity. Although the prisoner had been several months in prison undergoing sentence for the attempt on Mr. Justice Lawson, he did not appear to have donned the prison garb, but wore the suit in which he was attired when arrested. His face was clean shaven, and the absence of all whisker served but to bring out the many wrinkles on his worn countenance, which added to his look of suffering. Dropping his hat on the seat beside him, he rested his hands on the bar in front. He spoke in a sad tone of voice when making his statement to the judge, and although not manifesting any emotion when sentence was being passed on him, he seemed to feel keenly his position. When the judge's voice was heard no more, he bowed his head, muttered a word of thanks, lifted his hat, and disappeared.

His place was taken in the dock by Thomas Caffrey, dressed as a quay labourer. Caffrey, who was twenty-six years of age, presented a better appearance than Delaney, although he bore signs of suffering. He had spent some years in America. His attitude in the dock had nothing in it of bravado, but showed a full realization of his position, and a settled determination to avow his guilt and take the consequences of it. Twice did he look round the court after entering the dock, casting a searching glance to the gallery, as if looking for some familiar face. His glance did not seem to be rewarded with the sight of any friend, and he awaited what would follow. He confessed his guilt in a low earnest tone, and made his statement in a clear voice. He, like Delaney, repudiated the idea of criminal intention, avowing that he had gone to the park under pain of death and unaware of what his presence was required for. After receiving his sentence he bowed his head, thanked his lordship, and left the dock quietly.—The following are the details of the proceedings:—

When Delaney had taken his place at the bar, the Clerk of the Crown said:—

Patrick Delaney, you stand indicted for that you, on the 6th of May, 1832, feloniously, wilfully, and of your malice aforethought, did kill and murder one Thomas Henry Burke. How say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?—Delaney: I am guilty of being in the park, but I did not commit the murder.—Mr. Justice O'Brien: What is that? Does he plead guilty.—The Attorney-General: He says he is guilty of being in the park.—Delaney: I plead guilty, my lord.

Mr. Justice O'Brien addressed the prisoner as follows.—Patrick Delaney, you have been arraigned upon an indictment charging you with the murder of Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, and the punishment for that crime, whether you plead guilty or not guilty, is the same—death. If you were found guilty upon trial, the punishment would be death. I ask you now, do you or do you not plead guilty to the murder of Thomas Henry Burke?—Delaney: I plead guilty, my lord.—Mr. Justice O'Brien (to the deputy clerk):—Ask him, has he anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him.—The deputy clerk (to prisoner) Patrick Delaney, you have pleaded guilty to an indictment charging you with the murder of Thomas Henry Burke; what have you now to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon you according to law?

Delaney: My lord, I was betrayed into this without knowing what it was at the first commencement. I was forced from my work to go there. I had to obey their orders, or take the consequences of death by not going, and when I got to the park, my lord, I saw the murder taking place, but I took no part, no act nor part, in it. For my own safety I went there, and I went there on Kavanagh's car, and what Kavanagh states is true; and what James Carey states is true, but I took no act nor part in it. It was Brady and Kelly committed the murders, and no other person. And, my lord, about Judge Lawson's affair, it was me that saved Judge Lawson's life. I was upon to shoot Judge Lawson, and the only way I had to get out of it was to draw McDonnell's attention to me, and I preferred to go to prison sooner than commit. I was put to shoot Judge Lawson in Capel-street before, on Friday, and I did not do it; and then I was put upon to do it by Mr. Mullett and Joseph Brady, and it was the only way I had to get out of it. It was when coming to Kildare-street Club, to punch McDonnell's arm to draw attention to me. That was the only way I had to get out of it. I had no other way, my lord.

Mr. Justice O'Brien, addressing the prisoner, said:—Patrick Delaney, you have pleaded guilty to an indictment charging you with the crime of murder. This is the second time you have stood in the dock before me. You were tried for another great crime and found guilty, and that crime, of which you were found guilty, was produced by the result of the immunity which you experienced for the crime to which you have now pleaded guilty, and from the experience of that trial I happen to know something about you. It is a melancholy thing to see a man like you—a tradesman of great skill, capable of earning large wages, and working for many persons in eminent station—now arraigned and doomed to death, as you must be doomed, for a crime, the consequence of your plotting against members of society. You showed upon the occasion of your arrest for the attack upon Judge Lawson some trait of feeling and consideration for your unhappy wife and family that led me to entertain some pity for you. See what you have brought yourself to, and see the misery and ruin you have brought upon your wife and children by this system of conspiracy in which you were engaged. I have but one duty to perform, and that is to pronounce the sentence that the law commands and requires upon your plea of guilty. Here the learned judge assumed the black cap, and formally sentenced the prisoner to be hanged in Kilmmainham gaol on the 2nd of June.

Delaney: I thank you, my lord. He was then removed.

Thomas Caffrey was next put forward, and pleaded guilty.—Mr. Justice O'Brien: Cause him to understand that the indictment is for murder, and that if he pleads guilty, or if he is found guilty after a trial, the judgment of the court pronounced against him will be that of death.—The Deputy Clerk: Thomas Caffrey, you are about to be tried for the wilful murder of Thomas Henry Burke on the 6th of May. Do you wish to plead guilty to the wilful murder of Mr. Burke?—Caffrey: Yes.—Mr. Justice O'Brien: Have you conferred with the solicitor who is acting for you?—Yes, my lord; I told him I was going to plead guilty.—Mr. Justice O'Brien (to the deputy clerk): Now enter a plea of guilty, and ask him the usual question as to what he has to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him.—The Deputy Clerk: Thomas Caffrey, you have pleaded guilty to the indictment charging you with the wilful murder of Mr. Burke. What have you to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon you?

Caffrey : My lord, I have got to say, standing here on the brink of my grave, that I did not know what was going to happen twenty minutes before. I was ordered to go there, and if I did not go there my life would have been taken. That is all I have to say, my lord.

Mr. Justice O'Brien : I have no means, Thomas Caffrey, of judging of the truth of the statement you have now made. I do not desire to be understood as necessarily conveying that that statement is untrue. You are a terrible example of the awful consequence of your crime. I know nothing whatsoever of you, except that I assume I am right in concluding that you have been drawn into this crime, that you have brought yourself to this friendless and deplorable condition by having been a member of a secret society, whose object was assassination. Your fate is an additional reason for all persons of your class and station to at once come out of this wicked conspiracy. This awful, destructive system of secret conspiracy, that has earned ruin and desolation into many a home in this country. His lordship assumed the black cap, and directed that the prisoner be hanged in Kilmmainham gaol on the 2nd of June.

FINDING OF TRUE BILLS AGAINST PRISONERS.

Great interest was manifested in the judicial proceedings in Dublin on Thursday, May 3rd, when it became known that the charges against P. J. Tynan, the reputed 'No. 1,' who was the leader of the Inimitable Assassination Society, P. J. Sheridan, and John Walsh, would be considered. Early in the day Mr. Justice O'Brien charged the grand jury with the bills remaining in the conspiracy cases. He pointed out that there were five bills in all, one for being accessory after the fact, another for conspiracy to murder, a third for an attempt to murder Mr. Field, another for murder against M. Caffrey and O'Brien, and a fifth, for murder, against Tynan, Walsh, and Sheridan, who were not yet made amenable to justice. The grand jury returned true bills against Lawrence Hanlon, James Mullett, Joseph Mullett, George Smith, and Daniel Delaney for the attempt on Mr. Field; against James Mullett, Joseph Mullett, Lawrence Hanlon, Edward M'Caffrey, Edward O'Brien, Peter Doyle, George Smith, Thomas Doyle, William Moroney, Daniel Delaney, Joseph Hanlon, Thomas Martin, and James Fitzharris for conspiracy to murder; against Edward M'Caffrey and Edward O'Brien for the murder of Mr. Burke; and Lord Frederick Cavendish; against James Fitzharris for being

accessory after the act of murder; and against P. J. Tynan, J. Walsh, and P. J. Sheridan for murder. It was with some impatience the finding of the grand jury in the different cases was awaited, and it appeared to be a relief to many when the dull monotony of the morning's proceedings was broken, by some true bills being handed down and directions given to put forward a couple of the prisoners to whom they referred.

MORE PLEAS OF GUILTY.

James Mullett, who was a publican, was the first of these prisoners directed to be put forward. He advanced to the bar, well dressed, and with his hair carefully brushed. Looking abashed, he stood at the bar with eyes directed downward and with an evident desire to retire into obscurity as quickly as possible. Addressing him, Mr. Geale said : James Mullett, you are indicted with having, on the 10th November, 1881, and on divers other days, in 1882, unlawfully conspired to murder certain public officials of Her Majesty's Government. Are you guilty or not guilty ?—Prisoner : I am guilty of conspiracy.—Mr. Justice O'Brien : For the present I abstain from passing sentence.—The prisoner having entered his plea of 'Guilty,' turned to leave the dock, without waiting to hear the judge, and so quickly did he try to escape from notice that he was half-way down the dock before the officials were able to turn him back to hear the statement of the judge that he would not then sentence him.

He was put forward on Thursday, May 17th, to receive sentence, having pleaded guilty to the indictment of conspiracy to murder. His lordship, addressing the prisoner, said,—James Mullett, you have pleaded guilty to the charge of being engaged in a conspiracy to murder. You were in custody on the 6th of May, and for some time previous, and it is impossible, therefore, for me to impute to you, at least, any external part in the dreadful tragedy of that day. But that is all that can be said in extenuation of your part in this conspiracy. You were one of the principals who organised it, and you remained in authority until you were arrested. You were one of those who planned the murderous attack upon Mr. Barrett, according to which it was arranged that a letter should be presented to him, and that he should then be seized by both hands and stabbed to death in the public streets; and you descended to the base and treacherous device of giving Mr. Barrett a fictitious order. Prisoner.—It was a genuine order. His Lordship.—You also planned, or took

part in planning the attack on Mr. Field; and there is a great deal more known about you in that transaction than has been disclosed to the public, for it is known now that you were present when the attack was made on Mr. Field.—Prisoner.—No, my lord; I was not.—His Lordship.—A letter was produced here on a previous trial, signed with your initials, and addressed to James Mullett, instigating the murder of another person. You have been mixed up in many crimes, but the worst of your crimes is this—that by your influence and your superior position you have led others into an abyss of crime, and I must pass on you the extreme penalty of the law, which, however, does not indicate the punishment you deserve, and that you be kept in penal servitude for ten years.—The prisoner was then removed.

William Moroney, another of the conspirators, was put forward on the same day as James Mullett, May 3rd. His appearance presented a contrast to Mullett's. His hair was unkempt, and his dress slovenly. He, like Mullett, pleaded guilty, and was removed without being sentenced. He was put forward on May 17th, to receive sentence.—Mr. McCune rose, and said—I appear, my lord, for this man, who is of excellent character.—His Lordship—I take it that he is a man of excellent character. All these persons appear to have been of singular personal probity, but that does not in any way affect their case. Addressing the prisoner, he said—William Moroney, I was extremely desirous to make some exception in your favour, and would probably have done so only from one circumstance which came to my knowledge—namely, that you were the person who brought into this conspiracy the man who has just left the dock under sentence of ten years' penal servitude. You were undoubtedly engaged in these murderous plots which were being carried out. You may in altered times make some case for clemency, but for the present I must sentence you to ten years' penal servitude.—Prisoner.—Will you allow me to say a few words?—His Lordship.—Not now; that is the rule.—The prisoner was removed.

TRIAL OF LAWRENCE HANLON FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER OF MR. FIELD.

Lawrence Hanlon, twenty-four years of age, was put forward on May 3rd, to plead to the indictment charging him with the attempted assassination of Mr. Field, the special jurymen. Hanlon was of light build, and not attractive in appearance. He pleaded not guilty in a firm voice. The evidence, that of in-

formers, showed that Joe Brady and Tim Kelly were the assailants, while the prisoner and Daniel Delaney were alleged to be aiding in the attack.

MR. FIELD'S EVIDENCE.

Mr. Denis J. Field, the intended victim, gave evidence. He had recovered from the attack made upon him, and seemed as hearty as ever. He was met by warm congratulations from his fellow jurors in the trial which led to the murderous attack, and when his name was called to appear on the witness table there was a good deal of sensation. He said that he left his place of business on the 27th Nov. 1882, at a few minutes to six o'clock, and was walking along Sackville-street to his residence in North Frederick-street. He did not see any car near to his residence. When coming up to his own door, he was engaged, with stooped head, endeavouring to unfasten a button at the lower part of his coat. He felt a hand placed on his right shoulder, and the words 'You villain' were uttered in a low tone. He looked up, and saw a couple of men in front of him. Looking the reverse way he saw two more. He received two blows on the back by what he felt was a sharp instrument, but he could not say what it was. After that he fell on his back and cried out 'Murder, murder' for several moments. He saw four men on the kerbstone. There were frequent blows aimed at him; he recollected warding off some. When he was prostrate a blow was aimed at his heart. He put up his arm, and the knife or sword-cane went right through it. He seized the weapon, which he found to be a three-sided sword-cane. He parried it with his umbrella. He got a severe blow, which cut through his jaw, right through his tongue, and another in his left cheek. He lay as if dead, and saw his assailants looking at him as he lay powerless, and one by one they departed. He was fearfully mutilated, and his life was in peril. He was able to get up with difficulty and stagger to his own door. He remembered a man running by him and handing him his hat. He was not able to recognise any of the men, the night was so dark. Except for his having served on juries and in a capital case with Mr. Barrett, he did not know of any reason why he should be attacked.—The witness was not cross-examined.—The court soon afterwards adjourned.

On Friday, May 4th, after the speeches of counsel and the summing-up of the judge, the jury, after a brief consideration, returned a verdict of GUILTY.

His Lordship said the prisoner had been convicted on the strongest evi-

dence of one of the most desperate crimes which had been committed in any civilised community. The life of Mr. Field had been saved by a miracle, and that miracle had saved the life of the prisoner. He then sentenced Hanlon to penal servitude for life.—The accused who heard the sentence apparently without emotion, shouted out as he was being removed, 'I will not be the last.'—He was entering the cells below the court-house, he called out 'God save Ireland from reformers.'

On the same day James Fitzharris, 'Skin-the-Goat,' was put forward, and arraigned for being an accessory after the fact to the murder of Mr. Burke. When asked to plead he replied 'I am not guilty, my lord.' His manner was one of reckless defiance, and when he was ordered to be put back he strutted down the steps in a jaunty manner. The court adjourned until Monday, May 7th.

THIRD TRIAL OF TIMOTHY KELLY.

The third trial of Timothy Kelly for the murder of Mr. Burke commenced on Monday, May 7th, in the Green-street Court House, Dublin, before Mr. Justice O'Brien. The court was crowded. The prisoner appeared as careless as ever in his demeanour, he nodded to the people whom he recognised in court. There were a number of sympathisers with the prisoner in the gallery of the court. The statement of the Attorney General in opening the case for the Crown was more vigorous and forcible than his previous statements during these trials, and he described the prisoner and his conduct in stronger terms than had been used on any previous occasion. His announcement that Joe Hasticin would be produced as a witness for the prosecution, startled the prisoner visibly.

James Carey, on being called to give evidence, walked into court with a nonchalant air, and as he did so the audience became so disturbed that the judge threatened to have the galleries cleared. Each time Carey was cross-examined, the ordeal to which he was subjected tended to reveal more and more the desperately reckless character of the man. He crowned his previous efforts on Monday by the insolence with which he answered every question put to him, no matter how much the answer tended to show the depth of his criminality. Being examined by the Attorney-General, he described the proceedings of the conspirators and the selection of victims, and said that the murder of Mr. Burke was suggested to them by an article which appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* of the 2nd of

May, 1882, saying that 'All the officials of Dublin Castle should be done away with or removed,' and he added, 'And they went into sackcloth and ashes for it on the 8th, which no other paper had done.' But, tu! cried the Attorney-General, 'do not volunteer statements of that kind! Just confine yourself to answering the questions.'—In cross-examination Carey admitted that he had taken part in nineteen attempts to 'remove' Mr. Forster.—'What do you mean by 'remove' him?—To get rid of an obnoxious person; that is the most polite term I can call it.—Where were you to 'remove' him to?—To 'remove' him out of town.—Where to?—Well, we did not know his family burial-place.—Where were you to 'remove' him to?—We left that to his family. His daughter had saved him twice, when she was in the carriage with him.—Then you thought they should have the privilege of burying him?—Yes, after his daughter had saved him twice.—After you had slaughtered him?—'I remove him I will not admit the word murder.' I'll say 'take away his life'—there now.—Are you sorry for the murder of Mr. Burke?—I am not going to tell you my thoughts?—Do you regret it?—I might regret it.—Do you?—If it had not happened I should not be in the position I am in. I tell you again it would be no sin to remove Mr. Forster. That was the opinion of the Mayor and of the majority of the whole country, not alone of the four of us, I can tell you. All is fair in love and war.—What was the reason of your being selected as one of the committee of four?—My own previous good character, honesty, sobriety, and attention to my business.' There, now, that comprises it all. I never told the Government anything until every one of them had told except Joe Brady. I came in at the death. They all were against me, and I was perfectly justified in saving myself.—Whose blood was it on the knives found in your place?—There was no blood found on them at all.—Did you hear Dr. Cameron swear there was blood on them?—I did, but there was none on them. That is not the first mistake the great doctor has made. I am glad to get that chance at him.—You appear to have got a chance at a great many people?—Yes.—and especially against doctors?—Yes.

Michael Kavanagh, the carman, Robert Farrell, the informer, and George Motterly Hatton were then examined and cross-examined.

Joseph Hanlon, the new approver, was then brought on the table to give evidence. A young man of good features, wearing a light beard and mous-

tache, he exchanged with the prisoner in the dock as he passed him a look of recognition. Once Hanlon had come forward, the prisoner's expression changed; he became apparently despondent. Hanlon was examined by the Attorney-General, and said he was an invincible, and had been sworn in by a man named Dwyer. He saw Kelly, Brady, Caffrey, Delaney, Curley, Kavanagh, and James Carey at Wrenn's public-house on the 6th of May. Witness went with Carey and Smith in Fitzharris' cab to the park. He did so by the order of Joe Brady, with whom was Curley. The cab stopped a short distance above the Gough statue, and they all got out and stayed about the road, moving about. Curley came up afterwards. They were soon joined by Tim Kelly, Joe Brady, Pat Delaney, and Tom Caffrey, who came up on Kavanagh's car. Daniel Curley came up afterwards, and subsequently Fegan came. After depositing his four passengers, Kavanagh went back along the road; then, after a time, Kavanagh's car came back with James Carey and Joe Smith on it, waving their handkerchiefs or holding them to their faces. On arrival, Carey got off the car and said, 'Mind, it is the man in the grey suit.' Curley told Smith to get off the car, and he did so. Witness observed Carey walking off towards Island Bridge after a short time. About the same time Curley, Fegan, and witness walked a little way down the road. —Why did you do so?—Because Brady told us. He said we three might go down the road, as four would be enough. We passed two gentlemen, one dressed in a grey suit. I turned round, but Curley told me not. Again after that we turned round, looked back, and saw the two gentlemen pass through the four. Those four were Brady, Kelly, Caffrey, and Delaney. When we got to the cab door we looked round again, and saw the two bodies lying on the ground. Kelly, Delaney, and Caffrey were then on the car, but Brady had not yet mounted. We entered the cab without a word being spoken—Daniel Curley, Michael Fegan, and I. The car started just at the same time as we entered the cab. Fitzharris was the driver of the cab, and we went away at a good pace along the Circular-road. We turned down Aughrim-street seven or eight doors, and then got out of the cab and walked together across the city. When we reached the quays we had a drink, and then we walked down Parliament-street, where Curley said he had a letter to put into the *Daily Express* office, and crossed the street for the purpose. In the park I

had a revolver, which I had been supplied with by Delaney.—Cross-examined by Mr. M'Inerney: When did you become an informer?—I am not an informer, because I have told the Government nothing except what they knew before. I am sorry to be compelled to be in this position.—Who compelled you?—Those that sold me. It was to save my own life.—Was it to save your own life that you came here to testify against Tim Kelly's life?—Yes.—Replying to further questions, witness said he did not know what he was in the park for. When Brady told him and Curley and Fegan to go on, as four would be enough, when the two gentlemen were approaching, witness did not know what he meant, neither did he know the object of the meetings on the quay and in Brunswick-street. He thought it was a consignment of arms that was coming into the city, and that they were going to protect it. He had no idea of murder.—At the conclusion of Hanlon's evidence the court adjourned.

On Tuesday, May 8th, the Crown case was proceeded with. Thomas Huxley, gardener, identified the prisoner as one of the group of men he saw near the Chapelizod-road on the evening of the 6th of May as he passed through the park. The other witnesses were Noni, the carman; Mr. Brown, the prisoner's employer; Jacob, the youth who saw the scuffle; Dr. Myles, who made the post-mortem examination; and Meagle, the bicyclist.

Mr. M'Inerney, in opening the defence, sought to cast discredit on the evidence of Hanlon, and introduced the favourite defence of an alibi. In doing so he placed stress on the evidence of one of the witnesses to be produced, named M'Gowan, who had been described on the second trial as a man in an independent position, and who, it was said, could have no motive for inventing the story he had told. The sequel showed upon what frail material the learned gentleman had based the superstructure of his defence. The alibi witnesses swore with unanimity as to the exact hour and place at which they had seen the prisoner on the 6th of May. The 'wealthy witness,' Mr. M'Gowan, was revealed in cross-examination as a man with no means of living whatever, who had been evicted from a farm for non-payment of three years' rent, who had been in gaol for five months for cutting down £220 worth of trees off the same farm, who had been tenant of a house in Moore-street, but which he left without paying any rent, and who had made an affidavit while in gaol making an 'ad misericordiam appeal' to his landlord, on

the ground that his wife and children were starving, and in consequence of which he had been set at liberty, and he could not show that he had been in possession of any means within the last ten years, or that he had earned an honest penny during that time, and his children were at that time being supported by his father. The breakdown on the part of the witness on whose evidence it is said the jury in the second trial of Kelly disagreed caused a sensation. Glynn, the builder, who had been a witness at the previous trials, and who had sprung a mine on the Crown, was examined for the defence. His evidence was disposed of by the production of Pat Delaney, who had pleaded guilty, and who was with the group of men observed by Glynn; and Glynn was obliged to admit that he did not see Delaney at all, although it appears Delaney was looking at him.

On Wednesday, May 9th, Mr. Sullivan, after further alibi evidence had been given, addressed the jury on the prisoner's behalf. He said that everything that could interpose between the jury and the due discharge of their duty, everything that could prejudice the prisoner's case, had been crowded into the last week as if by way of fatal reparation. He felt at this solemn hour that too great a burden was cast on their shoulders when he asked them to judge the case of Timothy Kelly by the evidence alone. Now what was the evidence? They had first the testimony of Carey, the chief approver, the man who is steeped to the lips in treason, and who appeared on the table with the halter barely removed from around his neck. They had the testimony as to the existence of the Fenian conspiracy; and following that they had evidence that the members of that society formed the Assassination Circle. Who, he would ask, would those who plotted those murders in safety select as their instrument? The lad of nineteen, the epileptic, the boy suffering from St. Vitus's dance, the youth whose health necessitated his frequent attendance at the hospital? Would they not rather select such an instrument as those who could come upon the table, and, with a smile upon their faces, boast of a score of attempts on the life of an unoffending person, and whose nature knew no remorse. The learned counsel reviewed the evidence at length, and he implored the jury to cast all prejudices from their minds. The British empire would still exist if this poor youth did not die, but if there was one of the jury who believed that it was not necessary for the safety of the kingdom that he should

bring in a verdict of guilty, and yet did so, terrible would be the meeting between him and Tim Kelly in a future state. The learned counsel left the case in their hands, believing they would show him mercy to the prisoner at the bar which they asked of their Maker.

Mr. Murphy, Q.C., in replying for the Crown, said the jury had a case which to any man endowed with common sense, possessing courage and resolution, conclusively proved the guilt of the prisoner.

Mr. Justice O'Brien, in summing up, said it was a matter of observation that no person came forward to establish the defence of an alibi for the prisoner on the 6th of May who was not a person liable to the imputation of bias or favour towards him. The statement of the prisoner's brother was untrue, and this was shown not alone by the production of the prisoner's employer's book, but by evidence adduced by the accused himself. The evidence of the Reids and their companions was of a peculiar character. It was strange that these young men had such a good memory for all the occurrences on the evening of the 6th of May, whilst they were at fault regarding others before and after. All this showed the uncertainty of witnesses of this character. It was a remarkable fact that these witnesses disagreed with each other in several matters of detail in the transactions they alleged to have occurred. There was but one witness whom he would refer to in any detail. He spoke of Mr. Charles McGowan. He was supposed to be a great witness for the defence, but the effect of his appearance was not such as to justify that expectation. He had represented himself as a man of property, and he was introduced by counsel for the accused with an express felicitation on his position; but it would be for the jury to consider this in the light of his surprising statements on cross-examination. They had to consider as men of sense, whether all the evidence for the alibi was not open to the suspicion of being drawn from the area of some political organization with which the accused might be considered to be identified—whether it was not open to doubt, even if it were reliable in its quality and nature, and not subject to the infirmities of memory to which the attention of the jury had been drawn. In conformity with the old maxim of law, he advised the jury that they ought not to act on the evidence of informers unless it was corroborated in some particular, directly involving the complicity of the accused in the crime, by the evidence of an independent witness. He would tell

